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ḡánta aodhaḡáin uí rathaille

THE POEMS OF EGAN O'RAHILLY

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

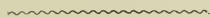
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES ILLUSTRATING THEIR SUBJECTS
AND LANGUAGE

EDITED

With Introduction, Translation, Notes, and Glossary

BY

REV. PATRICK S. DINNEEN, M.A.



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PREFACE.

IN this volume are collected all that could be found of the poetical remains of Egan O'Rahilly, a poet whose verse gives unmistakable expression to the state of feeling in Ireland during the forty years that followed the Revolution. It would be difficult to select a poet more genuinely Irish. Nor are there many poets gifted with a more subduing pathos or a more enchanting melody. The Editor feels confident that, in spite of the general decline of the language in which he wrote, his accents after two centuries of oblivion will win the public ear as those of no Irish writer have won it since his death.

An account is given elsewhere of the sources whence these "disjecti membra poetæ" have been taken. The translation accompanying the poems is line for line and literal, and is intended to assist the learner to read the original in a language which has, as yet, no satisfactory dictionary.

The first edition of a work like the present can hardly fail to be very imperfect. The Editor hopes that, when these poems have attained that popularity to which he believes them destined, much new light may be thrown on the life and writings of the poet. He therefore invites all who have any fresh information on the poet's career, or on his writings, to communicate with him on the subject.

A few miscellaneous poems have been added, partly to

elucidate some of the subjects treated of by the poet, and partly as specimens of the language in which he wrote.

Mr. Osborn J. Bergin of the Queen's College, Cork, corrected the proofs of the poems, and read the translations in manuscript, and the Editor takes great pleasure in acknowledging his indebtedness to his sound judgment and accurate knowledge. He has also had the opinion of the Very Rev. Peter O'Leary, of Castlelyons, on difficult points, and begs to thank him for his kind encouragement. He is also under obligation to Miss Edith Drury of London, and to Miss Norma Borthwick of Dublin, who furnished him with transcripts of one or two important poems in the collection. To the Committee of the Irish Texts Society he desires to express his thanks for their encouragement in the performance of a difficult undertaking. To the Chairman, Professor York Powell, and to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Eleanor Hull, he owes many valuable suggestions.

The Editor desires, moreover, to thank the authorities of Maynooth College, and especially the Librarian, Dr. Walter MacDonald, and the Vice-President, Very Rev. Dr. O'Dea, for the facilities afforded him for consulting the interesting collection of MSS. preserved in the College Library. He also wishes to place on record his sense of the courtesy he received at the hands of the Officials of the Royal Irish Academy. He begs, also, to thank Mr. Michael Warren, of Killarney, for refreshing his memory on stories connected with the poet. Finally, he must not omit to record his appreciation of the efficiency and intelligence displayed by the staff of the Dublin University Press in the production of this work.

July, 1900.

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INTRODUCTION.

I.—THE POET AND HIS TIMES.

EDWARD O'REILLY in his "Irish Writers," under the year 1726, treats briefly of the subject of this sketch. He tells us that he was the son of John Mor O'Reilly, a native of Cavan ; and under the year 1700, he says that this John Mor O'Reilly had been intended for the priesthood, and went to study in the classical schools of Kerry with this profession in view ; but, an impediment intervening during a vacation spent in his native Cavan, he returned to Kerry, where he married a woman of the name of Egan, and from their union sprang "Owen O'Reilly, the poet."

According to O'Reilly, then, our poet was descended from the Cavan branch of the O'Reillys, and his real name was O'Reilly and not O'Rahilly. There is, however, much reason to doubt this descent. O'Curry, in his "Catalogue of Manuscripts for the Royal Irish Academy," speaking of O'Rahilly, says :—"It is very singular, if this man's real name was Reilly, that he should write himself O'Rahilly, and that it should continue to be written and known in the same manner down to the present day, in the very place of his birth. There are many of the name of O'Reilly in the county of Kerry, and a great many of the name of O'Rahilly, too, looking on each other as distinct families and without the remotest recollection of any ancestral affinities or identity." Nay, there are

families of O'Rahilly that claim direct descent from the poet, and yet who never dream of considering that their name is the same as O'Reilly. Our poet was a learned genealogist, and would be certain in his works to mention his Cavan descent if it were a fact ; but in none of his writings that we have been able to examine is there the remotest allusion to such ancestry.

His own account of his ancestors seems, indeed, to upset completely the statement of Edward O'Reilly. In the last stanza of the last poem he ever composed (XXI.), he tells us that the MacCarthys were chieftains over his ancestors from time immemorial :—

I will cease now ; death is nigh unto me without delay ;
Since the warriors of the Laune, of Lein, and of the Lee have been
laid low,
I will go under their protection—with the beloved among heroes—
to the graveyard,
Those princes under whom were my ancestors since before the death
of Christ.

If his descent from a Cavan father had been obvious to all around him, as it must have been, if O'Reilly's narrative be authentic, the poet would never have written this stanza. If he were a mere intruder from Cavan, such sentimental loyalty on his death-bed would be ridiculous, and he had as keen a sense of the ridiculous as most men. Again, if he knew that his father was a Cavan man he could scarcely have written his pathetic attack on Valentine Brown (VIII.), in which he speaks of him as an intruder, and laments the ruin of the old nobility, though the intrusion of an Englishman would probably have appeared to him in a different light from that of a native Celt. In the splendid poem (XXXV.) he addressed to the son of Cormac Riabhach MacCarthy he informs us that his ancestors dwelt for a time in Iveleary. In his prose satire on Cronin there is a very singular reference to the O'Rahilly

family. Richard og Stac replies to Mathghamhuin O'Cronin thus:—

“Cá b-*fuair*ir ionnat féin dul a *g-comórad* le *Riocarb* óg *Mac Riocarb* *Stac* a*gus* ba*o* é*o*ir duit a *fi*or do *beir* a*gus* *gumab* é *céim* ir a*o*ir*de* do *bí* a*g* do *fean* a*gus* do *fi*ne*ar*aib, do *fi*u*in*ci*ir* *Scannlám* a*gus* do *fi*u*in*ci*ir* *Ra*t*ail*le *bua*caill*ig*ea*ct* *clia*báin *Uí* *Chaoimh* .i. d*u*ine u*a*ra*l* bo*et* ná *raib* do *bea*t*a* a*ig*e *ne* *re*a*ct* *g*-c*ea*b *bli*a*o*ain a*et* o*et* b-*re*a*ra*inn *bea*g do *rua*b-*fi*laib ná*ir* *fé*a*ir* *feur* na *roir*b*e* *rua*ir a*ir*. A*gus* do *e*ula-*ra* *go* n*g*e*ur*raib*e* *com*ba *mo*r-bod*aig* ó *ro*bul *Uí* *Chaoimh* *trí* *tr*oig*te* o*r* *ci*onn *com*ba *fi*li*e* *Cap*t*a* *fi*li*oir* a *ma*in*ir*ci*ir* *Lo*éa *Lein*.”

“How dare you compare yourself with Richard og son of Richard Stack, as you should know that the highest distinction ever gained by your forefathers, by the O'Scanlans and the O'Rahillys, was to mind the cradle for O'Keeffe, a poor gentleman, the only property in whose family for seven hundred years was eighteen allotments of a wild mountain which never produced grass or wealth; yet I heard that the tomb of the proud bodachs from Pobal Uí Chaoimh used to be elevated three feet above that of MacCarthy Mor in the Abbey of Lough Lein.”

This passage is of course satire; but, as far as it goes, it tends to disprove O'Reilly's statement. Though the poet does not assert here that he himself sprang from the O'Rahillys of O'Keeffe's country, he seems to imply that the race he sprang from was closely allied to them.

The precise locality of O'Rahilly's birth is uncertain. O'Reilly says that he resided at Sliabh Luachra, and the expression has been repeated by all who have written of him since. But Sliabh Luachra is applied in modern times, not only to the mountain anciently so called, but to a vast tract of country extending southward as far as the Paps, eastward to the borders of Cork county, and westward to within a few miles of Killarney. It was this Sliabh Luachra that Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan meant when he addressed

E*ighe* ir *rua*da *Sli*b*e* *Lu*a*o*ra.

To say, then, that a man resided at Sliabh Luachra is as indefinite as to say that he lived in Meath or Upper Ossory.

Tradition has fixed the place of his residence for a considerable time at Cnoc an Chorfhiaidh, or, as it is now called, Stagmount, some ten miles to the east of Killarney, and close to the Great Southern and Western Railway, on the north side of that line. Here there is a well, still pointed out as *tobar Aodhagáin*, or "Egan's well." In the Elegy on Diarmuid O'Leary (XXII.), many of the places mentioned are such as would strike a resident at Stagmount; and the Elegy on Cronin's children (XII.), as well as some passages in the Satire on Cronin, suggest a close neighbourhood to Rathmore. There can be little doubt that a considerable portion of the poet's life was passed in this locality. Nothing but a protracted residence could impress his personality so vividly on the minds of the people.

But he did not reside always at Stagmount. His writings show a marked intimacy with Killarney and places to the west of Killarney, and one of his most touching lyrics is a vehement outburst of feeling on changing his residence to Dunneacha, beside Tonn Toime (VII.). He appears to have made periodical excursions to the houses of the Irish nobility, broken and scattered as they then were, to whom his reputation as an *ollamh* gave him an easy introduction. But he had fallen upon evil days. The nobles introduced into Ireland by the Cromwellian and Williamite usurpations, in the room of the old "Milesian" chieftains, cared little for letters, much less for Irish history or legend. In the manuscript remains of the Irish bards of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, few themes are more persistently dwelt on than the indifference of the new nobles to history or poetry. The hereditary *ollamh* of Lord Clancarty winds up a pathetic lament (XLVII.) for the ruined chieftains of the Gael, after the disaster of the Boyne, by a declaration that his occupation is gone, and that he must henceforth take to brewing. Andrew M'Curtain, in moody melancholy, complains to Donn that the noblemen of his time show him the door almost as soon as he

has entered their houses, that they care nothing for his verses or genealogies. In the many laments for dead Irish chieftains produced during this period, none of their virtues is so much insisted on as their hospitality, especially to the bardic tribe. The professional *ollamh* was practically a thing of the past in the opening years of the eighteenth century.

The date of our poet's birth has not been ascertained with certainty. If we may trust a manuscript of this century, his elegy on Diarmuid O'Leary (XXII.) was composed in the year 1696, and a short elegy on Justin MacCarthy (Lord Mountcashel), who died in 1694, is probably from his pen ; and it is certain that he had reached the fullness of his powers before the close of the seventeenth century ; further, it would seem that most of his works, which have reached us, were written between the years 1700 and 1726. We can fix the dates of some more definitely. His lines on the banishment of Dr. Sleyne, Bishop of Cork (IX.), were written in 1703. John Brown, the subject of a most beautiful and touching elegy (XIII.), died on the 15th of August, 1706. And this elegy clearly proves that, at this date, O'Rahilly took a most intense interest in the social war that raged in Killarney, in connexion with the Kenmare estate, and had been watching with an intelligent eye the events of the previous decade of years. In October, 1709, he appeals to Donogh O'Hickey, of Limerick, to leave his native country rather than take "approbation oaths" (XXIV.). The "Assembly of Munstermen" (XX.) must have been written after 1714, from the allusion it contains to King George and the same is to be said of the few stanzas on "Death" (XXXIX.). In his satire on Cronin, he mentions the year 1713 as the date at which the strange parliament there described was convened. Hence, we may conclude that this satire was written after that date. The "Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis" was unquestionably written before the satire on Cronin. The Epithalamium, written for Valentine Brown, on the occasion of his marriage with

Honorina Butler, of Kilcash, was composed in 1720. To this same date is ascribed a MS. of poem II., according to the catalogue drawn up for the British Museum. In 1722, we find the poet making a copy of Keating's "History of Ireland" for Mac Sheehy. This copy is now in the National Library, Kildare-street, Dublin. In a manuscript copy of his great elegy on O'Callaghan (XV.), in the Maynooth collection, the death of that chieftain is said to have taken place on the 24th of August, 1724. In a copy of the poem on the "Shoes" (XVIII.), preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, it is stated that it was written about 1724. The beautiful reverie which begins "Gile na Gile" (IV.) is found in a British Museum manuscript of the year 1725; and as this is in some other manuscripts regarded as a binding poem to the "Merchant's Son" (III.), the latter may not improbably belong to the same period. The poem on Valentine Brown (VIII.) must have been written in old age, when want had pressed heavily upon him. Though we cannot determine the date of the last poem he ever penned, the circumstances attending its composition are of painful interest. It is certain that despondency weighed down that great soul as his end approached. He had met with bitter disappointments. The nobles whom he immortalized had treated him with cold neglect. He was pressed hard by poverty. But neither disappointment nor poverty could quench the fire of genius that burned within him, and seemed to blaze ever more brightly, as the clouds of sorrow thickened above his head. On his bed of sickness (from which he never rose), his hand trembling in death, he penned an epistle to a friend (XXI.) which must rank among the most interesting poems in literature. He describes his want, his loneliness, his grief, with unapproachable pathos; and passes on to the ruin of his country despoiled of her chieftains, "since the knave had won the game from the crowned king."

In the barony of Magonihy, whose centre is Killarney, was fought out on a smaller scale the struggle between the races

which ended in the confiscation of Irish land, and in this struggle we find O'Rahilly actively engaged. Nicholas Brown, the second Viscount Kenmare, was attainted for his participation in the Jacobite war, and his estates vested in the Crown. As his children were inheritable under the marriage settlement, the commissioners entrusted with the management and sale of the forfeited estates were directed, by a Royal letter in 1696, not to let the Kenmare estate for a term exceeding twenty-one years. But, contrary to this order, the estate was let privately for sixty-one years, far below its value, to John Blennerhasset, of Ballyseedy, and George Rogers, of Ashgrove, county Cork, his brother-in-law, two members of the Irish Parliament. This contract, no less illegal than unjust, had it been ratified, would have been fraught with the most serious consequences. Blennerhasset and Rogers had intended to plant the estate with Protestant settlers, and to elbow the Catholic Celt to crags and barren moorlands. Their aim may be gathered from a memorial which they addressed to the Lord Lieutenant, when the validity of their lease was called in question by the English Commission in 1699. We quote from that document the following :—

“ We have lett some farmes to English tenants that doe advance some thinge, and wee hope when the estate is settled, and the Protestant tenants may think themselves safe in setting down there, that wee shall be able to raise the king's rent, and reserve a farme to ourselves, which wee think wee well deserve for so considerable an undertaking ; for wee could without losses, trouble, or hazard, manage two Protestant counties near Dublin sooner than this estate among so many ungovernable and disingenuous people.”

The memorial goes on to show what a great loss his Majesty would incur by the invalidation of the contract, and continues :—

“ So that were it not on a publique account more than a private interest wee would not undertake the trouble of communication with so wicked and barbarous a people for even the profit we expect. Truly

it is not so valuable but wee would surrender it, but that we have engaged so many Protestants, and wee have other considerable interests of our own estates and leased lands that do adjoyne it, that makes it agree with our interest and inclination to have that country planted with Protestants." "In playne English," it continues, "this is no more than a tryall of skill whether Kerry shall be a Protestant or an Irish plantation or not. Their priest Connellan, the other day, told his parishioners at Mass that nowe they may with cheerfulness repair their Mass house, for that their old master, the Lord Kenmare, meaning Sir Nicholas Browne, would soon have the estate again." (See Miss Hickson's "Old Kerry Records," 2nd series, pp. 122-124.)

The contract was quashed ; and in 1703, at the sale of the forfeited estates, at Chichester House, Dublin, the estate was sold to John Asgill, during the lifetime of Sir Nicholas Brown. The official entry is as follows :—

"All the estates of the Lord Kenmare in the province of Munster vested in the trustees were sold to Mr. John Asgill, April 13th, 1703, the buyer to pay all the incumbrances and to have all arrears of rent and Sir Michael Creagh's judgment due to the Trustees for £1000, and the woods, as per particulars affixed, lying in the counties of Cork and Kerry."

John Asgill, the purchaser, had a strange career. An Englishman bred to the law, he scented from afar the litigation that arose from the confiscations that followed the Revolution. He had married a daughter of Sir Nicholas Brown, and, in 1703, had obtained a seat in the Irish Parliament. But that pious body, shocked at an absurd pamphlet he had published, voted it a blasphemous libel, and he was expelled from the House. A few years later he entered the English House of Commons ; but his unlucky pamphlet was not forgotten. The Commons ordered it to be publicly burnt, and the author was expelled.

In the confusion that ensued, consequent on a change of landlords over so important an estate, some Irishmen sought to enrich themselves, and rise on the ruin of the Catholic and Jacobite Viscount. Among these, two are singled out by

O'Rahilly, as special objects of his wrath. Timothy Cronin had been a collector of hearth-money to Lord Kenmare, and Murtoagh Griffin acted as administrator to Lady Helen, his wife, during his attainder. Griffin had become a Protestant, and aspired to be a landlord. Cronin, though remaining a Catholic, found no difficulty in abjuring the Pretender. These individuals are interesting as representing the class of persons whom O'Rahilly savagely satirized under the general name of Clan Thomas. The poet composed an "Eachtra," or history of the transactions of Cronin, in which he represents him as addressing his followers in these polite and outspoken words :—

Α bodach duba d'ána d'poóimúinte, ar Tadhg, níor leór lib map do
 d'bhí me Tigeapna Óinn lílapa ar a d'útaig ar go d-tugap a iníon
 agus a tigeapnap dá deapd-namhaib agus ní air mairte le ceaótar díob
 é, óir do bí a fíor agam-ra go b-feudfaimn féin an pean-uapal
 Seaáán Aráill do órapaib air mo m'éir, ar go m-beadh cairde na beata
 agam féin aihál atá, óir ní raib mairtíur agam-ra ríam náir baimear
 dá oígeadé, ar me féin do beir a d-ceannap 'na díad. Air d-túir do
 glac airíod cionntéin do láim; níor mire an croóaire mall 'ran
 d-ceapb rín, ní fágaínn boéán gan aon-rígaobaib agus níor tugap do
 ráraib 'ran airíod rín acé pléib agus clampap.

"Ye black, bold, vehement, ill-mannered bodachs," said Tadhg, "was it not enough for you that I banished Lord Kenmare from his country, and that I gave his daughter and his lordship to his inveterate enemy? And it was not through a desire to serve either of them, as I knew that I could twist that old gentleman, John Asgill, on my finger, and that I would have the profits of the estate myself, as I have; as I never had a master whom I did not deprive of his inheritance which I kept myself, in his stead. At first he received hearth-money on hand. I was not a slow villain at that trade. I did not leave a cabin without plundering, and I gave him no satisfaction for that money but wrangling and dispute."

Then Tadhg proceeds to tell how he had ruined the inhabitants of O'Keeffe's and O'Callaghan's districts, evicting the inhabitants for hearth-money, until the whole region became a wilderness. What the poet thought of Griffin is sufficiently

obvious from the mock elegy with which he soothed his *manes* (XVII.).

Mention has been made of the woods in this estate as becoming the property of Asgill. It would seem that some of his under-agents were interested in cutting them down before the property passed into the hands of the Browns, and a complaint was made that £20,000 worth of timber was destroyed. Trees newly felled were sold at sixpence each.

On the 15th of August, 1706, soon after the estate had changed hands, and when the inhabitants of the barony were ablaze with indignation at the attempted introduction of Protestant planters, and at the ruin of the woods, brought about for selfish ends by designing upstarts, died Captain Brown of Ardagh, who had long been manager of the estate, and had been a member of Parliament for Tralee in 1689. In the course of a beautiful elegy on the deceased (XIII.), O'Rahilly pours out his wrath, like lava, on the heads of the plunderers of the people. Captain Brown's connexion with Lord Muskery and his wife's relation to the Duke of Ormond were not likely to be lost sight of by the poet.

In the second stanza he hints at the undue violence of the new masters :—

Α βάρ, πο μέλλαιρ λεατ άρ λόερανν,
 Ράλ άρ η-αρβαν άρ η-βαίλτε 'ρ άρ δ-εδρραή,
 Ϊάρδα άρ δ-σεαδ άρ η-βαν 'ρ άρ η-βολαδτ,
 'Αρ ρζάε ποήη ρζεανναίβ ρεαντα ρόρηε.

XIII. 5-8.

The same idea is developed in two or three succeeding stanzas. The people have now no lord but the God of glory ; the woods are cut down, a pitiable sight. Then the high military genius of the deceased is dwelt on, and a company of rivers chant a melancholy chorus at his death. But the poet turns from these, more pained at the weeping of Brown, now in servitude abroad, and the weeping of the widow of high lineage. Then, with withering sarcasm, he describes the

sad plight to which the estate of the Browns had been reduced :—

Aððar uaðair buaiðearða 'r brónðoil,
 Aðnuað luit 'r uile ðan téora,
 Méaðuðað ðian air éiað 'ran éðige
 Cior þur b-þearann að Aðgill dá éðimþeam.

An ðara cár ðo éráð an éðige :
 Þriora 'r Taðð a b-þeðm 'ra mórtur,
 Léð ðíðþeað áð þaóite móðða
 Að a b-þearannaið cairte 'r éðra.

'r ðið-éþeað þúr ð-coillte air þeððað,
 'r maið 'r Taðð að aðaint mað þmól þuð,
 ðan aþpar tá a ð-ceann 'r a ð-tóm leir,
 Ón lá ð'iméið þðiað uarðað na þlóiðte.

XIII. 81-92.

Asgill, the new proprietor, had troubles of his own. While he was the cause of angry scenes in the Legislatures of both England and Ireland, his underlings in Kerry, men of the stamp of Cronin and Griffin, got what they could by the destruction of the woods, or by the extortion of hearth-money. The years went by in sorrow and suffering for the Catholic Celt, whom the law never recognised except for purposes of insult and plunder. Men driven from their homes throughout the country retired to the fastnesses of the woods and mountains, and there offered a desultory resistance to the execution of the laws framed by a faction to plunder and insult them.

In 1720, Lord Kenmare (Sir Nicholas Brown) died, and his son Valentine was now undisputed owner of the estate. In this year, O'Rahilly voiced the public joy in a beautiful epithalamium for his marriage with Colonel Butler's daughter (XXX.). Twenty years of anxiety and fear and suffering had passed ; and the dream of Blennerhasset and Rogers—a Protestant plantation in Magonihy—had vanished into thin air.

Froude, referring to this period, or a little later, declared Killarney to be the Catholic University of Ireland. The classics were taught, and aspirants to Holy Orders were trained in scholastic discipline, and the intricate laws of Gaelic poetry were carefully studied there. The cause of Sir Nicholas Brown was the cause of enlightened freedom, and true toleration; but there were others of the local gentry who favoured the progress of the Catholic Celt. O'Rahilly, in the tract from which we have already quoted, mentions four as the only ones who had the true spirit of fairmindedness. Cronin, in the speech to which we have referred above, declares that if four traitors who were in the country were in his power he could sleep sound; they are Lavellin, Colonel White, Ned Herbert, and William Crosby. Of these, Lavellin and Colonel White had married sisters to Helen, wife of Sir Nicholas Brown. In the intended depositions of Sylvester O'Sullivan, the informer, we have the names of several popish schoolmasters in Killarney whom he declares to have been "well versed in the liberal sciences." One of these, indeed his own partner in academic labours, he accused before Lord Fitzmaurice, of Ross Castle, "of carrying arms, school-teaching, and other heavy crimes." But the scholastic services of Sylvester were dispensed with after he had, on the 23rd of February, 1729, "publicly renounced the errors of the Church of Rome" in the Protestant church at Killarney.

Sylvester O'Sullivan states in a memorial, which he styles "depositions ready to be sworn," that Archdeacon Lauder who sat among other magistrates to hear his complaint, spoke as follows, in a great "huff and fury" :—

"How now, you rogue! Do you think to get any justice against the county Kerry gentlemen who are all in a knot, and even baffle the very judges on the circuit? Nay, you are mistaken; our bare words are taken and preferred before the Government before the depositions of a thousand such evidences who have no friends to back 'em. This is not France, that severe country where the king's interest is so strictly maintained.

No! this is Kerry, where we do what we please. We'll teach you some Kerry law, my friend, which is to give no right and take no wrong."¹

In spite of any arguments that may be founded on this speech, it is certain that, though many of the Protestant gentry sided with the Catholics against the Government, racial and religious animosities ran high, as the story told in XLIII. sufficiently proves.

The Catholic Celt of Magonihy, however, had something more substantial to rely on than the good will of time-serving magistrates. There were true hearts and stout arms in the fastnesses of the mountains to defend his cause. Glenflesk is a valley bounded by mountains of savage grandeur, and watered by the Flesk, a river celebrated in song and story. Near the entrance of the glen stands the castle of Kilaha, which was for generations inhabited by the O'Donoghues of the Glen. Perhaps no Irish chieftain so successfully preserved his clan from the ravages of the freebooter. No Irish chieftain was served with more devoted loyalty. Nature had done much—she had reared lofty walls of rock on either side; she had indented the mountains with convenient recesses, whither the outlaw might betake him till the storm he had raised had blown over. But it was in the strong arm of the indomitable race that acknowledged him as lord, as well as in his own uprightness and courage, that O'Donoghue found his chief strength. He was not wealthy; but he lived ever among his people—their cause was his cause. He hated Castle proclamations and decrees with a traditional hatred. It was in vain that his estate was declared forfeit under Cromwell. The undertakers, in all probability, never even beheld the slopes of Derrynasaggart or the lake of Foiladown. One of the sweetest and most vigorous of Gaelic poets reigned at Killaha during

¹ For a full account of this remarkable document, see "Old Kerry Records," 2nd series, pp. 177–186.

the Restoration and Revolution periods. His poems breathe the spirit of manly independence (XLVIII.—XLIX.) In the stress of the penal days, when unjust forfeitures had forced many a good Irishman from the home of his ancestors, the hospitable chieftain of the Glen welcomed them with open arms. O'Donoghue's house was a safe haven for persecuted bards, and the chieftain himself a generous patron of the Muses. A grateful poet has left a vivid picture of life in Killaha Castle during the days of the Revolution, when Geoffrey O'Donoghue, himself a poet and wit of a high order, extended an open-hearted welcome to his brother bards :—

Múr Séarpað le céadaib iṛ ḡairpib oĩðce,
 Múr tréiteac le téadaib 'na ḡ-cantar laoiðce,
 Múr féarbað iṛ féile 'na ḡ-caitcear fíonca,
 Múr béarqað na h-éigre le taca díolað.

Dún cléire 'na léigcear an laibin líomta,
 Dún béite le ḡréaraib air bṛataib fíoda,
 Dún éarḡað fá feudaib do macaib ríogda,
 Dún ḡréitpe náir téarnað a d-taibairt d' aoiðeaðuib.

Cúirt laocpað ḡan trapaóac do baḡar bfoðba,
 Cúirt éacac an tréin-ḡir náir éoiḡill miona,
 Cúirt béarpað 'na néim-riú aḡ fṛearcal raoite,
 Cúirt aopað an ḡaoðal-bṛoḡ iṛ fairpṛiḡ aoiḡinn.

The house of Geoffrey—short seems the night to hundreds ;
 House of accomplishments, in which songs are sung to harps ;
 House of festivity and hospitality, in which wines are drunk ;
 House of bestowing, in which bards are rewarded substantially.

Stronghold of the clergy, where Latin is fluently read ;
 Stronghold, where the maidens embroider silken robes ;
 Stronghold, liberal in dispensing gems to sons of princes ;
 Stronghold of gifts unceasingly given to guests.

Mansion of heroes, unsubdued by wicked threats ;
 Mansion of wonders, of the valiant man who stored not jewels ;
 Mansion of verses freely running to honour nobles ;
 Mansion of airiness is the Gaelic dwelling, roomy and delightful.

The Glen became the home of "Tories, Robbers, and Rapparees, Persons of the Romish Religion, out in arms and upon their keeping." It was these tories that made it secure to carry on the crime of school teaching in Killarney. A few extracts from the correspondence with Dublin Castle, of some Kerry magistrates and others, will give some idea of the part played by Glenflesk and its Chieftain, in the social struggle, whose centre was Killarney, and in whose vortex the years of our poet's manhood were passed.

Colonel Maurice Hussey, himself a Jacobite, writes on the 26th of December, 1702, from Flesk Bridge:—"The Tories in the province are lately grown highwaymen, that is, most of them horsemen; I find there are now about fifteen or sixteen." In the same year he writes again to the Castle secretary, Joshua Dawson:—"Tories are skulking up and down in couples, but I have taken good care to prevent their getting into the mountains—the chief of the Rapparees were twice sett by twice their own number of soldiers from Rosse, yet they escaped, a shameful thing to be related. I do not care to be the author of it, but 'tis true." Hussey, who was a Catholic, further asserts that he had "an English heart still, though born and miserably bred in Ireland."

In 1708, it was expected, on all sides, that the Pretender would visit the west coast of Ireland, and Colonel Hedges, of Macroom (II. 45), who had been appointed governor of Ross Castle, proceeded to administer the oath of abjuration to Catholics in the various towns. Many Catholic gentlemen, on refusing it, were imprisoned. Colonel Hedges, writing to Dawson, says:—"Some Irish gentlemen have very freely taken the oath, and others will, but the proprietors and idle persons, and such as served King James and are poor, and all the priests, are the persons who are universally and entirely disposed to assist the Pretender or any Popish interest." The Pretender scare blew over for the time, but many gentlemen and the great bulk of the people had openly taken their side.

We can easily understand our poet's rage against the Cronins, father and son, from such recommendations as the following :—"I take leave to ask," wrote Hedges to Dawson, in 1711, "for a license (to carry arms) for Darby Cronine, who, though a papist, has been employed by me for several years past, and took the oath of abjuration."

In a letter, dated the 28th of February, 1712, addressed to Murtogh Griffin, Hussey says :—"The Rapps of Glenflesk, the sure refuge of all the thieves and tories of the country, are up by night and are guilty of all the violence and villanies imaginable, and it will be always so, till nine parts of ten of O'Donoghue's followers are proclaimed and hanged on gibbets upon the spott." The untamable spirit of Timothy and Finneen O'Donoghue was a source of constant alarm to such time-servers as Hedges. To these were joined now, Francis Eagar, a Protestant, who had married their sister. On June the 8th, 1714, Hedges writes :—"Timothy and Florence (Finneen) O'Donoghue and Philip O'Sullivan, of Glenflesk, papists, have fire-arms and swords, as I am credibly informed."

The death of Queen Anne did not by any means diminish the strain to which Castle law was subject in Kerry. Hedges, as yet unaware of the important event, writes on August 4th, 1714, to Dawson :—

"The Protestants of Killarney, besides those which are linked with the O'Donoghue, do not exceed a dozen; there are but four in the county adjacent."

He means no doubt families. In a census taken by Philip Anderson, Clerk of the Commissioners of Array, in 1692, the number of Protestants in Magonihy is given as 82, while the Catholics number 1587. Hedges goes on to say that the magistrates are in terror of their persons, and far from putting the laws in force, and adds :—

"Old O'Donoghue told Mr. Griffin (a magistrate) to his face that he hoped soon to see the time when he and his would pull out his throat, and he often bragged that he had 500 men at his command."

On the 23rd of August, the accession of George I. having become known, Hedges writes an account of his exertions to proclaim the new Sovereign. "The court leet began last Saturday at Killarney, and I hear the papists are taking the oaths of fidelity and allegiance to his majesty with seeming cheerfulness." But he has only two names to mention. "Timothy Croneen and his son Darby Croneen, took the oath of allegiance, and took and subscribed the adjuracon oath the first day of the sessions." Finneen O'Donoghue, he says, was the person he feared to be most troublesome, but it was satisfactory to learn from this formidable opponent of unjust laws, that "about a dozen gun barrels were lately wrought into reap-hooks by a smith in Glenflesk, which he was told were rusty old barrels found in a hollow tree." O'Rahilly addresses one of his sweetest odes (XI.) to this Finneen O'Donoghue, and describes graphically the part he played in resisting the execution of the penal laws.

Another power in the county at this period, but one of whom O'Rahilly speaks with distrust, was Domhnall O'Mahony, of Dunloe, with his formidable band of *faïresses*. In 1706, the poet had soothed the ghost of John O'Mahony, Domhnall's father, with one of his splendid elegies (XIV.); but in Domhnall himself he reposed no confidence. He represents Cronin in the "Eachtra Thaidhg Dhuibh," as empanelling a jury of the upstarts, and the first name of the twelve is Domhnall O'Mahony, of Dunloe. This personage seems to have been a real power in the county. He was a Catholic and tenant to the Earl of Shelbourne, but he had abjured the Pretender, and the number of his own subjects was estimated at "three thousand persons, all of the Pope's religion." He had disciplined his dependents as an army, ready at a moment's notice, to swoop down on the objects of his displeasure. If we may believe the evidence of Kennedy, quit-rent collector, only a dozen of Mahony's tenants were Leinster Protestants. "So may it please your Excie and

Lopps," adds Kennedy, "the said Mahony and his mobb of Fairesses are so dreaded by his mighty power that noe Papist in the kingdom of Ireland hath the like."¹

Such were the scenes amid which our poet lived and sang. He watched his country, all torn and blood-stained, entering within the shadow of an inhuman persecution, and did not live to see her even partially emerge. He often connected his own hardships—notwithstanding his profession as *ollamh*—with those of his country, and traced both to the same source, and in his deathbed poem he bewails both together. He is beyond all others the poet of the ancient Irish Nobility, who despises upstarts, and gives no quarter to any man who sacrificed honour and faith for wealth and power.

O'Rahilly was without question well educated; and his knowledge of the classics is sufficiently attested by the classical quotations, and the allusions to classical topics to be found in his writings. He translated St. Donatus's Latin poem on Ireland into Irish verse, but we regret that we have been unable to procure his version for this volume. The extent of his knowledge of English we cannot accurately ascertain; but from allusions and quotations in his prose works, it would seem that he was at home in that language. His knowledge of Irish was unquestionably profound. His command of that tongue was such as natural genius alone, without extensive study, could not give, and has rarely if ever been equalled. A deep and intimate acquaintance with the Irish language is, O'Curry testifies, evinced by the "Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis." Nor can less be said of the lyrics and elegies printed in this volume. His familiarity with all the legendary lore that illumines the dawn of Irish history is

¹ For a fuller picture of life in Kerry the reader is referred to the chapter entitled "Kerry in the Eighteenth Century," in Miss Hickson's *Old Kerry Records*, Second Series, on which the writer of the preceding account has largely drawn.

shown in his elegies, and must have been the result of wide reading and a tenacious memory. He had an ardent passion for genealogy, but differed from ordinary genealogists in this, that he quickened the dry bones of a pedigree with the life of poetry. We have already seen how an education could be procured in Kerry, even when school teaching was a serious crime against the law. Indeed Egan seems to have been the most learned *ollamh* of his day. His quaint account of the learned meetings in O'Callaghan's house (XV.), where every great name in Europe came under discussion, cannot be considered as exaggerated, if we remember that men like the poet himself were of the company. Indeed, so highly did the popular voice esteem his genealogical talents, that even in our own days a quotation from one of his elegies has been regarded as proving a kinship between families.

There is reason to believe that he was at first in good circumstances ; but his poverty at the end of his life was extreme. It is hardly possible to read his death-bed poem (XXI.), to which allusion has been already made, without tears. Here he appears as one wanting help, and yet too proud to beg. He will not be seen at the doors of the new nobility. He laments the loss of the true chieftains in terms of matchless pathos. He had tried Sir Valentine Brown (VIII.), but he was repulsed ; his “*reana-popg lae*” must henceforth vainly weep for the generous nobles of the “*Capé'-púil*.” In the poem on the “Shoes,” with which he was presented by O'Donoghue Dubh (XVIII.), his soul appears overcast with the shadow of dire poverty. The tone is subdued ; the humour is grim ; and in the concluding lines he expresses openly his distress and desolateness. It was probably one of his latest poems. It is remarkable in this great poet that the verses he produced in an old age of sorrow and poverty are more fiery and vigorous than his earlier productions.

After the lapse of nearly 200 years, Egan's memory is fresh to-day in many parts of Munster, and would have been

far fresher and more vivid were it not that the language in which he wrote, and in which his witty sayings were recorded, has decayed throughout almost the entire province.

Though little of biographical value has reached us concerning him, still certain traits of his character have been placed in a strong light by oral tradition. It appears that affected simplicity formed a strong feature of his character. He delighted in acting as a simpleton until he had secured his object, and then in impressing on the bystanders the success of his practical joke by making a display of his learning. On one occasion he entered a book-shop in Cork, and asked the price of the books that lay on the counter in a tone of voice and with a gesture that led the bookseller to imagine he was dealing with a fool. At length he asked with much timidity the price of a large expensive classical work exhibited there. The bookseller, with a look of pitying contempt, handed him the book, and said, "You will get it for nothing if you can only read it." The poet took the book, and to confirm the seller in his error opened it, and held it before him with the pages inverted; and, when the bargain had been duly ratified, set it properly before him and read it aloud with a facility that amazed the bystanders and confounded the bookseller, who perceived he had been made the victim of a practical joke.

When he attended fairs, and on such public occasions, it is said that he usually wore a "sugan" round his waist. Indeed, in one of his prose satires, when describing the dress adopted by Clan Thomas, he appears to allude to this cincture. He delighted in passing for a foolish clown amongst the buyers from Cork and Limerick who frequented the fairs, and to whom he was known only by reputation. His constant reply to such strangers, if they happened to price his cattle, was, "ḃuḃairt mo maḃair liom gan iad do díol gan an méad po," and thus they were led to imagine that he was a mere instrument in the hands of an absent mother.

On one occasion a certain Limerick stranger, named Shink-

win, was completely deceived by his language and manner. Shinkwin, it seems, bought some cattle from the poet, whom he regarded as a fool, and imagined from the replies to some questions he asked that the cattle were in calf. Afterwards, as he passed along the street, he observed this "fool" discussing with great volubility and vehemence some questions of history with a local gentleman. He inquired who that man was, and was told that he was Egan O'Rahilly. On hearing this—for the poet was well known by reputation throughout Munster—he exclaimed, *o'páð ran ba ðan oáir að Sinnicín*, "that leaves Shinkwin with cows not in calf." This expression has passed into a proverb.

O'Rahilly is also popularly remembered as an unrivalled satirist. He belonged to what Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan called "Muintir Chainte." In a period of Irish history anterior to that we are considering, satirists were supposed to be able to raise three blisters on the individual whom they abused if he deserved the satire; stories are told of our poet which attribute to his satire still greater power. It is said that, like Archilochus of old, he killed a man by the venom of his satire, and that a fierce attempt was made to satirize himself; that he laboured the livelong night to neutralize its effects; and that when morning came he asked his daughter to look out and reconnoitre. The daughter brought word that some of his cattle had perished during the night. The poet, on hearing this, said, "*ðuiðeaðap le ðia an lá a ðul oppa ip nað opm-ðað oð euaið pé.*" "Thank God! the victory was gained over them and not over me." This story is worth recording, as it proves how genuinely our poet represents the ancient spirit of Irish literature. On reading the legend, one is carried in imagination to the days of Cuchulainn and Ferdiad, or of Cairbre and Breas. There can be no doubt that Egan's power of vituperation was unrivalled. In his day, personal satire among Irish bards was nothing better than eloquent rhythmical bargaining, often indulged in for the sake of displaying the scolding

powers of the satirist. In the case of our poet, we need not rest his claim as a master of abusive language on mythical stories; an interesting specimen of his personal satire still exists. A poet of the MacCarthy family called Domhnall na Tuille, or "Domhnall of the Flood," whose patron was Tadhg an Duna, wrote a bitter attack on him, on what provocation we cannot say. O'Rahilly replied in a satire of greater bitterness still. We give O'Rahilly's reply in this volume (XXXVIII.). We believe it will be found interesting, as throwing some light on what our annalists say of Irish satire. It certainly displays unbounded command of language. Whether this fierce encounter was purely a trial of strength between the poets, we cannot determine. MacCarthy's attack, which is somewhat coarse, dwells on O'Rahilly's mercenary spirit—how he will not write a poem without a large sum of money—but it is chiefly an attack on his person, so vague and exaggerated, however, that it is impossible to draw any conclusions from it regarding his appearance.

II.—HIS WORKS.

O'Rahilly's works may be divided into three classes: Lyrics, Elegies, and Satires. As a lyric poet he deserves a very high place. His pieces are short, often without regular order or sequence of parts; often, too, with a line or a clause thrown in to fill up space and keep the metre going, but the main thoughts come from the heart, and throw themselves without apparent effort into language of great beauty and precision. No idea foreign to the subject is obtruded on the reader's attention; the whole seems produced in the heat of inspiration. The rhythm is perfect, without tricks of style or metre. The poet's very soul seems poured out into his verse. Most of his lyrical pieces that have reached us are concerned

with his country's sufferings and wounds then bleeding fresh, the decay of her strength, the usurpation of her lands by foreigners, and the expulsion of the old nobility. His mind is never off this theme. The energies which other poets devoted to the praise of wine or woman, he spent in recounting the past glories and mourning over the present sorrows of his beloved land, whose history he had studied as few men have ever done, and whose miseries he beheld with the keen eye of genius, and felt for with the warmth and sensibility of the most ardent of natures.

His power as a lyric poet consists mainly in the strength of his passion, and in his unequalled pathos. One gets the idea from some of the shorter pieces, in which he depicts the bleeding and tortured condition of his country, that a very tempest of passion swept through the poet's soul. His paroxysms are fierce, vehement, and fitful. In such gusts he is often taken so far beyond himself, that when the storm is over he seems to forget the links that bound his thoughts together. He takes little trouble to present the reader with a finished whole, in which the various parts are joined together by easy natural links. He is only anxious to fix our attention on what is great and striking, leaving minor matters to care for themselves. We can imagine a poet like Gray counting with scrupulous care the number of his lines, labouring his rhymes, and linking one verse to another, so as to form a homogeneous whole. Our poet seems to care little about the number of his lines, or such minor points. He is conscious that his thoughts, glowing hot, deserve attention, and he compels it.

There are few pictures in poetry more pathetic than that drawn in "The Merchant's Son" (III.). The frequency with which visions of Ireland, cast into stereotyped form, were produced at a later date is calculated to create a prejudice in the mind of the reader against this poem. But the vision here described is altogether different from the common poetic

reveries of the later poets. The loveliness and grace of the maiden, her misfortunes, her trust in her absent deliverer and lover, her belief in his speedy arrival, the fidelity with which she clings to his love—all these create in our minds an intense interest in the distressed queen. But our hearts melt to pity when she is described as looking, day after day, across the main, “over wild, sand-mingled waves,” in the hope of catching a glimpse of the promised fleet. Then the poet has a sudden and painful surprise in store for her and for us. The hero she loved is dead. He died in Spain, and there is no one to pity her. It is more than she can bear. Her soul is wrenched from her body in terror at the word. It is impossible to describe adequately the power of this poem. It is ablaze with passion, while the sudden terror of the concluding stanza belongs to the sublime.

O’Rahilly, as we have seen, lived at a time of supreme crisis in Irish history. The pent-up passion of a suffering people finds expression in every line of that magnificent threnody, which stands second in this collection. Never, perhaps, since Jeremias sat by the wayside and chanted a mournful dirge over the ruin of Jerusalem, never were a nation’s woes depicted with such vivid anguish and such passionate bursts of grief. We have no reason to suppose that the poet made a special study of Biblical literature ; yet it is impossible to read this outburst of fierce, intense passion without being reminded of passages in the writings of the Hebrew prophets, and especially of the Lamentations. The similarity in thought, in intensity of feeling, in vigour of expression, in variety and simplicity of imagery, between this poem and the Lamentations is, we think, not due to conscious imitation. It is rather to be ascribed to the brooding of kindred spirits over subjects that had much in common.

“How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is the mistress of the gentiles become a widow: the prince of provinces made tributary!”—LAM. i. 1.

“Weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: there is none to comfort her among all them that were dear to her.”—LAM. i. 2.

“My eyes have failed with weeping, my bowels are troubled: my liver is poured out upon the earth, for the destruction of the daughter of my people, when the children, and the sucklings, fainted away in the streets of the city.”—LAM. ii. 11.

“And from the daughter of Sion all her beauty is departed: her princes are become like rams that find no pastures: and they are gone away without strength before the face of the pursuer.”—LAM. i. 6.

Let these well-known verses be compared with the first three poems and the twenty-first of this collection, as well as with many passages in the elegies, and we think it will appear that our poet in vigour of expression, in majesty and simplicity of imagery, in melting pathos, may claim kinship with the greatest writers of all time.

The Elegies differ in style and metre from the Lyrics. They are death-songs for distinguished persons. The poet soothes every sorrow. He remembers every friend; the wife, the sister, the helpless orphan, the weeping father and mother, the famished poor mourning at the gate with no one to break them bread. He brings before our eyes the house, wont to be so gay, now cold and comfortless and still with the melancholy silence of death.

There is something exquisitely affecting in the tender names which O’Rahilly applies to the deceased: a fountain of milk to the weak, their Cuchulainn in a hostile gathering, the guard of their houses and flocks. But, in spite of their tenderness, too-frequent repetition palls. There is too much sameness in the drapery of his grief. Nature mourns, the hills are rent asunder, there is a dull mist in the heavens. Such are “the trappings and the suits of woe” that he constantly employs.

The use made of the Greek and Roman deities is, however, to modern critics, the greatest blemish in these compositions. Pan and Jupiter, Juno and Pallas, give the renowned infant *at baptism* the gifts peculiar to themselves. The elegy on Captain

O'Leary (XXII.), in spite of these faults, is a beautiful poem. The elegy on O'Callaghan (XV. and XVI.) is, perhaps, the most finished production of the author. But the least faulty and most affecting of all the elegies is, without doubt, that on Cronin's three children, who were drowned (XII.). The rhythm is exquisite, and the beautiful metre is that employed in O'Neaghtan's lament for Mary of Modena.

As a prose satirist, O'Rahilly belongs to the same school as Swift. His invention is daring; he indulges in minute descriptions, and delights in the most harassing and disgusting details, provided they serve his purpose. He is the author of three coarse, fierce prose satires—the “Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis,” the “Parliament Chloinne Thomáis,” and the “Eachtra Thaidg Dhuibh.” The two former are given anonymously in the manuscripts; but their similarity in thought and language to the latter, and the allusions to them to be found in the lyrics, leave no doubt that O'Rahilly was the author; and they were attributed to him by the universal belief in Munster as late as 1840, as O'Curry testifies. In execution, in plot, in the management of details, in strength of expression, in command of language, these works stand high; and the strong light they throw on Irish history gives them peculiar importance. “Clan Thomas,” a breed of semi-satanic origin, full of pride and avarice, whose morals and language do justice to their parentage, are doomed for generations to be the slaves of the nobles in Ireland; but they watch every opportunity of throwing off the yoke. They are essentially a *gens rustica*. In reading their squabbles, their foolish conflicts on questions of ancestry, down through the ages, we feel that we are getting a vivid glimpse of the brawls, the disunion, the traitorism of a certain species of Irishman that has ever been a foul stain on the pages of Irish history. The poet, with peculiar pleasure, ridicules their love of lisping in an English accent, and of being taken notice of by English nobles. The author takes us through the minutest particulars of a scolding

match, or a meeting, or a feast, taking care that we in the meantime conceive a perfect loathing for the actors in these petty dramas. We stand and look on as they devour their meals, we hear the noise made by the fluids they drink as they descend their throats, we listen to their low oaths and foolish swagger about their high lineage, and we turn away in disgust. Surely the upstart or the snob was never elsewhere delineated in such vivid colours.

With a literature such as this, there was little danger that the Irish people as a whole, much less the people of the southern province, would suffer the canker of slavery to eat into their souls. This literature, ever appealing to the glories of the past, ever stinging with keen sarcasm those who attempted to supplant the rightful heirs of Irish soil, ever taunting the oppressor with his cruelty and treachery, kept alive in the Irish heart, to use the words of Burke, "even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom." The mission of the Irish *ollamh* in those troubled days, and in the dark night of the penal times which followed, was to proclaim in words of fire the injustice that was being committed, to divert the people's attention from present troubles by pointing to a glorious past, and, lest they should fall into despair, to kindle hopes of future deliverance. Our *ollamh's* strain is sad, and infinitely tender, but withal bold and uncompromising. He is an ardent admirer of the great Irish families that stretch back through our history into the twilight of legend ; he is a believer in aristocracy ; but his fiercest invectives are poured out against those who in the stress of a national crisis purchase a vulgar upstart nobility at the cost of honour and virtue.

In estimating O'Rahilly's place in literature it must be remembered that Irish literature continued in a state of almost complete isolation down to its total extinction at the beginning of the present century. It imitated no foreign models. It did not compete for the ear of Europe with any neighbouring literature. It was little influenced by the invention of printing, or by the

revival of learning in Europe. The number of books printed in the Irish language from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century would hardly more than fill a school-boy's box ; and of these none were on general literature. The desire for learning for which the Irish race was proverbial, during these centuries of strain, operated as by a kind of instinct mainly in two directions : the attainment of priestly orders, and the cultivation of national history and poetry. Even writers learned in classical and foreign literature showed little inclination to adopt a foreign style. Keating was undoubtedly a man of broad learning, and gifted with a vivid imagination ; but he wrote poetry not in the style of Virgil or Dante, nor yet of Ronsard or Spenser, but as the Irish poets who preceded him. O'Rahilly, though some eighty years later than Keating, is more truly Irish still, in style, in thought, in metre.

The reader must not, therefore, be surprised to find in our author's poems a freshness, a simplicity, a vigour, that savour of the Homeric age. The descriptions of life in O'Callaghan's house (XV.), or in that of Warner (X.), have something of the old-world charm of the *Odyssey*. It would be uncritical to judge this poet according to the canons of taste accepted by the nations of modern Europe. He is a survival of the antique, in thought, in style, in metre, in spirit. His spirit is as strong, as fresh, as vigorous, and olden, as the language in which he wrote, as the race whose oppression he depicted ; it is soft and glowing as the summer verdure of his native lake-lands ; it is melancholy as the voice of the storm-vexed Tonn Tóime that disturbed his rest on that night when in poverty and loneliness he lay in bed weaving verses destined to be immortal (VII.).

III.—METRIC.

In the poems we are considering (with few exceptions) *stress and similarity of vowel sounds in corresponding stressed syllables are the fundamental metrical principle*. Certain root syllables receive a *stress* as each line is pronounced, and *corresponding* lines have a like number of stresses. We call the set of stressed vowel sounds in a line, or stanza, or poem, the *stress-frame* of that line, or stanza, or poem. We understand the stress-frame to consist of *vowel sounds in their unmodified state*. We call each stressed vowel sound a *stress-bearer*. It is convenient sometimes to speak of a *syllable containing a stressed vowel* as a *stress-bearer*. A diphthong or triphthong is similar to a single vowel when the sound of that vowel is the *prevailing sound* of the diphthong or triphthong. Syllables that contain identical or similar vowel sounds are *similar*; thus ἡλέθ and ἡθ are similar, also ναοί and λί; thus, too, ρεόμπα and κόρυψ (XX. 13) have their first syllables similar, ο being attenuated or thinned in both; also ρίολ and κλαῖδιον (XVI. 36–38) where the common vowel sound is *ee* as in *free*. Stresses and stress-bearers *correspond* in two lines when they occur in the same order, beginning with the first stress in each. Lines are similar when their corresponding stresses fall upon similar syllables, or when their corresponding stress-bearers are identical. When all the lines in a stanza, or poem, are similar, the stanza or poem is said to be *homogeneous*. A stress is said to *rule* the syllables which are pronounced with dependence on it, and these may be taken to be the syllable on which it falls, and the *succeeding* syllables as far as the next stress, or to the end of the line in the case of the final stress. The *initial stress* of a line may also rule one or more antecedent syllables.

The final stress-bearer plays an important part in the melody of a line, and in the case of certain metres, the penultimate stress-bearer also.

For purposes of analysis we use the following notation :—

ǎ	represents	a	in	caτ,	sounded	like	o	in	cot	(nearly).
ā	„	éi	„	péin,	„	„	a	„	name.	
au	„	á	„	τá,	„	„	aw	„	awl.	
ě	„	ei	„	beič,	„	„	e	„	get.	
ē	„	í	„	bí,	„	„	ee	„	free.	
ĩ	„	ı	„	pıč,	„	„	i	„	sin.	
ī	„	ei	„	paiðm,	„	„	i	„	line	(nearly).
ia	„	ıa	„	pıal,	„	„	ea	„	near.	
ō	„	o	„	cop,	„	„	u	„	cur.	
ou	„	o	„	lom,*	„	„	ow	„	how.	
ũ	„	u	„	cup,	„	„	u	„	pull.	
ū	„	ú	„	cúl,	„	„	oo	„	school.	
ua	„	ua	„	pıap,	„	„	ua	„	truant	(but shorter).

These are the chief unattenuated or otherwise unmodified stress-bearing vowel sounds met with in Irish poetry, some of them, such as ĩ, ě, etc., cannot be attenuated or thinned.

In all the poems we are considering similar lines in the same stanza, and generally throughout the same poem, have their final stress-bearers identical. We speak of an \bar{A} -poem, or an \bar{E} -poem, etc., according as any of these vowel sounds is the final stress-bearer throughout a homogeneous poem. Not every vowel sound in the table given above is used as the final stress-bearer for a homogeneous poem, and the most common final stress-bearers are ā, ē, ō, ua. In our analysis we mark final stress-bearers by capitals. In poems in which alternate lines are similar, it is convenient to regard the final stress-bearer of the even lines only as characterising the poem. The penultimate stress in poems, in which it rules but one

* Munster.

syllable, becomes as important as the final stress. The initial stress of a line often falls on an undecided vowel-sound, and often rules the greatest number of syllables. In the following analysis we place a horizontal stroke above the vowel, or combination of vowels, on which the stress falls, and use a slanting accent-mark, pointing, as far as is possible, to the vowel whose sound prevails in the stressed syllable. Ordinary accent marks are omitted to avoid confusion.

The metres we are considering may be divided into Elegiac and Lyrical metres.

Elegiac Metres.

We begin with the Elegiac stanza which is the metrical type of a large number of poems in this volume. It consists of four verses or lines. Each verse normally contains nine syllables, ruled by four stresses. The even syllables contain stress-bearers. The second and third stress-bearers, at least, are similar. There are often only eight syllables, in which case the odd syllables contain stress-bearers. Frequently one or more of the stresses rule an extra syllable. The final stress always rules two only. Hence the number of syllables varies from eight to eleven. The following lines illustrate the variation in the number of syllables:—

- (1) $\overline{\tau\acute{\iota}\pi\pi\epsilon}$ $\overline{\epsilon\rho\acute{o}\iota\delta\epsilon}$ $\overline{\nu\omicron\omicron\omicron}$ $\overline{\tau\acute{\iota}\rho}$ $\overline{\tau\upsilon}$ $\overline{\alpha\iota\rho}$ $\overline{\rho\epsilon\acute{o}\alpha\delta}$. 8 syllables.
- (2) $\overline{\acute{\alpha}\iota\epsilon\epsilon\iota\mu}$ $\overline{\nu\acute{\iota}\alpha}$ $\overline{\gamma\omicron}$ $\overline{\nu\acute{\iota}\alpha\eta}$ $\overline{\alpha\delta'}$ $\overline{\epsilon\acute{o}\mu\alpha\rho\text{-}\rho\acute{\iota}}$. 8 syllables.
- (3) $\overline{\alpha\eta}$ $\overline{\nu\acute{\alpha}\rho\alpha}$ $\overline{\epsilon\acute{\alpha}\rho}$ $\overline{\nu\omicron}$ $\overline{\epsilon\rho\acute{\alpha}\iota\delta}$ $\overline{\alpha\eta}$ $\overline{\epsilon\acute{o}\iota\gamma\epsilon}$. 9 syllables.
- (4) $\overline{\gamma\omicron\lambda}$ $\overline{\eta\alpha}$ $\overline{\nu\rho\acute{\upsilon}\iota\eta\gamma\epsilon}$ $\overline{\lambda\epsilon\alpha\rho}$ $\overline{\eta\text{-}\omicron\iota\epsilon\alpha\delta}$ $\overline{\tau\upsilon\alpha\delta'}$ $\overline{\omicron\iota\gamma\epsilon}$. 10 syllables.
- (5) $\overline{\tau\alpha}$ $\overline{\rho\gamma\epsilon\iota\mu}$ $\overline{\eta\alpha}$ $\overline{\nu\text{-}\rho\lambda\acute{\alpha}\iota\epsilon\epsilon\alpha\rho}$ $\overline{\alpha\iota\rho}$ $\overline{\lambda\acute{\alpha}\rho\alpha\delta}$ $\overline{\mu\alpha\rho}$ $\overline{\lambda\acute{o}\epsilon\rho\mu\alpha\eta\eta}$.
11 syllables.
- (6) $\overline{\mu\omicron\upsilon\upsilon\alpha\rho}$ $\overline{\alpha}$ $\overline{\epsilon\acute{\iota}\gamma\epsilon\tau\epsilon}$ $\overline{\gamma\omicron}$ $\overline{\rho\acute{\iota}\eta\gamma\iota\lambda}$ $\overline{\text{'}\rho\alpha\eta}$ $\overline{\nu\text{-}\rho\acute{o}\gamma\mu\alpha\rho}$. 11 syllables.

Marking by a short horizontal stroke the unstressed syllables, the stress-frames of these lines are :—

- (1) ŭ - ē - ē - \overline{O} -
 (2) ă - ia - ia - \overline{O} -
 (3) - ă - ā - ā - \overline{O} -
 (4) ǒ - ĭ - - ĭ - - \overline{O} -
 (5) - ā - ă - - ă - - \overline{O} -
 (6) - ua - ĭ - - ĭ - - \overline{O} -

The following stanza is in regular Elegiac metre, and is a faint imitation of the poet's manner :—

I wéep my héro pléasing, pátient,
 The friénd of péace, the glée of the nátion,
 Whose vóice was swéet, whose chéek was rádiant,
 Whose sóul was frée, whose féats were fámous.

The *stress-frame* is,

(ē ē ē \overline{A}) 4,

with the first stress-bearer variable.

In the Elegiac stanza different lines are not necessarily similar, but have always their final stress-bearers similar. The final stress-bearers of the lines in different stanzas must be similar, and are similar in all the poems in Elegiac metre in this volume.

Lyrical Metres.

The five-stressed verse in which I. is composed is typical of a large amount of the poetry in this volume. It is suited to serious and meditative subjects. In it are composed I., IV., XXI., XLVII., L., LIII., LIV. Each poem in this metre is divided into stanzas of four verses each. Each verse has five stresses. The final stress rules two syllables, the penultimate but one. Each stanza is homogeneous; and, though this be not essential, each poem is also homogeneous.

The first stanza of I. bears its stresses thus :

Ír átuírpeac̣ geaṛ lioṃ cpeáac̣ta cpiẹ́ Fódla
 Pa ṛgámaḷ gọ dáoṛ 'pạ gáoḷta clị-bpeoịg̣te
 Na cpạnna bạ épeinẹ ag̣ deunaị́n díṇ doiḅ-ríṇ
 Do geaṛpaḍ a n-géạga 'pạ b-ppeamạ cpịn-peoịg̣te.

The stress-frame is,

(ǎ ā ā ē Ō) 4 ;

marking the unstressed syllables as above, we have

(- ǎ - - ā - ā - ē Ō -) 4.

The following English stanza has been composed to illustrate this metre. It is constructed on the stress-frame of I., and follows much the same line of thought :—

In sorrow and cháins we pláin like Greéce ólden,
 By fóreigners sláin in gráves our chiēfs móulder,
 Misfórtune and cáre awáit each frée sóldier,
 While cóffin-ships béar our bráve the séas óver.

I. is, then, a five-stressed homogeneous Ō-poem.

IV. is in the same metre, but with a different stress-frame
 It is a five-stressed homogeneous UA-poem thus :

Ǧile nạ Ǧilẹ dọ cónnap̣c-pạ aip̣ pḷịgẹ a n-uaịg̣near,
 binṇịoṛ aṇ binṇịṛ a p̣pịọtaḷ nạ́ṛ c̣pịoṇ-ǧ̣p̣ụaṃdạ,
 C̣pịọṛbaḷ aṇ c̣pịọṛbạiḷ ạ ǧ̣ọrṃ-p̣ọṛǧ̣ ṛinṇ-ụainẹ,
 Dẹiṛǧ̣ẹ ị́ṛ p̣innẹ ag̣ p̣ioṇnạḍ 'nạ ǧ̣pịọṛ-ǧ̣p̣ụạḍnạiḅ.

The stress-frame is,

(ĩ ĩ ǫ ē UA) 4,

or marking the unstressed syllables as before,

(ĩ - - ĩ - - ǫ - - ē UA -) 4.

Here, it will be noted, the first three stresses rule each three syllables, the fourth one, and the final two. The other metres we have to examine are less frequently employed.

VI. is quite a miracle of sound. It is a homogeneous nine-stressed \bar{A} -poem. The last three syllables of each line have a stress each. The first line bears its stresses as follows:—

$\overset{\cdot}{\bar{A}}\bar{r}\bar{l}\bar{i}\bar{n}\bar{g}$ $\bar{m}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{b}\bar{u}\bar{l}$ $\bar{d}'\bar{a}\bar{i}\bar{c}\bar{i}\bar{l}\bar{l}$ $\bar{m}'\bar{a}\bar{n}\bar{a}\bar{m}$ $\bar{r}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{l}$ $\bar{g}\bar{a}\bar{n}$ $\bar{c}\bar{a}\bar{p}\bar{a}$ $\bar{r}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{n}\bar{g}$
 $\bar{c}\bar{i}\bar{m}$ $\bar{c}\bar{r}\bar{e}\bar{i}\bar{c}.$

The stress frame is,

(ǎ ǎ, ǎ ǎ, ǎ ǎ, ou ē \bar{A}) 4,

or marking the unstressed syllables,

(ǎ - ǎ - ǎ - ǎ - ǎ - ǎ - ou ē \bar{A}) 4.

In each line we have the system ǎ ǎ thrice repeated, and three other distinct stress-bearers to close the line. It should be observed that the eighth stress is slight, but falls on syllables that are similar.

In XII. the alternate lines are similar. The first two lines bear their stresses thus—

$\bar{D}\bar{o}$ $\bar{g}\bar{e}\bar{i}\bar{r}$ $\bar{a}\bar{n}$ $\bar{R}\bar{a}\bar{i}\bar{c}$ $\bar{i}\bar{l}\bar{l}\bar{o}\bar{r}$ $\bar{d}\bar{o}$ $\bar{p}\bar{a}\bar{o}\bar{b}\bar{a}\bar{o}$ \bar{a} $\bar{r}\bar{e}\bar{o}\bar{l}$
 $\bar{D}\bar{o}$ $\bar{l}\bar{e}\bar{u}\bar{n}\bar{a}\bar{o}$ \bar{a} $\bar{r}\bar{e}\bar{u}\bar{n}$ $\bar{r}\bar{i}\bar{n}$ $\bar{d}\bar{o}$ $\bar{p}\bar{l}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{r}\bar{g}$ $\bar{c}\bar{i}\bar{g}$ $\bar{a}\bar{n}$ $\bar{b}\bar{r}\bar{o}\bar{i}\bar{n}$

The stress-frame for the first stanza is,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{cccccc} \bar{a} & \bar{o} & \bar{a} & \bar{o} & \bar{o} \\ \bar{a} & \bar{a} & \bar{a} & \bar{a} & \bar{O} \end{array} \right\} 2,$

or marking unstressed syllables,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{cccccccc} - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{o} & - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{o} \\ & - & & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{O} \end{array} \right\} 2.$

The beauty of this system consists partly in the alternation of the similar lines, and partly in the division of all the

odd lines into two equal parts ; besides there are only two stress-bearing sounds in the entire stanza (\bar{a} and \bar{o}), while in the even lines the \bar{a} sound predominates. It is a four-stressed \bar{O} -poem.

In III. each stanza ends with the same word except the last, which, however, ends in a word having a similar syllable to the final stress-bearer of the others. It is a seven-stressed \check{A} -poem, but each line has its own separate stress-frame, and no two consecutive lines have the same stress-frame, with but few exceptions, such as the first two lines. The first line runs :—

$\acute{A}ir\bar{li}n\bar{g}$ $\acute{g}eup$ $\bar{d}o$ $\acute{d}eapcar$ $\acute{p}e\bar{m}$ am' $\acute{le}a\bar{b}ai\bar{o}$ $'r$ $\acute{m}\acute{e}$ $\bar{g}o$ $\acute{la}\bar{g}$ -
 $\bar{b}rio\bar{g}a\check{c}$.

Thus, there are seven stresses in each line ; the stress-frame is

\check{a} \bar{a} , \check{a} \bar{a} , \check{a} \bar{a} , \check{A} ,

or marking the unstressed syllables,

\check{a} - \bar{a} - \check{a} - \bar{a} - \check{a} - \bar{a} - \check{A} -

The stress-frame of each line is divided into three equal parts, omitting the final stress-bearer. In this sense only is the poem homogeneous. Each long line may thus be divided into four short ones, the three first *similar*, and the fourth similar to the fourth of the next long line. Thus divided the first line would stand,

$\acute{A}ir\bar{li}n\bar{g}$ $\acute{g}eup$
 $\bar{D}o$ $\acute{d}eapcar$ $\acute{p}e\bar{m}$
 am' $\acute{le}a\bar{b}ai\bar{o}$ $'r$ $\acute{m}\acute{e}$
 $\bar{g}o$ $\acute{la}\bar{g}$ - $\bar{b}rio\bar{g}a\check{c}$.

The “binding” stanza is generally in a different metre from the poem it concludes. It is supposed to summarise the chief ideas of the poem. The metaphor is taken from the

binding of a sheaf of corn. The "binding" stanza to II. deserves a separate analysis.

Mo ġreābāð bpoīn na bpađain ċpōðā pđain̄te on đ-ciē
 lɾ na đalla mōpa a leābāið an leōđain 'pan m-blāpnain đil
 đac āicme 'an ċōip lep m̄aiē mo ġōpð map taið đan ċion
 čuđ ðealð pōp me aip ēarbað bpođ 'an ppað aniođ.

The stress-frame is,

(ǎ ō, ǎ ō, ai Ĩ) 4,

or marking the unstressed syllables,

(- ǎ - ō - ǎ - ō - ai - Ĩ) 4.

This is a six-stressed homogeneous Ĩ-stanza. The system ǎ ō (containing two sounds in sharp contrast) is repeated in each line, and each line closes with two vowel sounds also in sharp contrast, but in reversed order. In the beginning of the line the long vowel follows the short; at the end the short vowel follows the long. The result is, apart from words, most pathetic.

XXXVIII. has a remarkable metrical arrangement. The lines are seven-stressed. The first stanza is a seven-stressed homogeneous Ē-stanza. The final stress rules three syllables as do also the second, fourth, and sixth stresses.

The first line runs :—

beapppað pīopđaiđte đeapppað ipionna an ċnāpaiđ
 p̄mūlcāipe ċpēiēap̄taiđ ;

and the stress-frame is,

(au ĩ, au ĩ, au ŭ, Ā) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(au - ĩ - - au - ĩ - - au - ŭ - - Ā - -) 4.

The sixth stress-bearer differs slightly from the second and fourth. If this difference be overlooked—as it may, since the even stress-bearers are short, sharp sounds—the stress-frame of the line is divided into three equal parts, omitting the final stress-bearer. The second stanza is homogeneous and is more regular than the first; it is also an \bar{A} -stanza. The stress-frame is

$$(\ddot{o} \ \check{a}, \ \ddot{o} \ \check{a}, \ \ddot{o} \ \check{a}, \ \bar{A}) \ 4,$$

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

$$(\ddot{o} \ - \ - \ \check{a} \ - \ \ddot{o} \ - \ - \ \check{a} \ - \ \ddot{o} \ - \ - \ \check{a} \ - \ \bar{A} \ - \ -) \ 4,$$

where the odd stresses rule each three syllables, and the even stresses two.

The other stanzas are not homogeneous, but each line has a stress-frame divided into three equal parts of two vowel sounds each, omitting the final stress-bearer. Here and there, however, there are irregularities.

The first two of the stanzas that compose the “Epitaph” in XXII. constitute a four-stressed homogeneous \bar{U} -poem of exquisite harmony. The first line runs:—

$$\text{Ατα} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{cia}}\text{c} \ \text{αιρ} \ \text{να} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{pia}}\text{r}\gamma\text{αιb} \ \text{ιρ} \ \text{αιρ} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\text{lei}\beta\text{ci}\text{b} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{du}}\text{ba}.$$

The stress-frame is,

$$(\text{ia} \ \text{ia} \ \bar{a} \ \bar{U}) \ 4,$$

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

$$(- \ - \ \text{ia} \ - \ - \ \text{ia} \ - \ - \ \bar{a} \ - \ \bar{U}) \ 4.$$

The three last stanzas of the same “Epitaph” constitute a five-stressed homogeneous \bar{U} -poem. A typical line is—

$$\text{Αη} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{tpea}}\text{r} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{do}} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\text{io}\overset{\cdot}{\text{m}}\text{ai}\overset{\cdot}{\text{m}} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{di}}\text{ob} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{rin}} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{dob}} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{ea}}\text{c}\tau\text{a}\text{c} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{ponn}}$$

The stress-frame is,

$$(\check{a} \ \bar{e} \ \bar{e} \ \bar{a} \ \bar{U}) \ 4,$$

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(- ǎ - ē ē - - ē - Ū) 4

In the last line of the poem,

Ṫaṛṭṣ a liog ṫaoid' ðliab' ṛṛṫ meala ðuinu,

the third stress falls on a preposition, while the word *ðliab* is passed lightly over.

The "Binding" to LIV. is a complete lyric in itself. It is a six-stressed homogeneous \bar{A} -poem.

The first line runs :—

ā ḃaṛṫioḡaṛ na m-baṛṫioḡaṛ ṛṫa māṛpe na m-bē.

The stress-frame is,

(ou ē, ou ē, ǎ \bar{A}) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(- ou ē - ou ē - ǎ - - \bar{A}) 4.

The system *ou ē*, is repeated in each line ; but it should be observed that the second and fourth stresses are slight.

XLVIII. is a seven-stressed homogeneous \check{A} -poem. The first line is,

Nṛ ṫuṛliṇḡoḃ ḡaṛll ḃuinu ṫioḡúḡaḃ a n-ḡṛṫṫṫ ṫeal.

The stress-frame is,

(ī, ē ū, ē ū, ā \check{A}) 4,

or taking account of unstressed syllables,

(- ī - - ē ū ē ū ā \check{A}) 4.

Here, it will be observed, seven out of ten syllables are stressed, and of these stresses the last six are on consecutive syllables ; besides, the system *ē ū* is repeated.

The two first lines of XXIX. are,

ā ṫeapla ḡaṛ ṫḡamal ḃo lēṛ-ḡṫṫ me a ḡ-ḡaḡaḃ
ḡṫḃ liom ḡaṛ ṫeapḡ ḡo n-ṫṫṫḃ mo ṫḡeol.

It consists of stanzas of eight lines each. The stress-frame, therefore, is,

$$\left\{ \bar{a} \quad \check{a}, \quad \bar{a} \quad \check{a}, \quad \bar{e} \quad \bar{o} \right\} 4,$$

or marking the unstressed syllables,

$$\left\{ - \quad \bar{a} \quad - \quad \check{a} \quad - \quad - \quad \bar{a} \quad - \quad - \quad \check{a} \quad - \quad - \quad \bar{o} \right\} 4$$

It will be observed that the system $\bar{a} \check{a}$ occurs three times in succession in each typical pair of lines. In systems like this, it is convenient to regard the final stress-bearer of the even lines as characterizing the poem.

XXX. closely resembles XXIX. in metrical structure, but the even lines are shorter. The stress-frame is,

$$\left\{ \bar{e} \quad \bar{u}, \quad \bar{e} \quad \check{i} \quad \bar{u} \right\} 4;$$

here the system $\bar{e} \bar{u}$ occurs thrice in succession, and together with the sharp sound \check{i} as final stress-bearer, constitute the entire stress-frame.

LI. consists of stanzas of eleven lines each. The third, sixth, and eleventh lines are similar, as are the eight others. There are four stresses in each line. The stress-frame for the eight similar lines is,

$$(\check{a} \quad \bar{a} \quad \bar{a} \quad \check{A}) 8,$$

and for the three other similar lines,

$$(\bar{o} \quad \bar{o} \quad \check{a} \quad \bar{O}) 3.$$

These systems alternate regularly throughout.

Alliteration.

In these poems alliteration—so much used by the eighteenth-century poets—is by no means conspicuous. It occurs in phrases like $\text{com}\check{o}\alpha\tau\alpha \text{cl}\acute{e}\iota\upsilon\beta$ (XIII. 61), $\text{br}\acute{\alpha}\tau\acute{\epsilon}\rho\epsilon$ $\text{br}\epsilon\alpha\alpha$ (III. 25), $\text{p}\acute{\iota}\omicron\text{p} \text{p}\acute{\iota}\omicron\text{p}\acute{\alpha}\epsilon$ (IV. 9), $\text{c}\acute{\alpha}\text{p}\epsilon \text{c}\alpha\omicron\text{m} \text{c}\acute{\iota}\upsilon\text{m}$

(VIII. 2). In the lyrics we do not often come upon couplets like :—

A ḡ-ceannar na ḡ-cpioḡ ḡ-ḡaoim ḡ-cluḡar ḡ-cuanaḡ ḡ-cam
ḡo bealb a ḡ-tip ḡ-tuinneac níop buan mo ḡlann (VII. 7, 8).

In the Elegiacs there are not many lines like the following :—

Áp pḡáḡ poim pḡeannaibḡ peanta póipne (XIII. 9).
Áp m-báb áp m-bapc áp maipc áp m-beḡḡaḡḡ (XIII. 16).
An ḡapa cáp ḡo ḡpáibḡ an ḡóigc (XIII. 85).

We have now analysed the principal metrical systems used in this volume, and though our analysis is not exhaustive, it will, we trust, prove sufficient to direct the reader's attention to what will prove a fascinating study. A few poems in this volume are composed in what are called Classical metres, but as the structure of these metres is well known, we need not dwell on them here.*

IV.—THE ELEGY AND MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

As many poems in this collection are Elegies or death-songs for persons of distinction, it may be well to give some account of this species of composition, and of the mourning for the dead, as practised from time immemorial in Ireland.

At the wakes of the well-to-do classes a professional mourner was employed to chant the virtues of the dead as well as to console the surviving friends. The mourner seems to have been generally a woman, gifted with a plaintive voice, and able to put her thoughts into verse without much pre-

* The reader will find a short account of some of the metres discussed here, in O'Mulloy's *Grammatica Latino-Hibernica*, A.D. 1667.

meditation. The *bean chaointe*, as she was called in Munster, was in constant attendance during the time that elapsed between the formal laying-out of the corpse for waking and the burial. Other mourners came and went in groups. Some came from a distance, and, on entering the house of death, set up a loud wail, which they continued all together over the corpse for some time. It is not easy to imagine anything more solemn and plaintive than this wail. Some, indeed, joined in it who felt no natural sorrow for the dead ; but even these had griefs of their own which gave sincerity to their mourning once the flood-gates of sorrow were open. The men seldom joined in the funeral chorus, and only those whose near connexion with the dead inspired real sorrow, or who were specially gifted with a wailing voice. The *bean chaointe* often filled up the interval between successive wailings by chanting an extempore dirge in praise of the dead, or of his living relations, or in denunciation of his enemies. These dirges, which not unfrequently reached a high pitch of pathos and eloquence, were eagerly listened to, and treasured in the memory. Sometimes there were two such mourners, each introduced by one of the factions into which a family was too often divided. They used to pour forth their mutual recriminations in verse, often of great point and satire, on behalf of the faction they represented ; so that sometimes the *bean chaointe* became a *bean cháiinte*. The following snatch of dialogue will illustrate the brilliancy of extempore repartee that these mutual recriminations sometimes attained. A young husband, intensely disliked by his wife's relations, is dead. There is a *bean chaointe* on each side. The husband's *bean chaointe* begins thus :—

Mó ghráó tu ar mo éaiénoíh,
 A gaoil na b-pear ná mairpeann,
 Do éuala péin ar n'féaca
 Do m-báútaíde muc a m-bainne,
 'Díh dá éeadaoin earraí
 A b-cíge do máéar aghur t'áéar.

The opposing *bean chaointe* on behalf of the wife's kinsfolk replies :—

Níor mhuc é aét banb,
'S ní paiḃ re d'aoir aét peaéctmáin,
'S ní paiḃ an ciléir páirpínḡ,
'S ní paiḃ an rcalpán dainḡion.

These verses are thus translated :—

My love art thou and my delight,
Thou kinsman of the dead men,
I myself heard, though I did not see,
That a pig would be drowned in milk,
Between two Wednesdays in Spring,
In the home of thy father and thy mother.

To which the reply is :—

It was not a pig, but a *banb*.
And it was only a week old,
And it was not wide—the *ceeler*,
And it was not fastened—the hurdle-door.

The first mourner dwells on the affluence that existed in the parental home of the deceased, and quotes an instance to prove it. In the spring, when milk is scarce, so abundant was that fluid that a pig was drowned in it. The representative of the other side does not deny the fact, but so extenuates it as to make any boast about it ridiculous; even the *scalpán*—a bundle of rods as a substitute for a door—was not well fastened. Sometimes a near relative of the deceased was *bean chaointe*; and here genuine sorrow would often produce a strain of great pathos. Similes like the following would be thrown out in the ecstasy of grief :—

Ατά μο έποιθε πά ρμήν,
Μαρ α θεαḡ ḡλαρ αιρ ρερύ,
'S ḡο παεαḡ an eoḡair amúḡaḡ,
'S ná leiḡearpaḡ oileán na ḡ-ḡionn.

My heart is oppressed with grief,
As a lock in screw (that is, a spring-lock)
When the key has been lost,
And the Island of the Fianna could not cure it.

The lamentation of the *bean chaointe* was called a *caoine*,

or keene. It was generally in a short metre, as the above specimens.

Of the same nature as the *caoine*, but far more dignified as a species of composition, was the *Marbhna*, or Elegy. It generally supposed the burial to have already taken place, and was usually composed by a poet in some way connected with the family of the deceased. The *Marbhna* was cultivated in every age of Irish Literature of which we have any record. The Lament attributed to Olliol Olum for his seven sons who fell in the battle of Magh Macroimhe, and Lament of King Niall, and the famous Lament of Deirdre over the sons of Usnach, are early examples. In "Cormac's Glossary," under the word *Gamh* is a citation from a *marbhna* composed by Colman for Cuimine Fota, the Patron Saint of Cloyne, whose death took place in 661 A.D. It is translated by O'Donovan as follows:—

He was not more bishop than king,
 My Cuimin was son of a lord,
 Lamp of Erin for his learning,
 He was beautiful, as all have heard,
 Good his kindred, good his shape,
 Extensive were his relatives,
 Descendant of Coirpri, descendant of Corc,
 He was learned, noble, illustrious,
 Alas he is dead in the month of Gam,
 But 'tis no cause of grief! 'Tis not to death he has gone.

This extract runs on the same lines as the modern Elegies.

In Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy" several beautiful Elegies are given, such as Torna's Lament for Corc and Niall, and Seanchan's Lament over the dead body of Dallam. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, both in Ireland and Scotland, the Elegy became one of the most extensive and important species of verse. Indeed, the trouble and sorrow of these ages were calculated to foster its plaintive melody, and almost every distinguished Irish poet during this period had composed elegies. There is an almost inevitable sameness

about the structure of those that have been preserved ; for, as the idea is ancient, so is the machinery employed. The great heroes of Irish history are marshalled afresh as kinsmen of the deceased : Conn, Cuchulainn, Feargus, Niall, and Cairbre ; the great Norman families and the older Celtic chieftains are also enumerated. But one peculiar charm of this species of composition, all over Ireland, comes from the *mna sidhe*, fairy women, who have “a local habitation and a name,” and are wont to lament the Milesian families in sweet and doleful numbers. Thus, in several accounts of the battle of Clontarf, Aoibhill, the fairy lady of Carrigliath, near Killaloe, the *banshee* of the Dalcassians, is made to wrap Dunlaing O’Hartigan in a fairy cloud, to hinder him going to the battle. Dunlaing, however, succeeds in joining Murchadh, whose attendant he was. His explanation of his delay leads to an interview between Aoibhill and Murchadh, in which the fairy predicted, in verse, the fall of Brian, of Murchadh, and of many of the chiefs of the Dalcassian army.

But the most celebrated of all such fairy ladies is Cliodhna, whose principal palace was situated at Carrig Cliodhna, or Cliodhna’s Rock, in the parish of Kilshanick and barony of Duhallow. In Glandore Harbour she is supposed to wail for the demise of her favourite chieftains. In this harbour there is still a very remarkable moan heard in the caverns of the rocks, when the wind is north-east off the shore. It is slow, continuous, and mournful, and can be heard at a great distance ; it is the prelude to an approaching storm, and is called Tonn Cliodhna, or Cliodhna’s Wave. Swift gives us a description of the storm in this harbour :—

Sed cum saevit hyems et venti, carcere rupto,
 Immensos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,
 Non obsessae arces non fulmina vindice dextra
 Missa Iovis quoties inimicas saevit in urbes,
 Exaequant sonitum undarum veniente procella,
 Littora littoribus reboant.

Swift’s Works, vol. xvi., p. 302.

There are two other natural mourners on our Irish coasts : Tonn Tuaithe, off the coast of Antrim, and Tonn Rudhraighe, in Dundrum Bay, Co. Down. Indeed, most of the Irish rivers are pressed into the chorus of lamentation by the Elegiac poets. Besides Aoibhill and Cliodhna, there are Aine of Cnoc Aine, Una of Durlus Eilge, Grian of Cnoc Greine, Eibhlinn of Sliabh Fuaidh. In our poem XXXV. there is given a list of these amiable beings. In Keating's Elegy for the Lord of the Decies (A.D. 1626), Cliodhna, the chief mourner, is made to perform a most extraordinary circuit, which takes a week to accomplish. She visits all the fairy palaces in the country and weeps afresh at each. In some of O'Rahilly's elegies the various local fairy ladies are set lamenting all at once, Cliodhna leading off, and giving information about the kindred of the deceased. In poems XV. and XVI. there is a strange combination of the native and the classical mythologies not uncommon in the poetics of the last two centuries, while Jupiter asks Cliodhna to draw up the pedigree of O'Callaghan.

But the banshee is not content to await the death of her favourite chieftains ; she gives them warning when any great sickness is to end in death. "No doubt can for a moment be entertained," says Dr. O'Donovan, "of the fact, that a most piteous wailing is heard shortly before the dissolution of the members of some families."—*Kilkenny Archæological Journal*, 1856, p. 129. It is remarkable that in poem XXXV., which is elegiac in form, O'Rahilly represents the *mna sidhe* as lamenting, not the death of a chieftain, but his being deprived of his lands, and banished.

V. — THE MANUSCRIPTS AND LANGUAGE OF THE POEMS.

The principal sources of the text of the poems in this volume are the MSS. in the Libraries of the Royal Irish Academy (R.I.A.), Maynooth College, British Museum (B.M.), King's Inns, and the O'Curry Collection, Clonliffe College (C). The Maynooth Collection consists of the Murphy (M) and the Renehan (R) MSS. The following list gives most of the MSS. consulted for the various poems. These are indicated by Roman numerals :—

- I. R.I.A. 23, N, 11. p. 27 ; 23, G, 20. p. 133 ; M, vol. 9. p. 218 ; vol. 12. p. 59 ; vol. 57. p. 1 ; C.
- II. R.I.A. 23, M, 49. p. 259 ; B.M. Eger. 158. pp. 58–60 ; *Ibid.* 64–66.
- III. R.I.A. 23, G, 21. p. 366 ; *Ibid.* p. 489 ; M, vol. 6. p. 229.
- IV. R.I.A. 23, L, 13. p. 22 ; 23, Q, 2. p. 123 ; 23, G, 21. p. 356 ; 23, M, 16. p. 209 ; M, vol. 12. p. 341 ; vol. 57. p. 28 ; vol. 95. p. 14 ; R. vol. 69 ; C.
- V. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 368 ; 23, G, 21. p. 367 ; M, vol. 12. p. 65 ; C.
- VI. R.I.A. 23, G, 21. p. 368 ; 23, G, 20. p. 134 ; M, vol. 12. p. 69.
- VII. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 391 ; 23, G, 20. p. 133 ; 23, G, 21. p. 364 ; 23, N, 15. p. 35 ; M, vol. 5. p. 49 ; vol. 12. p. 343.
- VIII. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 183 ; 23, G, 21. p. 368 ; M, vol. 10. p. 251 ; vol. 12. p. 86.
- IX. R.I.A. 23, G, 24. p. 357 ; M, vol. 12. p. 308.
- X. R.I.A. 23, N, 11 ; M, vol. 6. p. 156.
- XI. R.I.A. ; M, vol. 6. p. 356.
- XII. R.I.A. 23, Q, 2. p. 124 ; 23, M, 16. p. 217 ; R, vol. 69 ; C.
- XIII. 23, L, 24. p. 255 ; 23, L, 13. p. 134 ; 23, N, 12. p. 39 ; M, vol. 4. p. 28 ; vol. 5. p. 27 ; vol. 5. p. 131 ; C.
- XIV. M, vol. 10. p. 80.
- XV. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 294 ; 23, M, 44. p. 169 ; 23, O, 15. p. 35 ; M, vol. 4. p. 86 ; vol. 10. p. 278 ; C.
- XVI. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 297 ; 23, M, 44. p. 172 ; M, vol. 10. p. 394 ; C.
- XVII. R.I.A. 23, B, 37. p. 53 ; 23, M, 16. p. 216 ; M, vol. 10. p. 54 ; C.
- XVIII. R.I.A. 23, E, 15. p. 238 ; M, vol. 11. p. 169 ; vol. 7. p. 89 ; vol. 57. p. 31.

- XIX. M, vol. 10. p. 93.
- XX. R.I.A. 23, A, 18. and O'Kearney's MS.
- XXI. R.I.A. 23, M, 16. p. 219, and another copy; B.M. Eg. 150. p. 443; C.
- XXII. R.I.A. 23, E, 16. p. 359; 23, N, 13. p. 285; 23, L, 24. p. 539; 23, I, 39. p. 59; 23, L, 37. p. 8; M, vol. 8. p. 400 (incomplete); B.M. Add. 33567. p. 36; C; and numerous private copies.
- XXIII. M, vol. 12. p. 61.
- XXIV. R.I.A. 23, G, 3. p. 241 et seq.
- XXV. 23, I, 39. p. 57.
- XXVI. King's Inns, Ir. MSS. No. 6; M. vol. 54. p. 171 (incomplete).
- XXVII. R.I.A. 23, A, 18. p. 11.
- XXVIII. 23. G. 3. p. 240; B.M. Eg. 133. p. 124; Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," vol. 2.
- XXIX. R, vol. 69; O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster."
- XXX. R.I.A. and O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster."
- XXXI.-II. R.I.A. 23, L, 39; A, 5. 2 (Stowe Collection); M, vol. 53; a copy made by Mr. P. Stanton.
- XXXIII. R, vol. 69; B.M. Eg. 110. p. 143; Eg. 160. p. 273.
- XXXIV. R.I.A. 23, L. 13. p. 42; 23, N, 11. p. 134; R, vol. 69; M, vol. 2; C.
- XXXV. B.M. Eg. 94. art. 2. p. 177.
- XXXVI. R.I.A. M, vol. 2. p. 34.
- XXXVII. R.I.A. M, vol. 1. p. 333.
- XXXVIII. R.I.A. 23, C, 32. p. 25; 23, L, 24. p. 395.
- XXXIX. R.I.A. 23, E, 16. p. 283; M, vol. 12. pp. 261, 265, 280.
- XL. O'Reilly's "Irish Writers," sub an. 1726.
- XLI. R.I.A. 23, L, 13. p. 78.
- XLII. R.I.A. 23, G, 21. p. 358; 23, L, 38. p. 81; M, vol. 2. p. 233.
- XLIII. R.I.A. O'Kearney's MS.; 23, G, 21. p. 362 (partial).
- XLIV.-VI. R.I.A. 23, K, 20; A. 5. 2 (Stowe Collection); M, vol. 53; a copy by Mr. P. Stanton.
- XLVII. M, xcv. and two other copies.
- XLVIII.-IX. R.I.A. 23, E, 15. pp. 231-232; M, vol. 12. pp. 74-76.
L. R.I.A. M, vol. 12. p. 306.
- LI. M, vol. 43, p. 1.
- LII. R.I.A. M, vol. 5, p. 67.
- LIII. R.I.A. 23, O, 39. p. 36; M, vol. 72, p. 222; vol. 96. p. 434.
- LIV. R.I.A. 23, O, 39; M, vol. 72. p. 224; vol. 96. p. 438.

In the notes to these poems separate symbols are not given for the various MSS. Thus, A stands for one of the copies in the R.I.A., M for one of those in the Murphy Collection, and R for one of those in the Renahan Collection, Maynooth. Wherever more detailed information is considered useful, it is supplied. As some good MSS. came into the editor's hands after the text had been in type, a few important variants will be given at end of volume.

In addition to the above list, copies of several of the poems in private hands were examined. Where the Maynooth Collection supplied a good copy, this has been generally made the basis of the text. The Murphy MSS. (M) are a collection of Irish poems and tales, made by Dr. Murphy, bishop of Cork, in the early years of the nineteenth century. The greater part of them were transcribed from older MSS. between the years 1800 and 1820; the scribes being the O'Longans, Michael óg, Paul, and Peter; John O'Nolan, and others of inferior merit. There are some MSS. in this collection of an earlier date. Of the Renahan MSS. vol. 69 contains a vast body of modern Irish poetry. The date of compilation is 1853, and the scribe is inclined to the phonetic method of spelling. The R.I.A. MSS. consulted are very numerous; but in their general features they resemble the Maynooth MSS. Many of them are a decade or two older, and they are on the whole more accurate.

One MS. in the R. I. Academy (23, G, 3) is of considerable interest in connexion with O'Rahilly. It is a MS. copy of "Keating's History." The scribe is Dermot O'Connor; and it is from this copy that his much-abused translation of "Keating" was made. At the end of the History the date 1715 is given. Then follow twelve pages of miscellaneous poems by Keating and others. Here is to be found poem XXVIII., without its author's name, and on the same page twelve lines to Donogh O'Hickey, composed in 1709 (last twelve lines of XXIV.), with our poet's name at the end. Between them is a short

piece on the vanity of the world. On the opposite page, at the top, is a poem on the son of Richard Rice, in O'Rahilly's manner; and, following this, a short elegy on Justin MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, who died abroad in 1794, which is probably from our poet's hand. A few pages further is found the first part of XXIV. Although the MS. is dated 1715, it does not follow that the twelve extra pages of poems are of the same date; but they appear to be by the same scribe, and, no doubt, were written not long after that date. It would seem, then, that, while still living, Egan had such a reputation as a poet, that a scribe of some consequence, like O'Connor, found in his poetry matter suitable for filling up the blank pages of his "Keating."

A yet more interesting MS. is a copy of "Keating's History," made by Egan himself in 1722, which is now in the National Library, Kildare-street, Dublin.

On the first spare page is a portion of a tract on prosody, in O'Rahilly's handwriting; and, at the end, the following:—
 Ar na rḡriob le hAḡaḡan Ua Raḡaillaiḡ do Ruḡrḡ mic Seain
 oḡ mic Siḡe a n-ḡrom Coluḡair 'ran m-bliḡḡam d'aoir ḡriopḡ
 mile reḡḡt (ḡ-ceud) aḡur an dapa bliḡḡam riḡḡeḡd. July an
 reḡḡḡmaḡ lḡ. "Written by Egan O'Rahilly for Roger ḡḡ, son
 of John, MacSheehy, at Dromcullagher, in the year of the age
 of Christ, one thousand seven (hundred) and twenty-two. July
 the seventh." On the opposite page there is a poem of eight
 quatrains on a priest called William O'Kelliher, whose departure
 for Connaught the poet bewails; the writing resembles O'Rahilly's,
 but is, I think, not his. At the end of this poem there is a stanza,
 in a different hand, signed Seaḡan ḡ Tuḡḡma, with the date
 1731. At page 83 we have the signature Aḡḡan Ua Raḡaille,
 and at the end—

"Finis Libri Secundi 7^{br} the 9th, 1722.

"Aḡḡaḡán Ua Raḡaille."

This last signature gives the form of the poet's name adopted

in this volume, viz. *Goðagán Ua Račaille*, and seems to be that used by the poet himself; though even in this he is not quite consistent, while Peter O'Connell, in one place, R.I.A. 23, M, 16, corrects it to *Račgaile*. The MS. is written clearly throughout in a bold hand, very little use is made of accents, and initial letters are sometimes written in a slightly ornamental style. From the dates given above, it seems that the entire MS. was written in two months. In 1842, O'Curry gives his opinion of this MS. thus : *Ar ločtač an leabap é po* : "this is a faulty book."

Among the British Museum MSS., Egerton 94, which contains XXXV., is of interest as being written by Finneen O'Scannell, Hardiman's scribe. The paper bears the watermark date of 1816. This Finneen was probably the same as the distinguished poet of that name, who may be regarded as Egan's legitimate successor as poet of the Killarney Lakes. Of another MS. in that collection (Additional 29,614), which contains a copy of IV., *Seaghan na Rathaineach* is the scribe. The date is 1725.

It will readily appear that the MSS. employed in preparing the text of these poems presented a wide range of orthographical variations, and it was found impracticable to print them as they stood. Often the same word was spelled variously in the same poem, or stanza, or even line. Some spellings, however, in which the MSS. were practically unanimous, were retained. The preposition *a* for *ı* was found constantly; *ap* instead of *ap*, though not universal, was found to be the prevailing spelling. The Munster *ř*, unaspirated in verbs and in certain nouns and adjectives, has not been disturbed. It has been held by good authority (see *Gaelic Journal*, No. 11) that the Munster development of *ř* in verbs should be recognized as a characteristic of the language, leaving those of other provinces to soften the sound at will. The present writer is of opinion that poems such as those in this volume lose much of their flavour unless the *ř* is pronounced without

aspiration. At any rate it is obvious that the poet is entitled to have the γ unaspirated, and the MSS. in general so write it. Although the passive forms, like $\text{cupea}\ddot{o}$, are generally pronounced in Munster as if \ddot{o} were γ ; yet the MSS. generally write \ddot{o} , and it is used in this volume. The diphthongs eu and éa are in the MSS. written indiscriminately, and their example is followed in our text. Nouns like $\text{pí}\ddot{g}$, $\text{bpí}\ddot{g}$ are in the MSS. undeclined in the singular, and they have been in general so treated in text. As n does not silence γ in eclipsis they are not separated by a hyphen. For the rest, though many anomalies of spelling still remain, the text is, as a whole, as consistent as the present state of the language demands.

Poem XXIII. is obviously only a fragment, and XL. is a stanza quoted by O'Reilly from a poem on a shipwreck which the poet witnessed off the coast of Kerry, and of which there was an imperfect copy among the O'Reilly MSS. ; but I have been unable to find it. Another piece, a translation of St. Donatus' Latin poem on Ireland, referred to by O'Reilly, is also missing. Besides these there is an elegy on MacCarthy of Ballea, ascribed to the poet in the Renehan MSS. This elegy is printed in "Hardiman's Minstrelsy," and is there ascribed to Tadhg Gaodhalac, to whom it is also attributed in another MS. copy. As it has appeared already in print, and as its authorship is disputed, it is not given here. On the other hand, poems XXV. and XXXIV. are probably not genuine. The latter appears to be the work of Pierse Ferriter.

In these poems the elaborate metre employed requires a considerable variation in the vowels, in declensions, and verbal terminations. Every language has to modify its ordinary prose forms to some extent to meet the exigencies of metre.

The poet goes back to an earlier pronunciation of certain words, which colloquial usage had shortened by a syllable. Thus $\text{la}\ddot{b}\text{a}\text{i}\text{p}\tau$, $\text{pea}\ddot{b}\text{a}\text{c}$, etc., generally form two syllables in verse, but only one in conversation ; while in XXI. 19, $\text{pea}\ddot{b}\text{a}\text{c}$

is sounded as one syllable. Again, not only is a word expanded according to earlier pronunciation, but aspiration is removed from a middle consonant, as *leogan* for *leoḡan*, *paogal* for *paōḡal*. It often happens that such pronunciations survive in provincial dialects. Thus *éugainn* is pronounced as two syllables in XX. 36, but never nowadays in conversation in Munster; while in Connaught the two syllables are still heard, though the initial *é* becomes *é̇*. The diphthong *ao*, as in *aon*, *taob*, etc., is pronounced in Connaught as *aoi* is pronounced in Munster (that is, as *ee* in *steel*). The poet often uses this sound for metrical purposes, and the scribes generally spell it *aoi* in such cases; thus *ḡaoil* XXI., etc. Again, the same word is pronounced in three or four different ways to suit the metre: thus *naṁaib* may be taken as a monosyllable pronounced in two or three ways, or as a dissyllable having similar variations. There is sometimes an internal vowel change in verbs, as *do péinn* for *do pinne*; also in pronouns combined with prepositions, as *daib* for *daiḃ*. Frequently, also, the singular of a noun is used for the plural, and adjectives are sometimes not declined.

As regards the value of these poems as specimens of the language, it will suffice to quote the opinion expressed by the Very Rev. P. O'Leary, P.P. of Castlelyons, who yields to no one in appreciation of the subtleties of Irish syntax. When he had read the first twenty poems in proof, he wrote—"The pieces you are putting together are splendid; they are veritable classics in the language. The constructions in them will always stand as true models of the syntax of the Irish language."

Cá b-fuil Aoðagán éigior iapétar Fál,
Ná tigeann a íaoétar tréan nó a íianr 'nár n-dáil.

Where is Egan, bard of Western Fál,
That his powerful work and his melody come not to our aid.

REV. CORMAC MAC CARTAIN, "To the Bards."

ḡánta aodhaḡáin uí rathaille.

THE POEMS OF EGAN O'RAHILLY.

ὅΑΝΤΑ ΑΟΘΗΑΖΑΙΝ UÍ RATHAÍΛΛΕ.

I.

CRÉAĆTA CRÍĆ FÓDOLA.

Ír atuirpreac̃ zeup liom créaĆta críĆ Fódola
 Fá rġamall ġo baop 'ra ġaolta clí-bpeóġte;
 Na cranna bað ċréine aġ déanaíñ díñ dól ġin
 Ŭo ġearpað a ġéaġa 'ra b-préaíña crín-peoġte.

Cé paða ðuit, Éipe, máopða, mín-nórmaġ,
 Að' banalepaíñ t-réíñ le péile ír fíop-eóluġ,
 beip peapða að' méipðopġ pé ġac̃ críon-ćóipġ,
 'S ġac̃ labpaññ coímaíteac̃ d'éip do clí ðeóltað.

Ír maġ baġpa aip mo méala, peuć ġup díol ðeópa,
 10 Ĥo ġaġbann ġac̃ pécp̃ ðon péíñ ġin poíññ Eopuip
 A baiprpíonñ taip̃ péíñ ġo ġaoġalta ríćeóilte,
 Aćt bañba a b-péíñ ġan céile ír í pópða!

I.—Of this poem there are several partial copies. There is a copy containing all the stanzas given here in vol. 69 of the Renehan MSS. in Maynooth College. The piece, however, seems naturally to end with the sixth stanza. The idea expressed in the fifth stanza is more fully developed in XXXIV., which is an argument in favour of O'Rahilly's authorship of the latter poem.

1. críć, M críć, monosyllabic gen. of críóc, as if the word were masc. R críće.

3. na cranna, metaphorical for 'great families.'

4. ġéaġa, M ġéaða. Most MSS. have ġéaġa, which gives an extra syllable. In XXXVI. 36, MS. gives a ġéað ġemeallaíð. The word seems a poetical softening down of ġéaġa.

5. 'Éipe = a 'Éipe, the a being absorbed by

THE POEMS OF EGAN O'RAHILLY.

I.

THE WOUNDS OF THE LAND OF FODLA.

Woful and bitter to me are the wounds of the land of Fodla,
 Who is sorely under a cloud whilst her kinsfolk are heartsick ;
 The trees that were strongest in affording them shelter
 Have their branches lopped off and their roots withering in
 decay.

Long though thou hast been, O majestic, gentle-mannered Erin,
 A fair nursing-mother with hospitality and true knowledge ;
 Henceforth shalt thou be an unwilling handmaid to every
 withered band,
 While every foreign boor shall have sucked thy breasts.

And to crown my sorrow, behold it is a fit subject for tears,
 10 That every king of the dynasties who divide Europe amongst
 them
 Possesses his own fair, gentle spouse in prosperity and peace,
 While Banba is in pain without a consort, wedded though she be.

the initial vowel. 7. beip, so in MS. It is a better form historically, as well as phonetically, than the beip of many modern writers.

8. coimaitéac, M coimíteac, generally pronounced as if written caoitéac, here for assonance as if written caotac.

9. deópa, for deóp, gen. pl. 10. poinn Copuip. I have taken poinn as pf. tense of poinnim, 'I divide,' and Copuip as acc. case. It would be better perhaps to take poinn Copuip for poinne Coppa: "of the continent of Europe."

Ἐαλλεαμαρ πρέιμ-ῖλιότ Νέιλλ ιρ ρίολ Εογαιν,
 Ιρ na πεαραδοιν τρέαna, λαοδραδ ρίοζαέτ βόιρμe,
 Δον Ἐαρατ' ῖνιλ ῖέιλ, mo léun, níl puinn beó aḡuinn!
 Ιρ παδα ριnn τρέιέτ pá léir-ῖḡριor buiðin leópald.

Ιρ deapb ḡur b'é ḡaé éiḡion íoḡcópa,
 ḡanḡuib ιρ éiḡeaé, claon ιρ δίοé-éóímall,
 ḡan ceanḡal le ééile, aét paobaδ ρínn-ῖḡóρnaé,
 20 Δo éaprainḡ ḡo paobpaé ῖpaoc an Ρίοḡ éoímaétauḡ.

Ó éaλλeαμαρ Éipe ιρ méaδ ár mío-éoíḡrom,
 Ιρ τpeapḡairt na laoc meap, tpeun, náρ mί-épeópaé,
 Air Arad-Íllac Δé 'ρ air épeun na Τρίonóide
 ḡo maipῖo δá n-éir an méaδ po óioḡ beó aḡuinn.

Ἐαλλeαδap ḡaoðail a δ-τpeíḡe caoin cópaé,
 Capḡanaéτ, ῖéile, beupa, ιρ bínn-éeoḡta;
 Alla-τuirc claon δo épaoc ρinn paoi mór-ῖmaéτ;
 Agallaim Aon-Íllac Δé air ḡaoiðil δ'ῖóipéin.

14. πεαραδου = πεαρέου: cf. XXII. 16. Ib. ρίοζαέτ for ριοζαέτα; MS. boirpe. In XX. 11, MS. has boirme. 15. Capaé-ῖνιλ. MS. capaið-ῖνιλ, but see II. 1. Capḡaé is sometimes a trisyllable, and then often written Capaḡaé; sometimes a dissyllable when the first syllable is lengthened, Cápḡaé. 20. ḡo paobpaé. One MS. has air 'Eῖpinn. 23-24. Supply a verb like ιappamaoið. It would be too harsh to take air Arad-Íllac Δe = "for the sake of the Noble Son of God &c." 27. alla-τuirc = all-τuirc. 28. ḡaoiðil, nom. for dat.

We have lost the root-stock of Niall and the seed of Eoghan,
And the bold champions; the warriors of the kingdom of
Borumha ;
Of the hospitable race of Carthach, woe is me ! we have not
many alive,
And long have we been helpless under the devastation of
Leopold's band.

In sooth it is every violence of injustice on our part,
Deceit and falsehood and treachery and dishonesty,
Our want of union, and, instead, the tearing of each other's
throats,
20 That have drawn down on us keenly the rage of the Mighty
King.

Since we have lost Erin, and because of the extent of our
misfortunes,
And because of the overthrow of the nimble, strong warriors,
who were not wanting in vigour,
We entreat the noble Son of God and the Might of the Trinity,
That those of them who are alive with us may thrive after
them.

The Gaels have lost their gentle, comely qualities :
Charity, hospitality, manners, and sweet music ;
Wicked, alien boars it was that forced us under great oppression ;
I beseech the Only Son of God to grant relief to the Gaels.

II.

AN milleaḁ ḁ'ímṁṁṁṁ aír inór-šleaḁṁṁ
NA h-ÉIRIONN.

Monuar-ra an Úáré' fuil tráigce, tréic-laḁ !
ḁan ríḁ aír an ḁ-cóir ná treórac tréan-méar !
ḁan fear corṁaíṁ ná eoḁuir ḁum réitiḁ !
Ir ḁan rḁiaḁ ḁín aír éir na raor-ḁlaiḁ !

ṁír ḁan triaḁ ḁo ḁrian-ḁuil Éibir !
ṁír ḁá anṁaḁṁ ḁall ḁo traoḁaḁ !
ṁír ḁo ḁoirteaḁ ḁá ḁoraiḁ na méirleaḁ !
ṁír na ḁḁaibne—ir tréiḁiḁ ḁo h-euḁ liom !

ṁír ḁoḁṁ buaiḁearṁṁ, ir uaiḁneaḁ céarḁa !
10 ṁír ḁan fear ḁan mac ḁan céile !
ṁír ḁan lúḁ ḁan ḁonn ḁan éirḁeaḁṁ !
ṁír ḁan ḁoimṁṁṁṁ ḁo ḁoḁṁṁṁ le ḁéanaíṁ !

ṁír ḁan eaḁlair ḁnearḁa ná cléiriḁ !
ṁír le miorḁuir noḁ ḁ'íteabar ḁaolḁoin !
ṁír ḁo cuiṁeaḁ ḁo tubairteaḁ, traoḁḁa,
ḁá ṁmaḁṁ naíḁaiḁ ir aíḁar ir méirleaḁ !

ṁír ḁan toṁaḁ ḁan tairḁe a n-Éirinn !
ṁír ḁan tupa ḁan buinne ḁan réilṁean !
ṁír ḁo noḁṁṁṁ ḁan ḁoḁain ḁan ḁeuḁa !
20 ṁír ḁo bṁirṁeaḁ le ḁuirinn an ḁéarḁa !

II.—For remarks on this threnody see Introduction. The version here given is taken from a MS. in the Royal Irish Academy marked 23. M. 45, page 259 *et seq.*, collated with a copy of the poem in the British Museum. The latter copy gives the “binding” stanza, which is omitted in the former. The compiler of the British Museum catalogue describes the poem as an “Elegy on Mac Carthy,” but it is elegiac only in metre.

II.

*women
families*

THE RUIN THAT BEFELL THE GREAT FAMILIES
OF ERIN.

Woe is me! weak and exhausted is the race of Carthach,
Without a prince over the hosts, or a strong, nimble leader!
Without a man to defend, without a key to liberate!
Without a shield of protection for the land of noble chieftains!

A land without a prince of the sun-bright race of Eibhear!
A land made helpless beneath the oppression of the stranger!
A land poured out beneath the feet of miscreants!
A land of fetters—it is sickness to me unto death!

A land poor, afflicted, lonely, and tortured!
10 A land without a husband, without a son, without a spouse!
A land without vigour, or spirit, or hearing!
A land in which is no justice to be done to the poor!

A land without a meek church or clergy!
A land which wolves have spitefully devoured!
A land placed in misfortune and subjection
Beneath the tyranny of enemies and mercenaries and robbers!

A land without produce or thing of worth of any kind!
A land without plenty, without a stream, without a star!
A land stripped naked, without shelter or boughs!
20 A land broken down by the English-prating band!

1. τράϊστε, MS. τράϊτε.
τ-ρριτ, VIII. 11.

MSS. have δαϊβνε, which form the metre requires,
apparently for ναῖαδ, gen. pl.

we say in English, "without any use in the world." MS. reads τορτα and
τορβτε.

5. δριαν-φουλ: cf. δριαν
8. na ηδαϊβνε = na ηδαϊβνε. Both

16. ναῖαδ,

17. δαν ταιρβε a n'-Ειρινον, as

Tír ir cpráidte cpráidte cpréan-þir !
 Tír aḡ ríor-ḡol í ḡo h-éaðmar !
 baincpeac deopaḡ leoinc leánnar
 Staiḡte bpráidte cúḡail cpréacḡac !

Ir þliuḡ a ḡruaḡ ḡo buan le déapairb !
 ḡruaḡ a mullaiḡ aḡ cuiḡim 'na cpréan-þirḡ !
 Spocanna þola ar a þorḡairb ḡo caobaḡ !
 A h-aḡaiḡ air rnuac an duḡ-ḡuail le ééile !

A bail cparuiḡḡe ceanḡailc céapḡa !
 30 ḡlar a cuiḡm éair mím-ḡil ḡléḡil
 lapnuide cumaḡ a n-irþionn maol-duḡ
 le céapḡuib ḡulcánuir éraparaiḡ.

Þuil a cpruide 'na linncpeac íéidear !
 Ir ḡaðair ḡriḡḡo da h-ól le ḡeur-airc !
 A h-ablac tá dá rḡpacac ar a ééile
 Aḡ maḡpaib Saḡpan ḡo cealḡac d'aon cuiḡḡ.

D'þeḡiḡ a buille, níl þuinnioḡ 'na ḡéaḡairb,
 ḡo þearḡ a h-uirḡe le cuiḡne na rþéire,
 'Sa ḡréin níl caihioḡm ḡr þeapannairb, þéacaiḡ,
 40 Ir ceḡ na céapḡéan acá air a rþléibcib.

A mianac ríḡḡa a coill 'ra h-aolbaḡ
 ḡo dḡiḡeaḡ do bpiḡeaḡ, a cpanna 'ra caolbaḡ,
 A rḡata ráir ḡo rḡáinc ḡaobḡa,
 A ḡ-cpríḡaiḡ eaḡḡpann rḡairḡe ó ééile !

23. baincpeac = baincpeabaḡ, but the word is now always dissyllabic.

24. cúḡail. O'R. gives 'bashful,' but the meaning is often much stronger,
 as in several passages of these poems.

26. MS. a cuiḡim. I have always supplied the ḡ in such omissions.

27. Cf. "bpaonaḡa þola ar a þorḡairb aḡ coimpruḡ," XXII. 164.
 ḡo caobaḡ I translate 'in torrents'; the more precise meaning is 'in flakes or
 layers,' which will hardly suit 'blood.' O'R. only gives caobaḡ, 'clodded':
 cf. the use of rḡaob, which is often applied to 'blood.'

A land in anguish, drained of her brave men !
 A land ever lamenting her children enviously !
 A widow, weeping, wounded, woful !
 Torn, bruised, humbled, full of wounds !

Ever wet is her cheek from tears !
 The hair of her head falls down in heavy showers !
 Streams of blood gush forth in torrents from her eyes !
 Her whole visage is of the appearance of black coal !

Her limbs are shrunken, bound, and tortured !
 30 The fastenings of her tender, smooth, fair waist
 Irons framed in hell, bleak, and gloomy,
 By the craftsmen of greedy Vulcan.

Her heart's blood spurts forth in pools,
 While the dogs of Bristol drink it with keen greed ;
 Her carcass is being torn asunder
 By Saxon curs, treacherously, and with deliberate intent.

Her leaves have decayed, there is no vigour in her boughs ;
 Her waters have been dried up by the frosts of heaven ;
 Behold ! there is no brightness in her sun over the lands,
 40 And the fog of the smithy is upon her mountains.

Her princely mines, her woods, her lime quarries
 Are burnt or broken down ; her trees, her osier plantations,
 Her growing rods, scattered and torn,
 In foreign countries severed from one another.

34. *bpiptó* is mentioned again in XX. 25 ; and Dover is used similarly, XXI. 8. The Bristol merchants were great transporters of slaves. In the course of four years they shipped upwards of 6000 youths and maidens from the Irish shores ; these included criminals, prisoners of war and the destitute.

41-42. *aolbač* seems to mean 'limestone quarries' ; *caolbač*, probably same as *caollač*, or more properly *caolač* ; for *caolač* see XXII. 222, note, and *cf.* XXVI. 87.

Driopa ir heibgep, gan ceilg am' rgeulaib,
 A leabaib an lapla, ir pian 'rir céarba!
 An blárna gan áitpeab aet faolcain!
 Ir Rát luirc rgeiorbaiḡte noctaiḡte a n-daop-bpuid!

50 Do éuit an leamuin gan tapa, mo geup-ḡoin!
 An llinnḡ 'r an t-Sionainn 'r an lipe fá éréactaib;
 Teamair na Ríog gan uppa phioct Néill Duib,
 Ir ní beo cupaḡ aca cineab Raiḡéileann.

Níl Ua Doctarta a ḡ-comérom 'ná a éaomphioct!
 Níl Síol Mórba tpeón baḡ éréanmap!
 Níl Ua Plactarta a ḡ-ceannar 'ná a ḡaolta
 Síol bpiam deapb na nḡallaiḡ le tpeímpe!

Air Ua Ruairc níl luaḡ, mo geup-ḡoin!
 Ná air Ua Doimnaill pór a n-éirinn!
 Na ḡeapaltaig táib gan tapa gan rméideab,
 60 búrcaiḡ bappaiḡ ir bpeactnaiḡ na ḡ-caol-bape.

ḡuibim an Tpiónóib pfor-mór naomta
 An ceó ro do díocur díob pe ééile,
 Do rleactaib Ír ir Cuinn ir Éibir,
 Ir airiog do tábairt na m-beata do ḡaodalaib.

Airiog do ḡaodalaib déin, a épioḡ, a n-am,
 Na m-beata ḡo léir ó daop-bpuid daoiḡte ḡall.
 Smaectaiḡ na méirliḡ, peué ar ḡ-epioḡ ḡo fann!
 Ir dalta na h-éirionn paon laḡ claiḡte éall.

AN CEANḡAL.

Mo ḡreabaḡ bpóin na bpeaḡain éróba rḡáinte ón ḡ-ciḡ,
 70 Ir na ḡalla móra a leabaib an leoḡain 'ran m-blárnain ḡil:
 ḡac aicme 'an éóip lép mairt mo rjórb map táib gan éion
 Éuḡ dealb pór mé air earbaib bpóḡ 'an rpiáib anioḡ.

45. For Griffin see XVIII.; Colonel Hedges, of Macroom, see Introd.

46. Both A and B read, as in text, ir pian 'rir céarba. The Earl is either Lord Clancarty, called "lapla na réabac pioḡac puḡac" in VIII. 14, or Lord Kenmare.

52. Raiḡéileann, in MSS. The metre requires a word of three syllables. It is possible that Raiḡleann is meant: see

Griffin and Hedges—without deceit is my tale—
 In the place of the Earl, it is pain and torture ;
 Blarney, without a dwelling save for the wolves ;
 And Rathluire plundered, stripped naked, and in durance dire.

The Laune has fallen without vigour, my sharp stroke !
 50 The Maine, the Shannon, the Liffey, are wounded !
 Tara of the Kings is without a prop of the race of Niall Dubh !
 And no hero of the race of Raighleann is alive.

O'Doherty is not holding sway, nor his noble race,
 The O'Moore's are not strong, that once were brave,
 O'Flaherty is not in power, nor his kinsfolk,
 And sooth to say, the O'Briens have long since become English.

Of O'Rourke there is no mention—my sharp wounding !
 Nor yet of O'Donnell in Erin ;
 The Geraldines they are without vigour, without a nod,
 60 And the Burkes, the Barrys, the Walshes of the slender ships.

I beseech the Trinity, most august, holy,
 To banish this sorrow from them altogether—
 From the descendants of Ir, of Conn, of Eibhear—
 And to restore the Gaels to their estates.

O Christ, restore betimes to the Gaels
 All their estates, rescued from the dire bondage of foreign churls ;
 Chastise the vile horde, behold, our country is faint,
 And Erin's nursling, weak, feeble, subdued, beyond the sea !

THE BINDING.

My torment of sorrow, the brave champions scattered by the shower,
 70 And the gross foreigners in the hero's place in bright Blarney,
 Every family of the tribe that loved my class, how they are scorned ;
 This has brought me still poor, lacking shoes, to town to-day.

VI. 6, note. 55. 'ná a ḡaolṭa. MS. ná ḡaolṭa.

64. beaṭa, 'means of living,' 'estate': cf.—

Արիօց ա beaṭa Ծօ շախարտ Ծօ ար աօն ծալլ
 Օ Տուջե Բնո յօ բորթօւն Տեւն Մար.—XXXV. 231-2.

III.

MAC AN ĆEANNUIĜE.

Αἰρλῖνḡ ḡεap ὁ ὀεapcap pḗm am' leabaið ip mé ḡo laḡ-
bríogað :

Αἰnḡip ἱειm̃, ὁap b'ainm Éipe, aḡ teaðt am ḡaop aip
m̃apcuiḡeaðt;

Α púil peaḡap ḡlap, a cúl tpon cap, a com peaḡḡeal 'p
a malaiðe,

Ὁ'á m̃aoiðeam̃ ḡo paið aḡ tiaoḡaðt 'na ḡap, le ὀioḡpaiḡ, Mac
an Ćeannuiḡe.

Α beól bað ḡinn, a ḡlóp bað ḡaom, ip pó-ἱεapc linn an
cailín

Céile ḡriam ὁ'ár ḡéill an ḡiann, mo léip-ḡpeað ὀian a haicío
Pá ἱúipḡe ḡall, ὁá brúḡað ḡo teann, mo cúilḡionn t-peaḡḡ
ὁo ἱlað pinn;

Ní'l paoiḡeam̃ peal le tiḡeaðt 'na ḡap ḡo b-pillḡið Mac an
Ćeannuiḡe.

Na céaḡta atá a b-pḗm ὁo ḡráð le ḡεap-ἱεapc pám ὁá
cneap-ḡlí;

10 Clanna ἱḡḡe maca Míleað ὀpaḡuin píoḡḡa ip ḡaiḡḡiðḡ,
Tá ḡnúr 'na ḡnai, ní m̃úrḡlann ἱí; cé ὀuḡað pa ἱḡíoḡ
an cailín,

Ní'l paoiḡeam̃ peal le tiḡeaðt 'na ḡap ḡo b-pillḡið Mac an
Ćeannuiḡe.

III.—Of this splendid poem, on which I have commented in the Introduction, there are several copies extant, all agreeing in every point of importance. In XXVIII. the Pretender is called the Bricklayer from his reputed origin; and in the present poem a similar idea appears to be suggested by the "Merchant's Son." In some MS. copies IV. is placed after III. as a "binding," and as IV. seems to have been composed before 1725, III. may also be referred to the same date. Hence it can scarcely be meant to represent the death of James II., who did not die in Spain, and must be regarded as pure fancy.

1. ḡεap. A paon.

3. ḡlap, as a colour, means green like grass, or

III.

THE MERCHANT'S SON.

I beheld a clear vision as I lay in my bed bereft of strength!
 A gentle maiden, whose name was Erin, approached me on
 horseback—
 Full and bright were her eyes, her hair was heavy and ringletted;
 fair and slender her waist, and her eyebrows—
 Proclaiming that the Merchant's Son was coming to her with
 zeal.

Her mouth was melodious, her voice was beautiful—great is my
 love for the maiden—
 The spouse of Brian, whom the warriors obeyed; my utter
 complete ruin is her affliction.
 Crushed heavily beneath the flail of the foreigners, this slender
 maiden that stole my heart;
 There is no relief ever to draw near her until the Merchant's
 Son come back.

Hundreds are pining in love through earnest, pleasing devotion
 to her complexion,
 10 Children of kings, sons of Milesius, fierce warriors, and champions
 Sorrow is in her face, she does not arouse herself; sad and weary
 though the maiden be,
 There is no relief ever to draw near to her till the Merchant's
 Son come back.

grey as a horse; when applied to the eye, as here, it cannot conveniently be translated either 'green' or 'grey,' as neither word implies a compliment. Its meaning here, as in the many passages where it is applied to the eye, is 'fresh, bright, sparkling': thus, XI. 9, *púil ip gluire na bprúct air féór*, where the comparison is between the eye and the dew. But, the natural quality of dew is to be fresh, bright, sparkling—it is not its *greenness* that is admired. *Ib.* MS. *maíliðe*.

4. *maoiðearn* very often simply means 'to announce or mention,' like *luað*. It sometimes means 'to announce or mention in a boastful manner.'

7. *M púirceada*. A *púirce*. 9. *M cneip-clíðe*. 11. *M* has simply *pá rgiop í*. A completes the line as in the text. *Ib.* *gnúir* = sorrow (?).

A ráidte féin, ir epáidte an rḡéal, mo lán-épeac ḡéap a h-aiéib !

Ḣo b-puil rí ḡan ceól aḡ caoi na n-beḡp, 'r a buidhean ḡan ḡo baḡ máic ḡníom,

Ḣan cléir, ḡan órb, a b-péin ḡo mór, 'na h-iarrma fḡ ḡac madaoi ;

'S ḡo m-beib rí 'na rppear ḡan luiḡe le fear ḡo b-fillfíḡ Mac an Céannuiḡe.

Aoubairt apír an búib-bean mionla, ó éúrnaḡ ríḡéte éleacḡ rí,

Conn ir Arḡ, baḡ lonnpac peacḡ, ir b' fḡḡlac ḡlac a nḡleacuiḡeacḡ ;

Críomḡcan tḡéan, tap tuínn éuḡ ḡéill, ir laoiḡeacḡ mac Céin an fear ḡpoidé,

20 Ḣo m-beib rí 'na rppear, ḡan luiḡe le fear, ḡo b-fillfíḡ Mac an Céannuiḡe.

Ḣo beir rúil ó deap, ḡac ló fḡ peacḡ, air tḡáíḡ na m-barc, an cailín ;

Ir rúil deap poir, ḡo blúé tap muir, mo éumá anoir a h-aiéib ;

A rúile ríap, aḡ rúil le Ḣia, tap connḡaib ríapa ḡainme ;

Ir ḡo m-beib rí 'na rppear, ḡan luiḡe le fear, ḡo b-fillfíḡ Mac an Céannuiḡe.

A bḡáíḡe bḡeaca acáib tap leap—na táinte fearc an cailín ;
Ní'l pleacḡ le faḡáil, ní'l ḡean ná ḡrác aḡ neacḡ dá cáirḡib, admuim ;

A ḡruacḡna fliucḡ, ḡan ruan, ḡan rult, fá ḡruaim, ir buib a n-aiéib.

Ní'l faoiḡeam real le tiḡeacḡ 'na ḡap ḡo bfillfíḡ Mac an Céannuiḡe !

16. rppear. The idea conveyed by *tá* *re* 'na rppear, or *tá* *re* rínḡe 'na rppear is, "he is lying down, useless or helpless." Cf. the lines from the "Arachtach Sean":—

"beib claiḡeam air ḡac feacḡac nár éanḡail le bḡíḡeacḡ
'S an feanḡuine críona rínḡe 'na rppear."

Her own words, distressing is their tale,—her affliction is my complete, sharp ruin !

How that she is without melody, shedding tears, and her troops, who, without falsehood, had performed great deeds,

Without clergy, without friars, deep in suffering, a remnant subject to every dog ;

And that she will lie alone, nor admit a lover until the Merchant's Son come back.

The kindly, mild woman added, that since the kings she had cherished were brought low—

Conn and Art, whose reigns were illustrious, and whose hands were strong to spoil in fight,

Criomhthan the strong, who brought hostages from across the sea, and Luigheadh, son of Cian, the man of might—

20 She would lie alone, nor admit a lover until the Merchant's Son come back.

Daily the maiden looks southward by turns to the shore of the ships, Eastward she looks wistfully across the main,

Hoping in God, she looks westward over wild, sand-mingled waves,

And she will lie alone, nor admit a lover until the Merchant's Son come back.

Her speckled friars, they are over the sea, the troops whom the maiden loved ;

Nor feast, nor affection, nor love is to be got by any of her friends, I avow it ;

Her cheeks wet, without repose or pleasure, in sorrow, black is their covering ;

There is no relief to draw near her till the Merchant's Son come back.

“ Every warrior who did not unite with a bride, will wear a sword,
While the aged old man will be in bed, uselessly (or helplessly). ”

17. cleaċt, ‘to be habituated to,’ hence ‘to cherish.’ *Ib.* túrnat. MS. túrnat.
21. aip tpaíċ. MS. aip tpaíċ. 26. aðmum
= aðmum. MS. aðmum. 27. a n-aibfo, ‘their covering’: that
is, the covering of her cheeks; the ġnúir she displayed, as said in line 11, *supra*.

30 Αουβαρτ léi, iap élor a rḡéal, a rún ḡur éaḡ ap éleaét rí
 Ṫuar 'ran Spáin, ḡo b-ḡuar ré báir, ir nár éruaḡ le cáè a
 h-aicé;

Iap ḡ-clor mo ḡoéta a b-ḡoḡar di, éorruig a cruicé, 'r do
 rḡreab rí;

Ir d'éalaid a h-anam, d'aon ḡreab airde; mo leun-ra an
 bean ḡo laḡ-bríogaé.

29. Αουβαρτ (MS. separates the a) must be pronounced as three syllables; notice the inversion: the natural order is, ḡur eaḡ a pun ap éleaét rí.

- On hearing her story, I told her the lover she cherished was
dead,
30 In Spain in the south he died, and her affliction was pitied of no
one ;
As she heard my voice close to her, her frame trembled, she
shrieked,
And the soul fled from her in an instant ; oh woe ! the woman
bereft of strength.
-

30. cđc, with a negative = 'no one.'

IV.

GILE NA GILE.

Gile na Gile do éonnapc-ra air plúge a n-uaignear;
 binníor an binníor a ppiotai náir éríon-ğruamda;
 Cpiorbal an épiorbal a ğorm-porğ rínn-uaine;
 Deirge ip finne ağ pionnað 'na ğríor-ğruaðnaið.

Caipe na caipe an ğac puibe dá buíðe-éuaáaið;
 báinear an épuinne dá puíðne le rínn-rğuabaiğ;
 Iorpað ba ğlaine ná ğlaine air a bpuinn buacaiğ;
 Do ğeineað air ğeineamain ðiri 'ran tír uaétpaiğ.

Píor píopað ðam ð'inníor, ip ipi ğo píor-uaigneað;
 10 Píor pílleað ðon ðuine ðon ionað ba píğ-ðualğar;
 Píor mílleað na ðpuinge éur eiríon air rínn-puağað;
 'S píor eile na cuirpeað am luíðéib le píor-uamain.

Leimé na leimé ðam ðpuíðim 'na épuinn-tuairim!
 Am éime ağ an éime do rnaíðmeað ğo píor-épuaið me;
 Air ğoirpm lílic líluirpe ðam ğurtaét do bíððğ uaimpe;
 'S lingear an bpuinnğiol 'na luirpe ğo bpuíðin luaéra.

IV.—If we may judge by the number of copies of this poem extant in the MSS. of the eighteenth century it must have been very highly prized by the Irish public. And justly was it prized. It is unsurpassed for subtlety of rhythm and beauty of expression, but it saddens the heart by its sounds “most musical, most melancholy.” It has been printed by O'Daly in the “Poets and Poetry of Munster.” The best copy that I know to exist is to be found in an autograph volume by John Murphy, “Seaghan na Rathoineach,” bearing date 1754–1755. I use S to represent this copy in the notes. The text I give here is from a copy by O'Longan, with a few emendations from other copies. It should be observed that in many MSS. this poem is given as a “binding” to III. It is found in a MS. of 1725.

2–3. These lines are third and second, respectively, in O'Daly's printed copy. and also in Murphy's copy, which we denote by S. 3. S an ğuirpm porğ.

IV.)

GILE NA GILE.

The Brightness of Brightness I saw in a lonely path,
Melody of melody, her speech not morose with age,
Crystal of crystal, her blue eye tinged with green,
The white and ruddy struggled in her glowing cheeks.

Plaiting of plaiting in every hair of her yellow locks,
That robbed the earth of its dew by their full sweeping,
An ornament brighter than glass on her swelling breast,
Which was fashioned at her creation in the world above.

A tale of knowledge she told me, all lonely as she was,
10 News of the return of HIM to the place which is his by kingly
descent,
News of the destruction of the bands who expelled him,
And other tidings which, through sheer fear, I will not put in
my lays.

Oh, folly of follies for me to go up close to her!
By the captive I was bound fast a captive;
As I implored the Son of Mary to aid me, she bounded
from me,
And the maiden fled, blushing, to the fairy mansion of Luachair.

5. S cuipe na cuipe.

6. S co búinníor an épuinne don punne.

7. S glúine.

9. S d'íníor me, as if the poet were the informant.

12. eile, pronounced as if written uile.

14. S am éinne aḡ an

ḡ-cuime. R am éinnead aḡ an ḡ-cime. O'Daly prints: 'S me am éinne aḡ an éime. Reading in text is, on the whole, the most satisfactory and the most common by far; cime = cimbíör, 'a captive.' Text gives sense required by context: He approached the maiden, but in doing so was detained a captive; when he sought for release in prayer he was released, indeed, but she had fled. There are other copies of this poem which I have not collated, and which may give this line more accurately.

Riçim le mipe am riçib̄ ÷o cpoiðe-luaimneac̄ ;
 Երé iméallaīb̄ çupraīç, eré monçaīb̄, eré plim-puaiðcīb̄ ;
 Ծon řinne-b̄roç ciçim, ní çuiçim cia an ç-řliçe řuapap,
 20 Զo h-ionað na n-ionað ÷o cumað le ÷paoiðeaçt çpuaçaīç.

Երւրւծ řá řçiçe ÷o řçiçeamail buiðean çpuaçac̄
 Լř řuipeann ÷o ÷puinnçiolaīb̄ řiořçaītç ÷laoi-çuaçac̄ ;
 Ա nçeiñealaīb̄ çeiñeal mé cuiřiv̄ çan puinn řuainniř ;
 'S mo ÷puinnçiol air ÷puinnīb̄ aç ÷puinnipe ÷puinn-řcuacac̄.

Օ'innipear ÷iri, 'řan ÷-řpioçal bað řioř uaim-ři,
 Nár çuiðe ÷i řuaiðmeað le řliçipe řlím-ñuaiðeap̄ta ;
 'S an ÷uime bað çile air çine Scuit erí h-uaipe,
 Aç řeiçioñ air ři ÷eiç aige map çaoim-nuaçap.

Air cloiřv̄in mo çota ÷i çoileann ÷o řioř-uaiðpeac̄ ;
 30 Riçeann an řliçe ÷o lipe ap a çřioř-çpuaðnaīb̄
 Cuipeann liom çiolla ÷om çomaipe ón m-÷puiðv̄in uaītç ;
 'S í Çile na Çile ÷o çonnape-řa air řliçe a n-uaiçneap.

ԱՆ ՇԵԱՆԾԱԼ.

Mo çpeiçiv̄ ! mo çubaipe ! mo çuprainn ! mo ÷pón ! mo ÷iç !
 Mo řoīlpeac̄ ñuipeac̄, ñioçair-çeal, ÷eól-çair, çaoim,
 Aç aðapeac̄ řuiřionn-÷uñ miorçaipeac̄ çóipeac̄ buiðe ;
 'S çan leiçear 'na çoipe ÷o ÷-řillib̄ na leoçain çap çuñn.

17. S riçim le riç mipe. 18. řlím-puaiðcīb̄. It is difficult to determine the exact force of řlím in compounds; it is of frequent occurrence, thus *infra* 26: řlím-ñuaiðeap̄ta. Its primary meaning seems to be, 'thin, spare, slender.' Cf. řliom-apán, 'unleavened bread.' A puaiðteaç is a rough uneven moorland, interspersed with çupçóça, or little holms.

20. S ÷paoiðeaçt ÷puaðaīb̄. O'Daly, ÷puaçaīb̄; text is that of O'Longan's copy. 26. cuiðe, two syllables here.

29. řioř-uaiðpeac̄. uaðap means 'pride,' in general, often also *wounded pride*. A person subjected to a keen insult, under which he smarted, would say, çaimiç uaðap opm, "a sense of wounded pride came on me." Cf. XIII. 81:

Að̄ap uabaiř ÷uaiðeap̄ta ř ÷pón-çoīl,
 where the meaning 'pride' would be ridiculous.

I rush in mad race with a bounding heart,
 Through margins of morasses, through meads, through barren
 moorlands,
 I reach the fair mansion—the way I came I know not—
 20 That dwelling of dwellings, reared by the sorcery of a wizard.

They burst into laughter, mockingly—a troop of wizards
 And a band of maidens, trim, with plaited locks;
 In the bondage of fetters they put me without much respite,
 While to my maiden clung a clumsy, lubberly clown.

I told her then, in words the sincerest,
 How it ill became her to be united to an awkward, sorry churl,
 While the fairest thrice over of all the Scotie race
 Was waiting to receive her as his beauteous bride. *Precedent*

As she hears my voice she weeps through wounded pride,
 30 The streams run down plenteously from her glowing cheeks,
 She sends me with a guide for my safe conduct from the
 mansion,
 She is the Brightness of Brightness I saw upon a lonely path.

THE BINDING.

O my sickness, my misfortune, my fall, my sorrow, my loss!
 My bright, fond, kind, fair, soft-lipped, gentle maiden,
 Held by a horned, malicious, croaking, yellow clown, with a
 black troop!
 While no relief can reach her until the heroes come back across
 the main.

30. S ríle aḡ an bplíte ḡo lípe. It seems too extravagant to take lípe as the river here; besides, that river is too remote from Luachair.

35. O'Daly prints:—

“Aḡ aḡaḡe aḡ fúipeannaib miorḡaḡeac, epón-ḡuḡ, buíde.”

But, there is an obvious slur on the maiden, so lovingly described, in saying she was held by a horn. The text follows S, which transfers the horn to her tyrant.

V.

AN AISLING.

Maoidion pul rmaoin Titan a éopa do luaðail
 Aip mullaé énuic aoirb aoirinn do lódamar ruar;
 Tappartar linn rgaosé bpuinnéiol roilbip ruairc
 Garpað bí a Sió Seanaib polar-bpuig éuaib.

Peapartar ríim bpaoidéaceta náir éopca rnuab,
 O Gaillm na líog lí-geal go Copeaig na g-cuan,
 Bappa gaé epainn íor-éupear toraé agur enuar,
 Meap daire aip gaé coil, íir-mil aip élocaib go buan.

Lapaib rin trí connle go polar naé luaidim
 10 Aip mullaé Énuic aoirb Íirinne Conallaié ruaid,
 Leanar tar tuinn rgaosé na m-ban g-coéail go Tuamuin,
 Ir faétain-pe éfob éfogpaur a n-oirige aip cuairb.

D'ípeagair an ériúib Aibill, náir éopca rnuab,
 Faéain na b-trí g-connle do lapaé aip gaé cuan,
 A n-ainm an ríé éfogpaur beap aguinn go luac.
 A g-ceannar na b-trí ríogaceta, ir ba g-cornaib go buan.

Aip m'airling do ílím-bíodgar go h-acéumair ruar,
 Ir do meapar gur b-íor d' Aibill gaé ronaip dáir luaid;
 Ir amlaib bíor tím epéacetaé, doilbip, buairc,
 20 Maoidion pul rmaoin Titan a éopa do luaðail.

V.—This delightful little piece seems to have been very popular. It describes the fairy woman Aibhíll and her companions lighting up the harbours of the country with three candles. Aibhíll explains to the poet that they are welcoming the rightful king of the *three kingdoms* who is soon to come and long to stay. But alas! it was only a vision, and the poet starts up from his reverie sad and disconsolate.

1. MS. gives Typhon; the Sun is meant, of course. 2. MS. mullaic; though, 9 *infra*, aip mullaé. 10. Cnoc Íirinne, in the county of Limerick, is a classic ground of fairies. On it is a heap of stones, said to be a monument to Donn Firinne. See XXVIII. 11. coéall means 'a hood or cloak,' and often implies power of enchantment. *Ib.* Tuamuin, for Tuadmuin.

V.

THE REVERIE.

One morning, ere yet Titan thought of stirring his feet,
 I went up to the summit of a high pleasant hill,
 I met a band of charming, playful maidens—
 A host who dwelt in Sidh Seanaibh of the bright mansion in
 the north.

A magic prosperity of hue not dark spread itself around,
 From Galway, of the bright coloured stones, to Cork of the
 harbours;
 The top of every tree ever bears fruit and produce;
 In every wood are acorns, and sweet honey continually on stones.

They light three candles with a blaze I cannot describe
 10 On the top of high Cnoc Firinne in Red Conollo;
 I followed the band of hooded women over the waves to
 Thomond,
 And ask the secret of the function they were performing in their
 rounds.

The maiden Aoibhill, not dark of aspect, gave in reply
 The reason for lighting the three candles over every harbour:
 In the name of the king for whom we yearn, and who will soon
 be with us
 Ruling the three kingdoms and defending them long.

I started up from my reverie without delay,
 And I fancied that Aoibhill had spoken truth in all she had said;
 The way with me was that I felt weak, oppressed, sad, and
 troubled
 20 One morning ere yet Titan thought of stirring his feet.

13. náir òròcà rnuao, 'not dark of aspect,' *but of brightest hue.* Cf. naò íríol méin, XI. 2; and ðan earnaím air òiaò, XXXIII. 31.

17. rlim-bíòðgar: see IV. 18, note.

20. MS. reads Titan, which must be true reading in line 1, *supra*.

VI.

AISLING MEABUIL.

Aisling meabuil d'aicill m'anam, peal gan tapa pean
 cím tréit;
 Pápa carb trarna mapa a g teac an deap go teann
 paol réim;
 Draigain meara a d-topaé caéa a n-airm gpeanta an
 t-pean t-íol Céin,
 Leagad air gallaib aca ir barad, ir peapann pairrin
 a g-ceann críoc Néill.

Map gan banna deapcam, peabac leabair lannaé
 leabair-ghíom tréan,
 Brataé argnaim, coileac caéa, d'aicme Raicleann pean
 grib Gaedéal;
 Críob plaicir, bailte, daingín, panna, mapa, ir campaoi
 a g-céin,
 D'peartuib arm-gairge an aicil geallap ceart an t-pean-
 rí g pléib.

VI.—This brief little lyric displays the poet's great command of language and rhyme. It seems clearly to refer to the Pretender, and not improbably at a time when rumours were rife of his endeavour to regain his father's crown. It is not unlikely that it was written about 1714 or 1715. The poet lived to see how far the event was from justifying this glowing dream. I have collated the Maynooth copy of the poem with two others in the Royal Irish Academy.

I. m'anam. This aspiration is common in the spoken language. aicill, from aicillaim, 'I vex.' O'R. writes it aigiollaim: d'aicill m'anam gan tapa,

VI.

AN ILLUSIVE VISION.

An illusive vision troubled my soul for a time, leaving me
 without vigour, lean, spiritless, and prostrate :
 Showers of ships crossing the sea from the south, mightily and
 in due order,
 Nimble soldiers in the battle-front, in splendid arms—the grace-
 ful race of Cian—
 Upsetting and wounding the foreigners, and wide their plains at
 the extremity of the regions of Niall.

I beheld a Mars without censure, a warrior of the sword, of
 nimble deeds, mighty,
 A marching banner, a battle cock, of the race of Raithlean,
 parent of the warriors of the Gael ;
 The heavens tremble, towns, strongholds, continents, seas, and
 camps in the distance
 At the feats of martial valour of the hero who undertook to fight
 for the rights of the old king.

'vexed my soul, leaving it, or rather me, without vigour.' 2. aḡ. In MSS. frequently aḡ. 3. τ-peanḡ τ-ḡíol. A τ-peanḡ-ḡíol.

6. ḡpaṡaḡ aḡḡnaḡḡ, 'banner of progress or marching.' aḡḡnaḡḡ, from aḡḡnaḡḡ, 'I go, march.' M, ḡḡṡaḡ aḡḡḡḡ. A, also, aḡḡḡḡ. *Ib.* Raḡḡ-leann was foster-mother of Core of Cashel, and daughter of Dathe the strong. Core being the first king of Cashel, descent from the Cashel kings is spoken of as descent from Raithleann.

8. pléivḡ generally means 'to litigate, to contend' ; here it is used of battle.

VII.

AN TAN D'AISTRIG ZO DUINNEACAI B LÁIN LE TONN
TÓIME A G-CIARRUIÐE.

Ir faða liom siðce fíir-fílué gan pua, gan prann,
Gan ceatpa, gan maoin, caoipe, ná buaib na m-beann;
Anfað air tuinn taoib liom do buaib mo éeann,
Ir nár éleaéar am naoidean fíoduib ná puaétan abann.

Dá maieað an ríð díonmáir ó bpuac na leamann
'S an gappað bí ag poimn leir léir épuag mo éall,
A g-ceannar na g-epíoc g-caoin g-cluétair g-cuanaé g-cam,
Zo dealb a d-tír d-toinneac níor buan mo élann.

An Capatac gpoiðe fíocmáir le'r puaðað an meanð,
10 Ir Capatac laoi a n-daoirpe gan puarðlað pann,
Capatac ríð Cinn Tuirc a n-uaið 'ra élann
'S ir auiirpe epíom' époiðe gan a d-tuairirg ann.

Do fíearð mo époiðe am élíte do buaib mo leann;
Na peabaie nár fíic éimnte, ag ap dual an eanð,
O Cáiriol zo tuinn Élíobna 'r zo Tuamuin éall,
A m-bailte 'ra maoin díc-épeacéta ag pluaiðtib Gall.

VII.—In this very beautiful and pathetic poem the author gives us what may be called a biographical snap-shot of himself. Pressed apparently by dire poverty, he had changed his residence, and found himself in a land of surpassing loveliness. Duinneacha, where the poem was composed, must be near the great cascade that rushes impetuously down the slopes of the Tomies Mountain into the lake beneath. It is night, and a storm rages on land and wave. Tonn Toime thunders with deafening noise. His sleep is disturbed, and he breaks forth into a lament for the chieftains who, if they lived, would relieve his distress. In his impatience he chides the waves for their angry clamour.

5. The MacCarthys built their castles on the edge of Lough Lein and the River Laune, as Carew says, "to stop all the passages of Desmond."

7. A very graphic description of the district around the Killarney Lakes.

9. Refers to MacCarthy Mor.

10. Capatac laoi, the

Earl of Clancarty, also called Baron of Blarney, whose chief residence was at

VII.

ON HIS REMOVING TO DUINNEACHA, BESIDE TONN
TOIME IN KERRY.

The truly wet night seems long to me, without sleep, without snore,
Without cattle, or wealth, or sheep, or horned cows ;
A storm on the wave beside me has troubled my head,
Unused in my childhood to the noise or the roaring of rivers.

If the protecting prince from the bank of the Laune were alive,
And the band who were sharers with him,—who would pity my
misfortune,—
Ruling over the fair, sheltered regions, rich in havens, and curved,
My children should not long remain in poverty in a watery land.

The great, valiant MacCarthy, to whom baseness was hateful,
10 And MacCarthy from the Lee, enfeebled, in captivity, without
release,
MacCarthy, prince of Kanturk, with his children in the grave—
It is bitter grief through my heart that no trace of them is left.

My heart has withered up within my breast, the humours of my
body are troubled,
Because the warriors who were not found niggardly, and who
inherited the land
From Cashel to the waves of Cliodhna and across to Thomond,
Have their dwellings and their possessions ravaged by foreign
hosts.

Blarney until 1688. For an account of the Earl mentioned here see XLVII.

11. The branch of the MacCarthys, called MacDonogh, owned Kanturk. In Queen Elizabeth's time they erected a magnificent building, the walls of which remain entire. It was a parallelogram 120 feet in length and 80 feet in breadth, flanked with four square buildings; the structure was four stories high, and the flankers five, but Elizabeth ordered the building to be stopped lest it might afford a stronghold for rebels. This family forfeited their estates by taking part in the rebellion of 1641.

A éonn ro éioir ip aoirde céim go h-árb,
 Meabair mo éinn claoiúte ób' béiceaé tá;
 Cabair dá b-tiúeaó aríir go h-Éiríonn báin,
 20 Do glam naé bínn do éinneíonn féin ad brágaib.

17. The poet here addresses himself to the great cascade, now called O'Sullivan's, which dashes into the lake beneath, even when no storm is raging, with an awe-inspiring sound.

Thou wave below, which dashest from such a height,
The senses of my head are overpowered with thy bellowing,
Were help to come again to fair Erin,

20 I would thrust thy discordant clamour down thy throat.

VIII.

DAILINTÍN BRÚN.

Dó leatnais an ciac diaepac fá m' fíean-éproide dúr
 Iar-d-tairdionan dia balia pacéta a b-peapann Cumn éugainn;
 Sgamall air ḡrian iartair dár deaptar ríogacét Míumhan
 Fá deapa dam triall riam orc, a dailintín brún.

Cairiol gan éliar, failteac, ná marépaiðe air d-túr,
 Ir beanna bpuig brian ciaréuillte mábraoið úirḡ,
 Ealla gan trian triacéta do macaib ríḡ Míumhan
 Fá deapa dam triall riam orc, a dailintín brún.

D'airtuirig fiað an fialépuic do éleacéaiḡ rí air d-túr,
 10 Ó neacóaiḡ an fiaé iacéta a n-dainḡean-éoil Rúir;
 Seaénaið iarḡ ḡrian-t-rpuic ir cairpe caoin ciuin
 Fá deapa dam triall riam orc a dailintín brún.

VIII.—The subject of this pathetic, if bitter poem, was Sir Valentine Brown, the fifth baronet of that name and the third Viscount Kenmare. He was born in 1695. During his youth he was an outlaw owing to the attainder of his father. In November, 1720, he married Honora Butler of Kilcash, in the County of Tipperary, who died of smallpox in 1730. He married secondly Mary, daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Esq., of Castle Ishin, in the County of Cork, the relict of Justin, fifth Earl of Fingall. He died on the 30th of June, 1736. See Archdall's "Lodge," vol. vii., p. 57.

From numerous allusions throughout his works, both prose and verse, it is obvious that our poet cherished a peculiar affection for the Brown family. Indeed some of his prose satires seem to have been inspired by his indignation at their having been made outlaws while their lands became the prey of adventurers. We do not know what request of his was refused by Brown which called forth these bitter verses. That he was in his old age when they were composed is certain from internal evidence. It is also certain that they cannot have been written later than 1734, for in that year the Earl of Clancarty died at Prals-Hoff in the territory of Hamburg. It is difficult to exaggerate the pathos of this poem. The poet represents himself as weeping in his old age for the banished nobles of the Gael, and in his need turning to one of the usurpers by whom he is repelled.

VIII.

VALENTINE BROWN.

A distressing sorrow has spread over my old hardened heart
 Since the foreign demons have come amongst us in the land of
 Conn,
 A cloud upon the sun of the west to whom the kingship of
 Munster was due;
 It is this which has caused me ever to have recourse to thee,
 Valentine Brown.

First, Cashel without society, guest-house, or horsemen,
 And the turrets of Brian's mansion black-flooded with otters,
 Ealla without a third of the chiefs descended from the kings of
 Munster;
 It is this which has made me ever to have recourse to thee,
 Valentine Brown.

The wild deer has lost the noble shape that was her wont before,
 10 Since the foreign raven nestled in the thick wood of Ross;
 The fishes shun the sun-lit stream and the calm, delightful rivulet;
 It is this that has caused me ever to have recourse to thee,
 Valentine Brown.

1. *ciac*. Disease in general, and the names of diseases in particular, are often used figuratively to denote sorrow, distress, or anguish. *ciac* is a feeling of smothering on the chest caused by cold, and its application here to sorrow, that, as it were, spreads over the heart, is singularly apt. *Ib.* *dúr*: hardened, senseless, passionless from age, as the trunk of an old tree may be called *dúr*.

6. The full expression is *do inaḃraoib*: the preposition is omitted, leaving the aspiration. *ó* could not be the preposition here. *Ib.* *úrḃe*, for *uirḃe*, to suit the metre.

7. *Ealla*. The district of Ealla, or Duhallow, had a great many minor chieftains under the clan system. Core was the first king of Cashel.

10. *iaḃaḃta*: MS. *iaḃaḃtaḃ*, but metre requires the *ḃ* elided. *Ib.* *riaḃ*: *M* *riaḃaḃ*, but which does not read well with *neaḃaiḃe*.

Δαιρινιρ τιαρ lapla níl aice 'on éloinn úir,
 A hamburɣ, mo éiaé! lapla na peabac ríodac rúɣac;
 Seanapopɣ liaé aɣ dian-ɣol pé éeaéтар dísob rúo
 Pá deapa ðam epiall piam ópt a ðailintín bprún.

Clúmh na n-ealtan meapa jnámhar pe ɣaoié
 Map lúipeacé dealb caite air pápacé ppaioɣ,
 Dúiltairé ceaépa a laéeta éál dá laoiɣ,
 20 Ó jruðail píop ðail a ɣ-ceapɛ na ɣ-Cáptacé ɣ-caom.

Do ptiúpaiɣ Pan a deapca a n-áipde epíoc,
 Aɣ enúé cár ɣaib an Mapɣ do bápaiɣ pinn;
 Múptlaib aitéɣ ɣeappað lán an epír,
 Aɣ bprúɣað na mapb epapna ó jáil ɣo pínn.

13. Δαιρινιρ is Valentia Island; Domhnall MacCarthy More was made Earl of Clancare and Baron of Valentia by Elizabeth; the poet laments that a MacCarthy no longer holds the title.

14. hamburɣ: see XLVII. 16, note. 17-18. ɣlaím in M. I read clúmh in 17, which suits the metre, and lúipeacé in 18 should be understood to mean 'covering' or 'fur.'

20. Sir Valentine Brown rendered some services to the Elizabethan government in connexion with the surveying of escheated lands, for which he was rewarded with "all those manors, castles, lordships, lands, and hereditaments whatever, in the counties of Cosmainge and Onaght O'Donoghue, in the counties of Desmond, Kerry, and Cork, late or sometime being in the possession of Teige

IX.

NUAIR DO ÉUIR NA h-EIRICIḠ easboḡ éORCAIḡE
TAR LEAR.

Mo ḡrón ! mo mílleaḡ anoip mo leun le luaḡ !
An ḡeól ḡuipḡ éluinim éuḡ me déapac, duairc ;
Mo ḡḡóip do ḡḡuip, do ḡrip mo ḡéan, mo ḡuan,
Éóin do éup tar muip air éiḡion uainn.

Mo ḡtór, mo éirḡe ḡuḡ a n-éimpeaḡt uaim
Mo éóip, mo éion, mo éuib do'n éléip ḡan épuar ;
Níor leór leip ḡinn ḡan ḡpuḡ na ḡéile ḡuair ;
Tar bóḡna a mbpuib ó cuipeaḡ é monuar !

IX.—John Baptist Sleyne was appointed Bishop of Cork on the 13th April, 1693. In 1694 he was put in charge of Cloyne also. He was then 55 years of age, and was well known in Rome as a Professor of Moral Theology in the College of the Propaganda. In the list of unrolled parish priests of the year 1704 he is mentioned as an ordaining bishop up to the year 1698. In that year he was taken prisoner at Cork. On the 27th March, 1703, he wrote a letter, in French, to Cardinal de Giamstone from which we translate a few extracts:—"God at last permitted that I should be taken prisoner in my episcopal city, where I remained in this state for five years, being the most part of the time in bed ; until, at the close of last month, the mayor and aldermen of Cork made me rise up from my bed by means of a troop of soldiers, who, without having regard either to my advanced age, or to the state to which frequent pains of gout and gravel have reduced me, carried me off in the sight of all the people in a little boat which landed me a few days ago a league from Lisbon, where I had the consolation of being immediately visited by the French Ambassador, who, as a worthy minister of so great and so pious a monarch, has offered me his lodgings and everything that he could do to aid me." Translated from *Spicilegium Ossoriense*, vol. ii., p. 369. The Nuncio in Lisbon, writing on the 24th of April, 1703, about this new arrival, says:—"Notwithstanding the Act of

IX.

WHEN THE BISHOP OF CORK WAS SENT OVER THE SEA
BY THE HERETICS.

My grief, my undoing now, my anguish to be related !
 The bitter tidings I hear has made me tearful and troubled,
 It has upset my mind, it has shattered my happiness and my
 rest,
 The sending of John across the main from us by force.

My store, my treasure, he has taken from me all at once,
 My justice, my affection, my favourite among the clergy without
 harshness,
 He was not content that I should lack the stream of refreshing
 generosity;
 Since he is put in bondage beyond the main, woe is me !

Parliament banishing all the Prelates and the Religious from that kingdom, he would not abandon the flock entrusted to him ; for which reason he was thrown into prison, and kept there many years in such rigorous confinement that he was not permitted to converse with any one. Nevertheless some Catholics found means to penetrate into his cell, and he exercised his sacred ministry as best he could. The Protestant ministers being enraged at this, compelled him, so to say, to embark naked, on a sudden, in a little vessel that was sailing for Portugal."—*Ib.*

The Sovereign Pontiff, in a letter, *in forma brevis*, to the King of Portugal, on behalf of the Irish Catholics, dated September, 1709, makes honourable mention of Dr. Sleyne. Dr. Sleyne died at the convent of Buon Successo, February 16th, 1712.

The departure of Dr. Sleyne in a little boat from Cork is the subject of the above lyric as well as that by Mac Cartain (L).

7. *puar* = *puarpe*, 'refreshing.' Perhaps na *péile puar* = 'the hospitality which he had got,' that is, with which he was endowed. Perhaps for *pinn* we should read *pinn*.

8. The last line stands by itself (?), "Alas, that he was sent across the sea into captivity."

X.

AN FÍLE A Ḡ-CAISLEÁN AN TÓCHAR.

Dó fíubál míre an Ílunáin mín,
'Só éúinne an Doirpe ḡo Dún na Ríóḡ,
Mo éúma níor bhríeáð céar fúḡaé rínn
ḡo feicrimiz bhrúḡ Čaiḡḡ an Dúna.

Dó mearap am' aḡne ír fóir am' éroiḡe,
An marb ba marb ḡur beó do bí,
Aḡ carḡar macra feóil ír fíon,
Punch dá čaitioim ír branda.

10

Feóil do beaparb ír éanla ón d-tuinn
Ceóltá, ír cantain, ír cpaop na diḡe;
Rórda blarḡa, ír céir ḡan timéal,
Conairiz ír ḡaḡair ír aḡrḡarḡ.

Dronḡ aḡ imčeačt, ír dronḡ aḡ tiḡeačt,
Ír dronḡ aḡ racairpeačt dúinn ḡo bínn,
Dronḡ air rpallmaib úra aḡ ḡuiḡe,
'S aḡ leaḡaḡ na b-plaičear ḡo ceannra.

X.—Castle Tochar belonged to a branch of the Mac Carthy family renowned for their hospitality. The Tadhg an Duna mentioned in this poem was the second of that name. He died in 1696, and was lamented in fervid strains by O'Rahilly's satirist, Domhnall na Tuille. O'Rahilly must have been young when Tadhg an Duna died, but probably was a frequent visitor to the Castles of Toghar and Dunmanway, as he seems to have resided in his youth, for some time at least, in Iveleary, which adjoins the territory once owned by the Mac Carthys of Gleann an Chroim. The plot of this little poem is as beautiful as its descriptions are fresh. Tadhg an Duna was no more; strangers were holding sway in his mansion when the poet visited the old haunt. Yet so lavish is the board, so many visitors come and go, so varied are the amusements, that he thinks old Tadhg is again alive amid

X.

THE POET AT CAISLEAN AN TOCHAIR.

I have traversed fair Munster,
 And from the corner of Derry to Dun na Riogh
 My grief was not checked, merry though I was,
 Till I beheld the mansion of Tadhg an Duna.

I thought within my soul and eke within my heart
 That the dead, who had died, was alive,
 Amidst the carouse of the youths with meat and wine,
 Where punch was drunk, and brandy.

Meat on spits, and wild fowl from the ocean;
 10 Music and song, and drinking bouts;
 Delicious roast meat and spotless honey,
 Hounds and dogs and baying.

A company going, and a company coming,
 And a company entertaining us melodiously,
 And a company praying on the cold flags,
 And meekly melting the heavens.

his revellers as of yore. But the mystery is explained. It is Warner who has taken the place of the generous chieftain. For a very interesting account of Tadhg an Duna, and of Gleann an Chroim, see "The Mac Carthys of Gleann an Chroim," by Daniel Mac Carthy Glas. See also Introduction to XXXVIII.

1. The more usual form of acc. is *Muina*. The MSS. have *po* after *mín*, and the next line begins with *Cúinne*.

2. Perhaps the corner of Ireland in which Derry is situated is meant. *Tún na Ríog*, perhaps Tara.

6. *ba mairb*. MSS. *do mairb*. 11. MS. *tiúmall*. 12. MS. *tiogáóct*.

Nó go b-ruapar ranaí ó aon don éúirt,
 Gur b'í Warner ceannaraé réim glan rúgaé,
 Do b'í ran m-baile geal aorba élmúil,

20

Plaié nar b-pann roim deoruidé.

'Sé Dia do éruéuig an raogal plán,
 Ir éug rial a n-ionad an réil ruair báir,
 Ag riap air muiuir, air éléir, air óáim,
 Cúpaé naé fallra, mór-éroié.

Until one of the mansion gave me to know
That it was Warner, the affectionate, the mild, the pure, the
joyous,

20

Who was in this bright, ancient, famous dwelling,
A chieftain not weak in hospitality to strangers.

It is God who has created the whole world,
And given us one generous man for another that has died,
Who bestows upon families, scholars, and bards,
A champion not false, and great of heart.

XI.

D'FINNĠIN UA DONNĠUĠA AN ĠLEANNA.

Fáilte ir da'cib ó óraoicib céad
 Do bláé na peabac naé íriol méin,
 Ó áitpeab Sazron ir cinnce daor,
 Ġo h-árur PlearĠa na peanĠ-ban.

ComĠiaó cupata, cpáibceac, caom,
 Flait mar OrĠar a m-bearnaim baogail,
 Nearc treun, roibir, rárdá, réim,
 Ir euan na banba tá lán lag.

10

Súil ir Ġluirpe 'ná d'rucé air féor,
 Úir na cpuinne aĠur fionn-dair mór,
 Ir clú dá éime 'ran lllumain Ġo deó,
 An Phœnix áró naé cpannóa.

Laoc meap Ġpeanta, Ġlan, dípeac, rial,
 Do p'réim na PlearĠa 'r do íriol na b-Ġiann,
 Céile ĠairĠe, fear fionta riap,
 FinnĠin Ġroióe mac Doimnaill.

XI.—Finneen O'Donoghue was son of the O'Donoghue Dubh of the Glen, and was an object of dread and terror to the settlers. Colonel Hedges writes, in 1714, that he was the man they most feared in Kerry. He appears to be the person who figures as Finneen Beg in the correspondence with the Castle officials of the period. It is curious to note from what different points of view our poet and a man like Colonel Hedges estimate his character. Any one who studies the records of those troubled times will see how justly the poet describes Finneen when he calls him the stay of his country and the shelter of the bards. Miss Hickson thinks that Finneen afterwards joined the Irish Brigade in the French service. See in "Old Kerry Records," vol. ii., the chapter entitled "Kerry in the Eighteenth Century."

XI.

TO FINNEEN O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLEN.

One and forty welcomes from a hundred druids
 To the flower of warriors, of mein not lowly,
 From the home of the niggardly, guilty Saxons,
 To the dwelling of the Flesk, of the slender women.

A stag, valiant, devout, gentle,
 A chieftain like Osgar in the gap of danger,
 A power, brave, pleasant, peaceful, mild,
 And a haven to Banba, who is very weak.

10 An eye more sparkling than the dew upon the grass,
 Mould of the world, and a fair, great oak,
 An honour to his race in Munster for ever
 Is the high Phœnix, not shrivelled.

A warrior, nimble, shapely, pure, honourable, hospitable,
 Of the root-stock of the Flesk, and of the seed of the Fianna,
 Wedded to heroism, a man who distributes wines,
 Is the valorous Finneen, son of Domhnall.

5. *comfriað*, lit. 'hound stag.' *com* has an intensitive sense, as in *con-ðiaðal*; *cairpfriað* would give assonance.

8. For *lán-lað*, perhaps *lom-lað*, or *pann lað* should be read.

10. *úr* I have translated 'mould,' but the meaning seems doubtful. Some MSS. have *úr*. The word has a host of meanings. Perhaps 'the sun of the universe' is the proper translation.

12. Phœnix has no very particular meaning, the idea is 'a paragon of perfection,' 'something unique.'

20

Uapal d'uibíḡ ó ríḡéib é,
 Uan na reabac ón Inre an laoc,
 Ir buan-éap eorname dá éir ḡo treun
 An ríḡ-ḡear uuibreac ceannra.

Aon dor tapmuin d'éiríib Óuinn,
 Craob baḡ raḡmar ó léan-loḡ linn,
 Réilteann d'uibíḡ d'puil éibir ḡínn;
 ḡáilte Uí Céalla don ḡlanda.

17. d'uibíḡ, lit. 'ripened'; that is, sprung from, and came to maturity
cf. "d'uibíḡ im' éaob-ra eḡim aḡur cneab," which ripened in my side a
 smarting and a sigh.—"Arachtach Sean."

18. ón Inre, the name of the place where O'Donoghue lived at Glenflesk.

21. Óuinn. MS. éaoin, but this is also the reading of M in VIII. 2, where
 A has Óuinn, both words are pronounced alike.

A noble is he who ripened from kings;
Lamb amongst the warriors from Inch is the hero;
A lasting head of defence for his country with bravery
20 Is the princely man, proud and gentle.

The only bush of refuge left to the bards of Conn,
A prosperous branch amongst us from Lough Lein,
A star that ripened from the blood of Eibhear Fionn;
O'Kelly's welcome to the young scion.

22. The O'Donoghues of Glenflesk were a branch of the O'Donoghues of Lough Lein. The latter drove the O'Carrolls from around Lough Lein, and settled there, giving the district the name of Eoghanacht Locha Lein, and afterwards Eoghanacht Uí Dhonnchadha.

24. Uí Céalla; the allusion is obscure. A poem by O'Brudar opens with this phrase.

XII.

AIR BÁS TRÍR ÉLOINNE ÉAIÐḠ UÍ ÉRÓINÍN.

Do ḡéir an Ráit lílór, do raobað a peól,
Do leunað a peun rin, do pléarḡ tiz an bpróm;
Do léir-éuireað ceó naé léir dam an pód
Aip a h-aol-bpog do b' péile, cáir leunmair an pḡeól.

Do béim-pḡpiorað pór le tpeun-éuille mór
A ḡréitpe, 'ra peubairb, 'ra caolac, 'ra ceól,
Do léim-pit an rmól iona h-éabán dá dḡḡað
A caom-éuille baopa 'r a paop-éoirn óir.

10 Ip ciac ḡuirḡ ip tpeirḡib, ip pian-ḡum ḡan leiḡear,
Ip dian-épeac 'ran iarḡar ip riabpup dub taimn;
Mian ḡoil ḡan meirib, cliað-éuirpe tairim
Éiblin a ḡ-cré éille, Diarmuib, ip Taðḡ.

A Dia d'púilnḡ cpeiribll ip pian-loḡ an baill
Dob' naim-bpog leat riapairḡ an triar po pḡ ḡreim;
Ciallpað ḡo paibbip dá b-pial-aḡair ḡairim,
ḡo b-piaðpaib pé pléacḡað dob' dia-éoil ad' paðape.

XII.—In the O'Curry Catalogue of the R.I.A. MSS. the children lamented in this most beautiful elegy are said to belong to Timothy Cronin, whereas in the Catalogue of the British Museum MSS., where it is stated that they were drowned, Patrick is the name given. There is a copy of the poem in vol. 69 of the Renehan MSS., Maynooth. In the "Book of Claims" on forfeited estates entered on or before the 10th of August, 1701, we have the following entry:—"No. 2215, Darby Cronine claims a term for three lives, two in being, on Raghmore Shimmogh (should be Shinnagh) and Mills, and four (illegible) of Clonntyny, by lease dated 20th October, 1675. Witnesses, Edward Daniel, Connell O'Leary, and another. Forfeiting proprietor Nicholas Browne *alias* Lord Kenmare." Copied from "Old Kerry Records," vol. i., p. 225. For references made by Colonel Hedges to the Cronins in his correspondence with Dublin Castle, see Introduction.

6. peubairb, dat. for nom. *Ib.* caolac, MS. caollac, "the roof wattling of a house under the thatch" (see Stokes' *Lismore Lives*, index, p. 387): what corresponds to the ribs of a man. Hence 'the breast' of a man: cf. dá

XII.

ON THE DEATH OF TADHG O'CRONIN'S THREE CHILDREN.

Rathmore moaned, her sails were rent,
 Her prosperity was maimed, the house of sorrow burst;
 A fog fell so thickly that I cannot see the sward,
 On her lime-white mansion, the most hospitable—sore affliction
 is the tidings.

Moreover, violently snatched away by a strong, great flood
 Are her prizes, her jewels, her roof-tree, her music;
 A spark leaped up unto her forehead, burning her
 And her beautiful, precious coverlets, and her noble goblets of
 gold.

It is bitter sorrow and torture, it is painful wounding without
 cure,

10 It is a sore calamity in the west, it is a black, sickly fever,
 It is a longing to weep, without mirth, it is a fit of heart-
 sickness,—
 That Eileen is in the clay of the churchyard, and Diarmuid
 and Tadhg.

O Lord, who didst suffer death and the signal insult of the blind,
 Conduct to Thy mansion of brightness the three who are in
 bondage;

A store of wisdom I beseech for their hospitable father,
 That he may be able to bow down in Thy sight before Thy
 Divine Will.

ngealannaib fíor-óilíe 'r bá g-caolaic úr, XXII. 222. It also means rods or wattles, apart from their connexion with roofing: see II. 42, and XXVI. 87.

13. cpeibíl. O'R. gives cpeibíl báir, 'the knell of death.' *Ib.* rian loic: cf. na rian-bairc peóla, XV. 40, and rian upéair, *Blaithfheasg*, p. 25.

15. ciallrað, from ciall, like pulrað, from pul. *Ib.* raibbír must be pronounced raibír, one syllable; gairim, for gairim.

Τρί πέαρλα ζαν τιμῆαλ βαῶ πέιμ-οίλτε πλιζε,
 Τρί πέιθ-κοιμνιολ γρέιμε τρί αον-ῥαρδα α νῆσιον,
 Τρί δέαρα νάρ ἐλαοιμ, νίορ β' αορῆαρ α ν-αοιρ,
 20 Τρί πέιλτεααν α θ-τρίεθε 'ρ α μ-βρείερε ζαν πῦμπ.

Τρί τευδα βαῶ βίνν, τρί κρέαετα 'ραν τίρ,
 Τρί ναοῖν-λεινβ ναοῖνετα, ἐυζ γευρ-ῥεαρς δο Ἐρίορτ;
 Α θ-τρί μ-βεул, α θ-τρί γ-εροιθε, α θ-τρί ραορ-ἐορρ πά λίοθ,
 Α θ-τρί ν-ευδαν βαῶ ḡλέγεαλ αḡ θαολαιβ, ιρ θίε.

Τρί πῖονύρ βαῶ ἐαοιμ, τρί κολύρ ζαν βαοιρ,
 Τρί πρῖοῖν-υβλα εραοιβ ὑίρ βαῶ πῖζεαῖαλ α θ-τίζεαρ;
 Τρί πῖοῖν-εύιρ αν τιζε, νάρ ἐρίον-διύλτα ζναοι,
 Α θ-τρί πῖμ-ἐομ α μῖον-ḡρῦθ δο λίον θυβαε μο ἐροιθε.

Τρί θίε λιον α ν-θίε, τρί εαοι κύιρ μο ἐαοι,
 30 Τρί αοιμ-ῥόιθ αν ναοῖν-ύιρθ, τρί ελί ἐύῖρρα βί;
 Ιρ ζυρ ρḡρῖοβ ἐυζαῶ θον ἐίλλ τρί ζναοι μῦντε γρῖνν,
 Α Ρίḡ, ρειύιρ θοθ' πῖḡ-ἐύιρτ αν θίρ ὑθ 'ραν τ-αοιμ.

18. πέιθ-κοιμνιολ: MS. πέ-κοιμνιολ. *Ib.* αον-ῥαρδα: *cf.* αον-ḡεαλ; also α ν-αοιμ-εὐιλḡ ζναε, XVI.

21. κρέαετα means 'cuttings, ravines, deep valleys': *cf.*—

“Κρέαετα αν εταλῆν αḡ πρεαḡαιρτ 'ρ αḡ ῥόḡαιρτ.”—XXII. 8.

It seems improbable, from the context, that κρέαετα has the meaning 'wounds,' here.

31. ρḡρῖοβ, MS. ρḡρῖοβ, but *cf.* “βεῖθ με αḡ ρḡρῖοβαῶ λιον.”

Three stainless pearls, three of mild, polished manners,
Three calm candles of the sun, three most skilful in action,
Three ears of corn, without bending, who were not old in years,
20 Three stars in virtues and words without pride.

Three melodious strings, three glens in the earth,
Three sainted, holy children who fondly loved Christ,
Their three mouths, their three hearts, their three noble bodies
beneath a stone,
Their three fair, bright foreheads the prey of chafers—it is
ruin!

Three fair vines three doves without folly,
Three prime apples from a fresh bough, that were royal in
their dwelling,
Three fair turrets of the house, three with faces not old, nor
forbidding;
Their three slender waists, their smooth cheeks, have filled
my heart with sorrow.

A triple loss their loss to me; a triple lamentation the cause of
my weeping—
30 The three sole standing grounds of the sacred clergy, three
sweet live breasts;
And since they have passed to Thee, to the grave—the three of
refined and cheerful aspect—
O King, direct them to Thy royal mansion—those two and the one.

XIII.

MARBNA SEAGÁIN BRÚIN.

Tárg tré a g-caiēib deapca deōra,
 Fát tré a b-ƿeacaid cƿanna ip cōp-ēnuic,
 Cár tré a g-cƿeaēaid ƿlaēa ip mōrōa,
 Seaḡán mac b̄ail a b-ƿeapc air ƿeoēaē.

A báip, po mēallair leat ár lōēpann,
 Fál ár n-apbap ár m-bailte 'r ár d-tōppam,
 ḡárda ap d-teaē ár m-ban 'r ár m-bólaēc,
 Ár ƿḡát ƿoiū ƿḡeanaib ƿeanta ƿóirne.

10 Ár ƿḡiaē d̄in ár ƿíḡ ip ár ƿó-ƿlaiē,
 Ár ḡ-cloḡaē cƿuaib ḡo buan ēum coīp̄aic,
 Ár nḡrian ḡeīr̄ne, ár ƿoillpe, ár loēpann,
 Ár ḡ-cƿann baḡair, ár d-taiēn̄ioū, ár nḡlóirpe.

Ár d-túr dainḡion ƿia naīaib, ár ḡ-cƿd̄aēc
 Ár ḡ-ciall, ár ƿaēape, ár b-ƿeīōm, ár mōrēion,
 Ár nḡnaoi 'r ár mēm, ár nḡné 'r ár ƿóḡaēap,
 Ár m-bāō, ár m-bape, ár maipe ip ár m-beōd̄aēc.

20 Ár n-Orḡap teann, ár laḡapēa, ár nḡlōrēa,
 Ár Phœnix mullaḡ, ár ḡ-cupaē ip ár ḡ-comēp̄om,
 Ár n-apm a n-am ƿeap̄aiū le ƿórluēc,
 Ár Caepap tpeun, ár ƿéilteann eól̄uir.

XIII.—For remarks on this poem see Introduction. There are two copies among the Murphy MSS., but only one gives the whole poem; the other omits several stanzas in the middle; one copy in the R.I.A. omits the same stanzas. In the heading of a R.I.A. copy it is stated incorrectly that John Brown was the grandfather of (the then) Lord Kenmare. Captain John Brown of Ardagh, the subject of this elegy, died without issue August 15th, 1706; thus we have fixed

XIII.

ELEGY ON JOHN BROWN.

News through which eyes stream forth tears,
 The reason why trees and stately hills bend down,
 A trouble through which mightiest chiefs tremble,
 Is that John, son of Valentine, is mouldering in a tomb.

O death, thou hast enticed away with thee our torchlight,
 The fence of our harvests, of our homes, of our wakes,
 The guard of our houses, of our women, of our kine,
 Our protection against the flaying knives of brigand bands.

Our shield of safety, our prince, our high chieftain,
 10 Our steel helmet enduring for the fight,
 Our winter's sun, our light, our torch,
 Our staff to threaten, our darling, our glory,

Our strong tower against the foe, our valour,
 Our reason, our sight, our strength, our great love,
 Our visage, our mien, our comeliness, our delight,
 Our boat, our ship, our beauty, our vigour,

Our stout Osgar, our speech, our voice,
 Our Phoenix of the mountain top, our champion, our justice,
 Our weapon when we have to stand against vast troops,
 20 Our strong Cæsar, our guiding star.

accurately the date of this poem. He had for a long time acted as agent on the Kenmare Estate.

4. *mac báil*. John Brown was son of Sir Valentine Brown, second baronet of that name. *Íb.*, *peócað*; *MS.*, *peócaimτ*.

6. *M ð-τopam̃*. *A ð-τouppib̃*.

18. *Phoenix*. One *MS.* *ap p̃peine* (= *ap ð-peinnuð*), 'our champion.' It is doubtful whether a particular "mullach" is meant.

Mo nuar an tír fá rǵíor ad' ðeóid-pe,
 Ir iad gan triaé aét Dia na glóipe,
 Ár ġ-coillte dá ríor-rǵríor le fórra,
 Ir laighnig aġ blaiðríg 'na n-bóirib.

Atá Maġoníte ġo rinġil gan nócar,
 Tá Cill Airne cárrhar deórac,
 Dá éaob Mainġe pé ġallaið gan teóra,
 Shiað luaéra a nġuairpeáct dá þóġrac.

30 An uair do rié an muiir tap córtar,
 'S an tan do bpiir loé ġuip fá mómcið,
 Air ġéim an Ruip do érié an éóige,
 Tréimpe poiñ a ðul air feóéað.

Do rié realta ón rþéir air Eoġanaáct,
 Air Phæbus do éuit éiclipr ceó ðuib,
 Do bí an rae 'ran t-aóðar ġo bponáct,
 Ir léan-loé aġ ġéimpeað ġo tóirpeað.

40 Do bí an laoi dá éaoi, bað éóir ði,
 Ir Dún baoi na laóerað fóirnipt,
 Dún Daġða ġo dúbac cpeaéac deórac,
 Ir Dún Aonþip ġo cpeáétaé tóirpeað.

An ġuairpeáct ro air Ċuañain do bpeóig me,
 'S an buaiðpeañ ro air Ċluan na n-óġ-þpeié,
 buaiðpeañ ip buaircear dá þóġairt,
 Dá éilíom ġup rǵéig rúb dá b-póraið.

22. This line occurs again, with a little change, XXXIV. 24.

23. A special stipulation, about the woods, was made at the sale of Brown's estate to Asgill. They were to be handed over to the purchaser. The woods, it is said, were destroyed to the value of £20,000 : see Introd.

24. Laighnig : Leinstermen, or Palemen. *Ib.*, aġ blaiðríg. M a m-bliaðna, which disturbs the metre, and gives but indifferent sense blaiðpeað = blaðpac, 'braying, roaring.'

Alas! the land is wearied at thy loss!
 Its people without a lord, save the God of glory!
 Our woods are being destroyed by violence,
 And Leinstermen clamouring at our people's doors.

Magonihy is helpless, without a spouse;
 Killarney is querulous and tearful;
 On either side of the Maine the foreigners hold boundless sway
 And Sliabh Luachra is in trouble proclaiming his death.

30 When the sea rushed beyond its bounds,
 And what time Lough Gur overflowed into the moorlands,
 At the roar of Ross the province shook,
 A short space ere he went unto decay.

Stars from heaven fell on the Eoghanacht,
 And an eclipse of black mist fell on Phœbus,
 The moon and the air were in grief,
 And Lough Lein moaned sorrowfully.

The Lee bewailed him, it was just she should,
 And Dunboy, of the mighty heroes;
 And Dundaghda was sad, oppressed, and tearful;
 40 And Dun Aonfhir, wounded, and sorrowful.

This trouble that has seized on Thomond has oppressed me,
 And this distress on Cluain of the new-births—
 Distress and grief proclaiming his death,
 And claiming that he sprang from their stock.

25. *nócap*, the MS. spelling. The first syllable must be an *o*-sound.

33. The Eoghanacht meant is Eoghanacht O'Donoghue: see XI. 22, note.

37. *báð éoir* *di*, because of his mother, who was *péapla an Uaol*, 108, *infra*.

42. Cluain, probably Clonmeen, the home of the O'Callaghans.

43. A has *buaireamh go deoraic ag foḡairt*; the whole stanza is unsettled in the MSS.

At Bunratty a vast multitude assembled ;
 At Bun Roghair heavy were their cries ;
 At Knockaney a loud wailing arose ;
 And Cnoc Breannain is subdued with tears.

50 It is not this weeping that has oppressed me most painfully,
 But the weeping of the fair one whom thou hadst to wife,
 The weeping of the bright one to whom thou wert united in
 thy youth,
 Of the blood of the Duke, of his race, and of his kinsfolk ;

The weeping of Brown, the helpful, the valiant,
 Who is in London under the dire yoke of a horde ;
 The weeping of his children—they are all sorrowful—
 And the strong weeping of Mabel, who is troubled and tearful ;

The weeping of those with whom thou wert fostered in thy
 youth,
 Of the root-stock of the kings, who were able and valiant—
 Heroes who showed heroism in the stress of battle,
 60 Of the progeny of Cian, who obtained sway for his province.

Beloved foster-brother of the great, noble chieftains—
 The O'Learys who were wedded to Erin,
 And the chieftains of the root-stock of Eoghan,
 Who held hereditary sway over the Sliabh and the Tochar.

So many are his kinsmen, it is hard to tell them,
 Of the radiant race of Eibhear, Niall, and Eoghan ;
 Nor was there one of the kings of Fodla
 Who is not doubly akin to him without blemish.

56. Mábile ; who Mabel was, I have been unable to find out.

60. Céin, Cian was the third son of Olioll Oluim.

63-4. For Tochar, see X. ; for Sliabh, cf. XXXV. 47.

68. M ǵan a ǵol ǵan béim ra ǵop leir, which must be corrupt. ǵol will not correspond with béim, and ǵop, which means a 'rule' or 'line,' can hardly be the word the poet used ; the reading in text is that of A.

'San méad do ḡallaiḃ baḋ fearḋa fórraḋ,
 70 A laóera, a plaḋa, a maiḋe, 'ra leḋḡain,
 Náṛ ḡéill d'aḋtaiḃ na Saḡran, ḡan ḡleḋ-ḋur,
 Ḑo tpeun tap ḡraḋ rḡaipeaḋ a n-ór-fuil.

lapla paipping Ḑill Ḑara na ḡ-eóirpeaḋ,
 An t-lapla ón Ḑainḡean an ḋarraḋ 'ran Róirṽeaḋ,
 An t-lapla ó Ḑallaiḃ baḋ ḋaca le coimṽac,
 An t-lapla ón ḡ-Caḋair, ir plaḋa Ḑunḋóimne.

An Cúrraḋ 'ran ḋuncur baḋ éóirḡe,
 Triaḋ Ḑille Coinne, 'ran Ríḋipe rḋ-ḋil,
 Triaḋ na Lice, Mac Muirir 'ra coimḡur,
 80 'S an triaḋ ó Innir ḋó Finne na ḡ-ceóla.

Aḋḋar uaḋair buaiḋearṽa 'r bṽrónḡuil,
 Aḋnuad luit ir uile ḡan teóra,
 Méaduḡaḋ ḋian air ḋiaḋ 'ran éóirḡe,
 Cíor ḋur ḋ-pearann aḡ Arḡill ḋá éóimṽeariḃ.

An ḋara cáṽ do épaíḋ an éóirḡe
 Ḑríora ir Taḋḡ a ḋ-peidm 'ra mórcur
 Léṽ díḋpeaḋ ár raoiṽe móṽḋa
 Ar a ḋ-pearannaib cairṽe ir córa.

Ir ḋíṽ-épeaḋ ḋur ḡ-coillte air feḋcaḋ,
 90 Ir mailír Ḑaiḋḡ aḡ aḋaint map rṽól ḋub,
 Ḑan aimṽar tá a ḡ-ceann 'raḋ-tóin leir,
 Ón lá ḋ'imḋiḡ rḡiaḋ upraiḋ na rḋóirḡe.

Tuipre cpoiḋe ḋon tíṽ tu air feḋcaḋ,
 A ḡéaḡ do ṽríoiḃ na míleaḋ móṽḋa,
 Ir tu ár n-ḋíon air ḡaoiṽ na ḋóena,
 O díḋpeaḋ an ríḡ ceapṽ le fóplaḋṽ.

78. an Ríḋipe, the Knight of Glin : see XXVI.

79. triaḋ na Lice, the Lord of Lixnaw, so called from a great stone supposed to have been on the bank of the river Brick. lic rṽaḃa, 'the flag of the swimming.' Mac Muiris = Fitzmaurice.

81. uaḋair : see IV. 29, note.

And as many of the foreigners as were virile and valiant—
 70 Their heroes, their champions, their leaders, their warriors,
 Who did not submit to the enactments of the Saxons, without
 taking up arms—
 Mightily, and beyond measure, was poured out their golden blood ;

The wide ruling Earl of Kildare, of the feasts,
 The earl from Dingle, Barry, and Roche,
 The Lord of Talla, who was a stay in the battle,
 And the Lord of Cahir, and the chieftains of Dunboyne ;

De Courcey, who was first in the conquest,
 The Lord of Kilkenny, and the much-beloved Knight,
 The Lord of Lixnaw, Fitzmaurice, and kinsmen,
 80 And the Lord of Innisbofin of the melodies.

Cause of wounded pride, of sorrow, of distressful weeping,
 Renewal of destruction, and of boundless evil,
 Heavy increase of sorrow in the province—
 Asgill counting the rents of your lands.

The second cause of anguish to the province!—
 Griffin and Tadhg prosperous and insolent ;
 They through whose means our great nobles were expelled
 From the lands which were theirs by law and justice.

A ruinous waste is it—your woods lying in decay,
 90 While Tadhg's malice burns like a black ember ;
 Without question all of them are his from head to foot,
 Since the day on which the shielding chief of hosts departed.

It is anguish of heart to the land, that thou art mouldering,
 Thou branch of the ancient stock of great warriors!
 Our shelter from the winds of the ocean,
 Since the king was banished by violence.

84. Ἀργίλλ. John Asgill, who purchased the Lord Kenmare's estate, and married his daughter Joan : see Introd.

86. Ὀρίοπα : see XVII. ; Ταδῖ, Tadhg Dubh O'Cronin, a hearth-money collector and under-agent, whom the poet satirized for his extortion : see Introd.

100 Do b'ir-re ceannra d'p'ann nó r6-laḡ,
 Do b'ir-re ceann le ceann ḡan r6-éapτ,
 Níor éura an rannτaé cam cap mór6a,
 Aét epiaé do meabpαιḡ peabap ḡaé pompla.

Aitéim Dia ḡo dian ad' éomair-pe,
 An Spiopa6 Naom ḡo tpeun 'ran mór-lilac,
 Óḡa 'r appτail 'r aingil 'na plóḡτib,
 Dob' éomdeacet ḡo rí6aét na ḡlóipe.

AN PEART-LAOI6.

Pé an lic ip dubaé olúé-éupéa an Phœnix ḡaoi6il,
 Cupa6 elúmnil, Cúéulainn, Caepap ḡpoi6e,
 bile búḡ, ḡnúip poiéib, a66apaé, caoin,
 Do cuiplinn úip b'púnaé ip p'éapla an laoi.

110 Tupa6 Muíman púτ atá epaoéτa, a líoḡ,
 Cupéa a n-úip epú-ḡol ḡo tpeun don típ,
 Cipτe úip6, uḡ6ap ba6 ḡeup 'ran oliḡe,
 An buinne cúil cuipra do p'péim na rí6ḡ.

A leac ip náp ḡo b'páé do m'ioḡḡair-pe linn,
 Pá élaip an b'páca d'p'áḡair rinḡil ap ḡ-éinn,
 Cpeaé ip epá6 na mná rin aḡaτ, a líoḡ,
 Óail ip Seaḡán ó τáib páu' b'punnai6 'na luiḡe.

108. Peapla an Laoi. John Brown's mother was Mary, second daughter of Cormac, Lord Muskerry; the chief residence of the Mac Carthys, of Muskerry, up to 1688, was Blarney, near the Lee. 109. tupa6: A has cuipuiḡe.

112. buinne is used of a binding layer of rods in wicker-work, either at the

Thou wert mild to the weak and feeble ;
 Thou wert strong against the strong who had not right ;
 Thou wert not avaricious, crooked, cantakerous, given to pride,
 100 But a chieftain who realised the perfection of every pattern.

Earnestly do I beseech God in thy behalf,
 The Holy Spirit of Might, and the Divine Son,
 That virgins, and apostles, and angels in hosts
 May conduct thee to the kingdom of glory.

THE EPITAPH.

Beneath the stone, alas ! is firmly laid the Phœnix of a Gael,
 A champion of fame, a Cuchulainn, a mighty Cæsar,
 A noble of mild, peaceful countenance, gay, comely,
 Sprung from the noble pulse of Brown and of the Pearl of the
 Lee.

O stone, beneath thee lies vanquished the foremost of
 Munstermen,
 110 Laid in the earth—a cause of piteous bitter weeping to the
 country—
 The treasure of the clergy, an authority subtle in law,
 The fragrant binding sprout of the stock of kings.

O stone, shameful for ever is thy enmity towards us ;
 In the furrow beneath the harrow helpless hast thou left our
 leaders ;
 The ruin and woe of the women is thine, O stone,
 Since Valentine and John are lying within thy womb.

base, or in the body of the work. The *buinne cúil* is the *buinne* at the verge (or base, as the work is being woven), and hence is the binding layer. It is applied here to an important individual of a distinguished family.

114. *pá élaip an bpáca* : lit., under the furrow of the harrow, that is, in slavery.

XIV.

AIR BÁS ŠEAĞÁIN INEIRGIZ UÍ INATĞAİHNA.

Uè ip uè ip díč na cléipe !
 Uè duðac ! ip uè lom ip léana !
 Uè cpoiðe tu rínce tréič-lağ !
 A Šeağáin ĩhic Čaiðğ go doimĳn pá béille.

Đráinne ðon ěpuičneačť ģan ěoğal ģan claonað !
 ĳiaðtač ģpoiðe ip taoipeac péim pulc !
 Uapal, áipeac, dáilteač, péim-ğlan,
 Múmte, cumpa, elúmáil, béapač.

Uè ip uè an tobap péile
 10 Đo ðul ðon úip a ð-čúip a řaoğail !
 Uè buan ðo lučť cuapða ěipionn,
 leağað an leóğain ěpóða a ģ-ěpé-čluič !

Mór-řear oilte ip ěipðe cléipe
 říonuip polám, ĳionğán laočpač,
 léağčđoip ģpéanta analac ěipionn,
 ģuáipe an oimğ ná ĳpuiðeač đ ðaonnačť.

Rór na paoičťe, ģnaoi ģan ěiplinğ,
 Đ'ionapač đáim ip báipð ip ěiğpe—
 Đponğa řiubáil na Muĳman le čéile—
 20 A ð-řial-ğpogğ ģrácđmap álunn ģné-ğeal.

XIV.—The subject of this elegy appears to have been the father of Domhnall O'Mahony, of Dunloe, who wielded so much power in Kerry during the first quarter of the eighteenth century : see Introduction. The only copy I have seen of the poem is in the Maynooth collection.

1. na cléipe. It depends on context whether clĳp is to be understood of poets or clerics. 5. ģan ěoğal ģan claonað ; for this phrase we some-

XIV.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN O'MAHONY THE RUSTY.

Alas ! alas ! the ruin of the bardic tribe !
 Black woe, distress, and dire tribulation,
 Anguish of heart, that thou art stretched prostrate without
 strength,
 O John, son of Tadhg, deep beneath a huge stone.

A grain of the wheat without chaff or bending,
 A great almoner, a chieftain mild and joyous,
 Noble, obliging, open-handed, mild, pure,
 Accomplished, sweet, illustrious, courteous.

Alas ! alas ! the well of hospitality !
 10 That he should go into the grave in the beginning of his life ;
 O lasting woe to those who wander through Erin
 Is the laying of the valiant hero in a dress of clay.

A great man, educated, and the treasure of the bards,
 Wholesome vine, branch of heroes,
 Splendid student of the annals of Erin,
 Guairé of generosity, who forsook not kindness.

Rose of the wise, countenance without blemish,
 Who clothed poets, bards, and learned men—
 The bands that wandered throughout all Munster—
 20 In a hospitable, pleasing, beauteous, bright mansion.

times find *gan éogal claona*. 7. *áipeac*, 'accommodating'; *áipe*, 'what is convenient'; *áipeamail*, 'convenient, handy.'

9. *tabar péile*: cf. *rpuit na péile*, IX. 7. 12. *cpé-cluic*, *sic* MS., the usual form of *culair* in Munster. 14. *bionḡán*, perhaps for *buinneán*, dim. of *buinne*: see II. 18 n., but *beanḡán* may be the word.

18. *o'ionapaob*. MS. *do mapac*. 20. *ḡné-ḡeal*. MS. *ḡnaoi ḡeal*.

Uball cumpra lúbae é rin,
 Cupað caeta cum pearaíh dá réx éearc
 Ríg-pear ruairc na n-đuanraib d'éirreac
 Dian-đráđ bpuinnđiol a đ-cumann 'pa đ-céad-pearc.

A éine rin do bí pearaíhul, tpeánmar,
 Ciallmár, páirreac, bláe ná ptaonpađ,
 Cupanta, ríocmar, ríogđa, paobpađ,
 D'pár ó Ćian a n-iaetaib éirionn.

30 Seađán 'pan úir éuđ rmuít air ppéarētaib,
 Sínte a b-pearc đan ppeab 'na đeuđaib;
 Đpaorpe mapcaig, meap, acpuinneac, tpeíđētađ,
 Réilteann eólur, comet ppéipe.

Éuđ đlar beól air beólaib éanlaie,
 A ðul don úir, ir dúbac na pđeulta!
 Tobap laēta na n-anđpann tpeíē-lađ
 bó na m-boēē, 'p a n-đorup aonair.

40 A pearc, a b-páirē, a n-đráđ, 'p a đ-céadpađ,
 A đ-ēnūmođul, a b-porđa, 'p a pēim-đuē,
 A n-anppaēē anama, a đ-capair, 'pa đ-cléipeac,
 A đ-Cúēulainn lá cpuinnigēē an aonair.

Trupađ na d-trupađ do éli pá béillie!
 Mac mic Seađán óig, áirđ-leóđan, paop-plaie,
 biaētaē do pīapađ na céadēta,
 Đan buaiđirē, ná ðoiēeall, đan ðocma, ná ðaop-bpuio.

Do ðpuim a báir ēig báđađ air ppéarētaib,
 Muir đo cpuaiđ ðocēē buan ađ béicig,
 Cpuana talaim ir ppaēanna ađ đéimnig,
 Tonna air mipe, ir uirđe na pléibēē.

31. đpaorpe, no doubt from đpoiđe, 'valiant, powerful,' which is often written đpaorēe.

40. The idea is, he was to them a protection such as Cuchulainn would be to those attacked by a hostile band at a public meeting.

A fragrant, strong apple was he,
 A champion in battle to defend his rightful king,
 A joyous prince in listening to poems,
 Warmly beloved of maidens, their favourite, their first love.

His race was manly and valiant,
 Wise, affectionate, a blossom that would not bend,
 Gallant, wrathful, kingly, fierce,
 Who have sprung from Cian in the lands of Erin.

That John is in the grave has brought mist over the heavens,
 30 Stretched in a tomb with no motion in his limbs ;
 A valiant horseman, rapid, vigorous, well-skilled,
 A guiding star, a comet of the heavens.

It has put a mouth-lock on the mouths of the birds,
 His going to the grave—sad is the tidings—
 Fountain of milk for the weak and prostrate,
 Cow of the poor, and their only door.

Their prime favourite, their love, their portion, their understand-
 ing,
 Their nut of the cluster, their prop, their gentle voice,
 Their soul's darling, their friend, their scholar,
 40 Their Cuchulainn on the day the assembly meets.

Oh, pity of pities ! thy breast beneath a great stone,
 Grandson of Seaghan Og, high hero, noble chieftain,
 Almoner who was wont to minister to hundreds,
 Without trouble, or churlishness, or regret, or difficulty.

Because of his death a deluge passed over the heavens,
 The ocean shrieked harshly, distressfully, and constantly,
 The valleys of the earth and the torrents loudly roared,
 Furious were the waves and the mountain waters.

47. *cpuana*: cf. *cpéaceta an talarín*, XXII. 8.

48. Mr. Bergin suggests *uirge 'na íléitib* = 'the waters mountain high.'

50 Κραὸβ ἄεαλ θυλλε, μο μίλλεαδ céapta,
 Μαρ δο ἄεαππαῖζ Αεπορρ ρνάιτ α ῥαογαίλ !
 Τρέαν-ῥεαρ μεαρ ἄροῖδε ρμαέτσιγέαδ παολέοιν,
 Νά παῖβ ἄαλλδα cannetlac ταοντσιρḡ.

βάρ μίε Ῥαῖδζ ἱρ ρναῖδμ am αειβ-ρε,
 ἱρ ερέιμ am ḡlunaiβ túippeac, τρέιτ-λαḡ,
 θυαν-ένεαδ τίνν am ελίτιοε τέααττα,
 ἱρ ριαβρur ḡoile ḡo εριένεαδ am αειβ-ρε.

60 Μο μνέμν τίνν ἄαν ḡρίḡ ná εῖρεαδτ,
 Μο λάμ αιρ ρινα-έριτ, οἄαρ me ραον-λαḡ,
 λút μο cor αιρ corḡ a n-έιμῥεαδτ,
 Αḡ caoi μο ἡαρεαιḡ ἄαν coḡal ná ελαοναδ.

ἱρ τά α ῥάρ-ῥιор αḡ βάρβαῖβ εῖριονν
 ḡur neac ρίοḡδα an ἄαιρḡῖδεαδ ρο βεαρῥam,
 Ρίḡ-εú an ρεαρ ρο δο ῥλεαέταιβ εῖβιρ,
 Ό' άρḡ-όύέτcur Ῥάιρ Μuḡan le εéile.

Υball εραῖβέεαδ, áluinn, τρέιν-νιρτ,
 Όο βεαρῥαδ θεοε don οἄαρ ḡné-ḡeal,
 ḡiaδ dá eapbaiδ, cioδ θanaib map ρḡeul ρin,
 ἱρ náρ óún α ḡopur ρoiḡ ῥοέραῖβ εéαδτα.

70 Α ῥεανέαρ ḡlún τά annrúb le εéile
 'S an leaḡar Μuḡḡneac ρḡῥiobḡta ón ḡ-εéαδ ῥεαρ,
 Νό α Saltauρ beannuiḡte Ῥaiρil ἄαν ελαοναδ,
 Όο ρḡῥiob Copmac, tobar na εléipe.

Μο nuap α ḡnámuil ḡánla, ḡléḡeal,
 ḡlúinte, cumpa, εlúḡuil, βεαραε
 Όο έρεῖβ εalma ḡleanna na laoḡpaδ,
 Αḡ ḡol ḡo epuaiδ αιρ uaiḡ α ρéim-ῥiρ.

52. ταοντσιρḡ, we have ταοντορḡ, 100, *infra*, where it seems to mean 'demur'; and here we may translate 'quarrelsome, obstinate'; τσιρḡ means 'journey, business'; naε τρuaḡ an τσιρḡ opm é = 'is it not hard case with me?'

58. ρινα-έριτ is like bataille-έριτ, and can hardly be from ρíon : cf. sian gerán in "Cath Fentragha" : cf. also tonn-έριτ, XXI. 5.

Bright branch of foliage, my tormenting ruin !
 50 How Atropos has cut the thread of his life ;
 A strong man, rapid, powerful, who tamed wolves,
 Who was not anglicised, or morose, or stubborn.

The death of Tadhg's son is a knot in my liver,
 And a gnawing pain in my knees prostrating, weakening,
 A constant, violent pang in my frozen breast,
 And a trembling fever of the stomach in my liver.

My brain is sick without vigour or power,
 My hand is tremulous as with eld, I am diseased and devoid of
 strength,
 The vigour of both my feet together has been checked,
 60 As I bewail my horseman without blemish or perverseness.

And right well do the bards of Erin understand
 That the hero I commemorate is of royal lineage,
 That this man is a princely hound of the descendants of Eibhear,
 Of the high lineage of the kings of all Munster's plain.

An apple, virtuous, beautiful, of mighty strength,
 Who would give a draught to the pale sufferer,
 Food in his need—sad though the tale be—
 And who closed not his door against a procession of hundreds.

His pedigree is there complete
 70 In the Book of Munster, written from the first man,
 Or in the Holy Psalter of Cashel without deceit,
 Which Cormac wrote, the fountain of the bards.

My woe ! his womanly, gentle, bright consort,
 Accomplished, sweet, illustrious, courteous,
 Of the stalwart race of the Glen of the heroes,
 Heavily weeping on the grave of her gentle spouse.

71. Saltap. The Psalter of Cashel was compiled by Cormac Mac Cuillinan, King of Munster, and Archbishop of Cashel, who was slain A.D. 903. It is now lost.

74. She was of the O'Donoghue family of Glenflesk.

80 Ἰρ ὕρ β'έ Seaḡán α ὕράδ 'ρ α Phœnix,
 Πόνουρ δ'εαρῆαιρ δο ἐλανναῖς Milesius,
 Μαοῖρε calma Mainḡe ἱρ Sléibe Mḡr,
 Ἀέλανν banba an παραιρε τρέιν-νιρτ.

Δο β'έ α ῖνρεαρ ρίḡ don ταοῖ ἐεαρ
 Cían náρ ἐοἰḡἰλ α ἐορταρ ná α ῖέαδα,
 Δ'ράḡ μαρ θεαῖτα παῖρρινḡe Ὑαοῦαλαῖ,
 Séan ἱρ ροναρ ὅο πολλυρ don τ-ραοḡαλ.

Δο ρυαιρ Seaḡán ciall ó Ὀἰα na céille,
 Caireamḡ ἱρ φαḡáἰλ δο ḡνάτ ḡαν τραοῖαῖ,
 Clú náρ ἐίμ, ἱρ ná τυλλρεαῖ céad ḡυῖ,
 Ἰρ beó α ἐαιρε, ní μαρβ ἀῖτ ραοḡαλ δο.

90 Δο βί an cupaḡ, 'ρ ní ἐυῖρῖμ-ρε βρέαḡ αἱρ,
 Ὑράδḡμαρ, δάἰλτεαῖ, πάἰλτεαῖ, δέἰρτεαῖ,
 Δυἰνεαḡμῖλ, ρίοḡḡα, ερῖοἰδε-ḡeal, τρέἰḡḡτεαῖ,
 Ἀḡ dul ταρ α ἐυμαἱρ ἐυμ οἰνḡ δο δέαναḡ.

Δο ρέἱρ α ἐυμαἱρ, δαρ Μυἱρῖρ níορ βρέαḡ ραν,
 Ná ραἰβ διῖε na πῖονḡḡα α n-ἑἱρῖḡḡ,
 Τῖαῖ ná εαρβοḡ, ραḡαρτ ná κλέἱρεαῖ,
 Δο b'πέάρρ na Seaḡán α ḡ-cáἰḡβ ραοῖḡα.

100 Ὑυἰḡḡḡ-ρε ἱρ ḡυἰḡḡḡ-ρε Ὀἰα na n-δέἰτε,
 Ἀn τ-Ἀῖαιρ 'ραν Mac 'ρ an Spἱοραḡ Naοἰḡḡα,
 Ἰρ Ἀρḡ-Ρίḡ mór na ḡḡἱρε α n-ἑἱμῖρεαῖτ,
 Seaḡán δο ḡḡacaḡ 'na ἐαῖαιρ ḡαν ταοḡτοἱρḡ.

an ρεαρτ-ḡαοἰḡ.

'S an béillie atá τραοῖτα ράἰḡ Phœnix ḡlan-uḡḡαρ
 Ρεαρ ḡḡἑḡeal blát ρέἱḡḡe ράḡḡ ραοῖ baḡ ḡeaḡ-ἐυḡḡḡα,
 Ἀἰḡ ἑἱḡḡḡ Cláἱρ ἑἱρῖḡḡḡ, ἀρḡ-δαοḡḡḡḡḡ, ρεαῖαḡḡḡḡḡ,
 Ἀτά α n-ἑἱμῖρεαῖτ ράḡ' ἐραοῖ αḡ Seaḡán τ-ραοῖḡα Ua
 Μαῖḡḡḡḡḡḡ.

79. maοἱρε = maοἱ. 87. τυλλρεαḡ, his fame did not deserve a hundred voices *speaking against him in reproach*: cf. XV. 261, “náρ τυλλ ḡυῖ coḡḡḡḡḡḡ.” céad ḡυῖ is simply another way of saying ḡυῖ coḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ.

John being indeed her love, her Phœnix,
 A vine-tree that sprang from the race of Milesius,
 Stalwart steward of the Maine and of Sliabh Mis,
 80 The hero of Banba, the warrior of mighty strength.

His ancestor was prince of the Southern Country,
 Cian, who did not spare his money or his jewels,
 Who left behind him, as a patrimony, Irish plenty,
 Prosperity, and happiness for all men to see.

John gained wisdom from the God of wisdom,
 Spending and getting for ever without pause,
 Fame not weak, and which would not deserve a hundred reproach-
 ing voices,
 His spirit lives yet, one life alone is dead.

The champion—nor do I tell lies of him—was
 90 Kindly, generous, hospitable, charitable,
 Manly, princely, open-hearted, gifted,
 Beyond his power attempting generous deeds to do.

According to his means—by Maurice it is no falsehood—
 There was neither duke nor prince in Erin,
 Nor chieftain, nor bishop, nor priest, nor scholar,
 Who surpassed John in noble attributes.

I pray, and pray ye, to the God of gods,
 The Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost,
 And the great high King of Glory, likewise,
 100 To receive John in His city without demur.

THE EPITAPH.

Beneath the great stone lies low a seer, a Phœnix, an unblemished
 author,
 A bright man, the flower of the warriors, pleasant, noble, well-
 proportioned,
 Emery pillar of the land of Erin, high humanity and manliness,
 Lie together beneath thy throat in noble John O'Mahony.

XV.

AIR DÁS UÍ CEALLACÁIN.

D'eug a mbaile na m-bualteoiribh an 24 lá do mí Aogust 1724.

Saigead-ghoin nime tré mēinn Fódla,
'S gaob don pláig tré lár a d'rólaínn,
Cár gan leigear ip aōnað tóirpe,
Air feadh cúig cúige, dubað na rgeóla.

Sgoth na Muimneac pínce air feócað,
Leannán banba, capaid na ngeócað,
A n-aon t-ruil a pún a n-dóeur,
'Sa g-cú glaca pe naíaid dá móipe.

10 Cug a bár air bráitrib beó-ghoin,
Ár gan áiríom d'fár air órdaið,
Ciorrbað cléipe feuch gur féoguir,
Do b'fíg na rtorra ríetior air neólaib.

Fát na cúipe dubað deópað
Rélteann díona críche ip cóige,
Seabac na peabac ip planba mór-fuil,
Do dul a n-úr a d-túr na h-óige.

XV.—Amid the long roll of transplanted Irish, given in the MSS. of the Marquis of Ormond, we find the following entry:—

“Donogh O’Callaghan, late of Clonmeen, in county Corke, and Ellen O’Callaghan, his wife; 12th of June, 1656 (date of decree); 29th of August, 1657 (date of final settlement). 2,500 acres. Donogh O’Callaghan lived at Mount Allen, county Clare, and was ‘The O’Callaghan’ during his life; he died before 1690. He had a son and heir, Donogh og O’Callaghan, also of Mount Allen, and ‘The O’Callaghan,’ who died in 1698, and with whom the pedigree in at least one copy of the *Book of Munster* begins. He had three sons, the third of whom was Domhnall, the subject of this elegy, who was in 1715 of Mount Allen, and ‘The O’Callaghan.’ He married Catherine, second daughter of Nicholas Purcell, titular baron of Loughmore. He died on the 24th of August, 1724. His wife died in 1731. He was succeeded by his son and heir, Donogh O’Callaghan, of Kilgorey Castle, county Clare, who married Hannagh, daughter of Christopher

XV.

ON THE DEATH OF O'CALLAGHAN,

WHO DIED AT THRESHERSTOWN ON THE 24TH OF AUGUST, 1724.

A wounding, venomous dart through the brain of Fodla,
A blast of the plague through her inmost breast ;
An evil without a cure, and the kindling of sorrow
Throughout five provinces—dismal is the news.

The flower of Munstermen stretched in decay !
The darling of Banba, the friend of the strollers !
Their only hope, their love, their confidence,
Their hound in war against an enemy however great !

By his death the Friars are wounded to the quick,
10 An untold destruction has grown upon the clergy ;
Behold, it was the signal for the ruin of the bards,
By reason of the storm that rushed through the heavens.

The cause of this dismal, tearful ruin,
Is that the protecting star of district and of province,
The warrior of warriors, and the high-blooded scion,
Has gone to the grave in the beginning of youth.

O'Brien, of Newhall, county Clare, and at his decease left a son and heir, Edmund O'Callaghan, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, the father of Bridget O'Callaghan, wife of Thomas O'Reilly, Esq., Catherine O'Callaghan, the wife of Thomas Brown, late Earl of Kenmare, and Ellen O'Callaghan, wife of James Bagot, of Castle Bagot, Elizabeth O'Callaghan, wife of Gerald Dease, nephew of Lord Fingal, and a daughter who became a nun." (See Sir Bernard Burke's "Landed Gentry.") Thomas O'Reilly was father of Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, S.J., a distinguished theologian, who died in 1878, at Milltown Park, Dublin.

There are two copies of this poem at Maynooth, and two in the Royal Irish Academy, but all seem to have a common original.

6. *ζεόραδ* = a stroller, one of the numerous band included in *λυέτ κυρδο* 'Επιρροή, who obtained their livelihood by frequenting the houses of the wealthy ; now a term of reproach.

Oighe Ceallaáin Cuiril éad éróda,
 Sáit trí Ríogaéta, Ríg na ró-élaít,
 Seape na h-Éiríonn, laoc na leógan,
 20 A ġ-Cill Éréide fá béillic ró-ġlar.

'Armuir, ir é tarrainġte a n-op-daé
 Paoléú paobpaé éigneac beóda,
 Aġ tréigean imill na coille 'na éóimrié,
 'S aġ dul air peilġ air leirġib Fódla,

Sínte anuair air uair an leógan
 'Na éléib díona air líg an róir ġlenn,
 ġan ġpeadaó bar aġ teaét 'na éómġar,
 Ná ġáréta eliar 'na éiair am nóna.

Ĥuġ tonn Clíoöna bíóġdaó ró-niré,
 30 Tá tonn Ruópaige a b-púicín brónacé,
 Tonn Tuairġhe dá ġuaġpaó ġo deópaé,
 Ir Capán Cloinne Mic Muirir ir Tóime.

Do ġéim tonn Téide ġo ġlópaé
 Innrioc ir dá éaóib Abann Móipe
 Lipe do dáil a n-árdaib teópaó
 'S an Ĥleairġ épaopaé épaobaé énomar.

O'ġuaġair an Ruaétaé a ró-ġol,
 broġ bonn Inir ir broġ na bóinne,
 broġ na Ríog ir Ríog-broġ éóiríne,
 40 broġ Áé Chiaé na rian-bape peólta.

Do rġpeadpaó ríóó-mná mín-élaip Eoġuin,
 éí a Síé Ĥruacáan duarġan ġlópaé,
 A m-broġ Éonail na ġ-conarġac ġ-ceólmar
 Ir Síé éaíöbe mleiöbe a m-bróñ-ġol.

21. 'Armuir. O'Callaghan's arms, "Pearl in an oak forest, a wolf passant proper," are here described. Abann Inor = The Blackwater.

- The heir of Ceallachan of Cashel, the modest and valiant,
 The beloved of three kingdoms, the prince of high princes,
 The darling of Erin, the hero among champions,
 20 Lies in Kilcrea beneath a great, grey stone!

His coat of arms, drawn in golden colours :—
 A wolf, fierce, violent, impetuous,
 Issuing from the wood's border in rapid race,
 And going forth to hunt in the plains of Fodla,

Stretched above the grave of the hero,
 A protecting cover on the tombstone of the bright rose,
 Without clapping of hands coming near to him,
 Or the shouts of hunting-bands in his wake at eventide.

- Tonn Cliodhna started with a mighty start,
 30 Tonn Rudhraighe wears a veil of grief,
 Tonn Tuagh proclaims his loss in tears,
 And the Casán of the Fitzmaurices and Tonn Toime.

Tonn Teide moaned with a loud voice,
 The Inches, and either marge of the great river,
 The Liffey wept to the point of overflowing its banks,
 And the hungry Flesk full of boughs and nuts.

- The Roughty proclaimed his death with much weeping,
 The mansion of Bonn Inis, and the mansion of the Boyne,
 The mansion of the kings, the royal mansion of Borumha,
 40 The mansion of Dublin, of powerful ships under sail.

The fays of smooth Clar Eoghan screamed aloud,
 In the fairy palace of Cruachan a confused hum of sorrow was
 heard,
 In the mansion of Conall, of the harmonious hounds,
 And the fairy palace of Badhbh, of Meidhbh, woefully wept.

30. Ruðparige: MS. Ruigim, but see *Intro.*, Sect. IV. 40. rian-bapc:
cf. XII. 13, rian-loct an baill.

Do beapc Chioðna trí na rgeóltaiḃ
 Šur peaḃac Šaoḃal na h-Éirionn Domnall,
 A laoc laocuir, a ḃ-ḃaoḃar comḃaic,
 A ḡ-ceann tíre, a Ríḡ, 'ra ró-ḃlaic,

50 A nḡrian ḡeiriḃ, a ḡ-claídeam a nḡleó-ḡar,
 A ḃ-tuaḡ ḡualann, a ḡ-cruaiḃ ró-ḡlan,
 A rínḃear ceapc, do clannaiḃ Eogain,
 bun a nḡeinealaḃ uile 'ra ḃ-teopa,

A n-Orḡar teann, ceann a rlóḡcḡe,
 A ríḡ, a m-biaḃtaḃ riam 'ra n-ór-éloc,
 A ḡ-ceann díona, ir díon a mbólaḡ,
 A Mapc tréan, 'ra réilteann eóluir,

60 Raḃapc a rúl, a lúḃ, 'r a lóḃrann,
 A m-bḃataḃ coḡaiḃ dá ḃ-ḃorḃaḃc 'ran ló ḡeal,
 leiḡear a n-oḃar a ḡ-cloḡaḃ 'r a n-ór-ḃleaḡ,
 A ḡ-crann cuḃra, a lúḃ 'ra ró-nirḡ.

Dubairc Chioðna—ríor a rgeóltc,—
 Éiḃir Pionn ór ḡlún-ḡean Domnall
 Céadríḡ Šaoḃal, níor ḃaoḃ an c-eóluir,
 Síḃḃear Cloinne mic bile mic ḃreḡḡain.

Do ḃearcap, ar rí, 'na ríocḡ-ḃroḡ éeóliḃar,
 Síodaiḡe bḃeaca, ir ḃḃataḃa rḃóill ḡlain,
 Cuilḡ dá nḡormaḃ, oḃair aḡ ól mioc,
 Ar laocḃra aḡ imirḡ air ríḃéill ḡo ḡlóraḃ.

70 Cuilḡe dá n-ḃearḡaḃ air maḃḃin 'r am neóna,
 Córugaḃ cleiteaḃ aḡ baḃrrḃíonnaib ḡḡa,
 Ríon air ḃḃipeaḃ dá iḃe, aḡur móḃḃar,
 Reóil air beapaiḃ, ir beaḃuirḡe air ḃóḃḃaiḃ.

Clíodhna said, as she told the tale,
That Domhnall was the hawk of the Gaels of Erin,
Their hero in valour, their sword in battle,
Their head of a cantred, their ruler, their high chieftain,

50 Their winter's sun, their shield, their battle staff,
Their shoulder axe, their steel the purest,
Their true premier in descent, among the children of Eoghan,
The foundation of all their genealogies, and their limit,

Their valiant Osgar, the leader of their hosts,
Their prince, their almoner ever, their stone of gold,
Their protecting chief, the defence of their kine,
Their mighty Mars, their guiding star,

The light of their eyes, their vigour, their torch,
Their standard in battle, protecting them in the open day;
The healing of their diseased, their spear of gold,
60 Their tree of fragrance, their vigour, their great strength.

Clíodhna said—true is her account—
Eibhear Fíonn, from whom Domhnall sprang,
Was first king of the Gaels—the intelligence was not idle—
The premier in descent of the descendants of the son of Bile, and
of Breogan.

I beheld, said she, in his musical, princely mansion,
Speckled silks, and garments of pure satin,
Swords being whetted, invalids quaffing mead,
And warriors playing at chess noisily.

Coverlets being prepared, morn and even,
70 Young maidens engaged in arranging down,
Wines, newly-opened, being drunk, and jollity,
Viands on spits, and uisquebagh on tables;

Dronḡa aḡ cairḃiol ḡan mairḡ don nór-ḃroḡ,
 Dronḡa aḡ tuirim 'ra ḡ-cuirḃionna bpeḡḡte,
 Dronḡa air meirḡe ḡan éilḡ don éomarrain,
 Dronḡa bopba aḡ labairt ḡo ḡlórac.

80 boltanur cumpra dlúé aḡ cómhrié,
 Ó anáil basé na cléipe cóirne,
 ḡaoéa luaéa buana ar pḡónaib
 Na raoité capnaíac maéaire an éompraie.

Duirt air érotaib dá peimn ḡo ceólmar,
 Staréa dá léiḡeas aḡ luét léiḡinn ip eólur,
 Mar a m-bíod tráét ḡan cáim air órḃaib,
 Ip air ḡac pḡoinneas dáḡ ḡeineas 'ran Eopuir.

Dóirpe ḡan dúnaó ar dúntaib ómpac,
 Céir dá lapaó air ḡac balla 'ḡur peómpa,
 Cairḡ dá m-brípeas don b-fuirinn ḡac nóiment,
 'S ḡan tráḡas air laét arteaé 'ran ól ran.

90 Eicé ba m-bronnaó aca air ollaimnaib fḡóla;
 Eacra ḡarḃa air leacain aḡ cómhrié,
 Troiḡéteaéa a n-iorḡuil, iomarca beórac,
 A ḡ-copnaib aitéleaḡéa airḡiḃ pḡ-ḡlain,

Basé mímie 'ran éluam-rin fuaim na nḡleórtac
 Triom-ḡáir pealḡ a plearaib na ḡ-ceó-énoc
 Sionairḡ dá n-dúrḡas éuca ip epón-ḡuic
 Míolca ar monḡaib, ceape' uirḡe, ip pmólaig.

100 Loinn na peilḡe aḡ ḡeimniú pe fḡor-luét,
 Ip ceapca peaóa ḡo fáinneas ḡlórac,
 Conairt an ríḡ 'r a íaoité cóirpeas,
 D'éir a peaéa a n-aḡaíḃ plearaib na ḡ-ceó-énoc.

88. laét = liquid in general, often = 'milk,' sometimes used of tears: "éuḡ mo deapca aḡ pḡleas laéta tiuḡ." *An Spealadoir*.

Companies coming to the famous mansion without sorrow,
Companies falling down with feverish pulse,
Companies inebriate without offence to their neighbours,
Companies of pride conversing uproariously.

A fragrant odour issuing in strength
From the tender breath of the trumpeting band,
Swift, continuous currents from the nostrils
80 Of the defensive nobles of the field of battle.

Airs being played harmoniously on harps,
The wise and learned reading histories,
In which an account was faultlessly given of the clergy,
And of each great family that arose in Europe.

The doors not closed on enclosures bright as amber,
Waxlights blazing from every wall and chamber,
Every moment fresh casks being opened for the multitude,
While there was no ebb in the liquid that came into that
drinking feast.

Steeds being bestowed on the *ollamhs* of Fodla,
90 Strong steeds in teams prancing on the hillside,
Foot soldiers contending, abundance of *beoir*
In goblets of wrought silver, of great purity.

Often in that plain was heard the clamour of sportsmen,
The loud uproar of the chase on the sides of the misty
mountains,
Foxes and red bucks were being wakened for them,
Hares from the mead, water-hens, and thrushes.

Oh! the rapture of the chase, as it presses onward with great
force,
With pheasants wide-scattered and wildly screaming;
The prince's hounds and his men fatigued
100 From their pursuit up the slopes of the misty mountains.

Treiḡib gan téapnaí, méula mór liom,
 An éluain fá ḡáir na ḡ-cág gan teópa,
 ḡlór na ngall ḡo teann 'ran óp-ḡroḡ,
 Mar a m-bíod imirte ip ḡlioḡar fear fóirne.

Aduḡairte Clíoḡna ó ḡínn-épaig ómpaig
 Ná ḡuibé a ḡaol do māoideam pe mór-ḡlaiḡ,
 Le ríḡ, dá ḡeabap, a m-ḡpeatain, ná a ḡ-ḡlónḡrap,
 A ḡ-ḡraime, a Saḡraib, na a ḡ-caḡair na Róma.

110 Do ḡríg ḡur ḡ' Phœnix é ip mór-ḡlaiḡ,
 Cloḡ do'n ériopḡal baḡ ḡlaine 'ran Eopuir,
 Capbuncail gan duibé, ná epóine,
 Ríḡ-ḡaoḡ, ríḡ-ḡeabac, ríḡ-ḡeann cóige.

Ríḡ-ḡpéam uapal, ua na nḡleḡ-ḡear,
 Trí ap rḡéig epuiḡneaḡt na ḡanba epóḡa,
 ḡioḡ gan cuilíonn ná ḡriḡlioc 'na ḡoimḡar,
 Opaigneaḡ dealb ná cap-māide dóige.

120 ḡuḡ an lia ḡáil ḡliaḡ-ḡáir ḡrónaḡ.
 Iap n-dul a ḡ-epé dá éadan ḡó-ḡeal
 Dá béal tana, dá ḡeangain, da ḡlórḡaib,
 Dá riḡe peaímar, dá leacain mar ḡórpap,

Dá éliaḡ ḡionna-ḡeal, ḡuinneaíuil, fóirniḡte,
 Dá ḡriaḡraib binne, dá ḡloinneḡ, dá óige,
 Dá uḡt éaoin, dá éoim, dá ḡeḡ-ḡnear,
 Dá meḡraib caílce, dá ḡeapraim, da mórḡaḡt.

An tan do ḡuḡaḡ an ceann cine ḡo Doimnall,
 Do paḡ Mars don leanḡ ḡleḡ-ḡup,
 Baḡ ḡuaííneaḡ ḡlaiḡear, ip talam, ip neólḡaib,
 Aer, ip ḡéilḡeann, ḡpéir, ip mór-muir.

110. Speaking of the MacCarthys, of whom the O'Callaghans are a branch, Sir Bernard Burke says: "Few families in the United Kingdom have so remote or so renowned a pedigree."

Oh pain without relief ! a great evil do I deem it
That the vale is given over without reserve to the screams of the
 jackdaws,
Loud is the voice of foreigners in the golden mansion,
Where there was wont to be the play and the chatter of chess-
 players.

Clíodhna, from the fair rock of amber hue, said
That it was not becoming to boast of his relationship to a great
 chieftain,
To a king, however good, in Britain, or in Flanders,
Or in France, or in England, or the city of Rome.

Because he was a Phœnix and a great prince,
110 A stone of the purest crystal in Europe,
A carbuncle without stain or discolourment,
A kingly hero, a kingly warrior, a kingly head of a province.

The noble scion of a kingly race, the descendant of warriors,
Through whom was poured out the wheat of valiant Banba,
A wood unencumbered by holly, or briar,
Or sterile thorn, or burnt-up cross-stick.

Lia Fail uttered a doleful cry of strife
When his forehead—the brightest—was laid in clay,
And his fine mouth, and his tongue, and his voice,
120 And his stout arm, and his cheek like purple,

And his fair, bright breast, vigorous and strong,
His musical speech, his name, his youth,
His noble chest, his waist, his live complexion,
His chalk-white fingers, his person, his dignity.

When Domhnall, our tribal chief, was born,
Mars endowed the child with the power of engaging in battle ;
Heaven, and earth, and clouds were peaceful,
The air, the stars, the sky, and the ocean.

130 Tuḡ an ḡrian do ciall ḡan teópa,
 Uaipleaét aigne, rḡaipeaó, ip enóraé;
 ḡaipḡe ḡan béim, don péapla ró-ḡlan;
 Meabair, ip mtleaét, cuimhne, ip beódaét.

Tuḡ Mercurius pún ḡo cóip do,
 Seoide plaiḡear ḡo fairring ḡan cóimhioim,
 Neapc, ip omeaé, ip ḡlaine, ip mópdaét,
 ḡaipḡe map céile ip laóeur leóḡam.

140 Do tuḡ Pan map aipḡe Óomhnall,
 Stab an tréada ip céip ḡan dpeóḡteaét,
 ḡlaine map dpuét ip clú ḡan peódaó,
 Meabair ḡlan ḡrín, ip ḡaoip 'na meópaib.

Tuḡ Nereus do ḡoll na plóḡte
 Riap le mipeaé aip imioll na bóéna,
 Neptunus tuḡ long do peóta,
 Ip Oceanus áptaé fóp mui.

baíndia an c-paibbrip poinnc do deónaig
 Ceres paḡmar tuḡ paḡ aip an doimán do,
 Míl ip feup ip céip ḡan dpeóḡteaét,
 Aip ḡaé talaí 'na patalaó Óomhnall.

150 'S an dliḡe éipt níop líomḡa bóltan,
 Ná an píḡ-ro do ppríom-plioét Scóta,
 Saop-dliḡe péio ḡlan péim pe comarrain,
 Do ḡníoó taoipeaé Inpe Móipe.

Eson poéma ḡan poéall 'ná ḡlóptaib,
 Saop-mac Óonnchaó ip Óonnchaó, Óomhnall,
 Ip Caḡaoip Modapḡa popda na nḡeócaé
 Ríḡ-biaótaé éinn iapḡair Éoppa.

133. pún: cf. XXVI. 123, where Mercury gives pún a cléib.

138. céip: we know from XXVI. that wax was given to heal the flock.

141. do ḡoll: sic A. M: do ḡall. ḡoll is elsewhere used of a hero like Orḡar, &c.

142. imioll: MS. imiol, perhaps the right word here.

149. This line occurs in XXII., and in an elegy on O'Keeffe by Domhnall

The Sun gave him wisdom without limit,
 130 Nobility of mind, spending, and getting,
 Faultless heroism to the purest of pearls,
 Understanding, and intellect, and memory, and vivacity.

Mercury gave him a becoming secret,
 Princely jewels, abundantly, without number,
 Strength, and generosity, and purity, and dignity,
 Valour as his mate, and the heroism of a lion.

Pan gave to Domhnall as a gift
 The shepherd's staff, and uncorrupted wax,
 Brightness like the dew-drops, fame never to decline,
 140 A clear, sprightly intelligence, and skill in his fingers.

Nereus gave to the Goll of the hosts
 To command with courage, on the borders of the ocean ;
 Neptune gave him a ship under sail,
 And Oceanus a small vessel to guard the sea.

The goddess of riches granted him a portion,
 Ceres, the fruitful, fructified the earth for him,
 Bestowing honey and herbage and uncorrupted wax
 On every soil on which Domhnall would set foot.

Not Boltan was more skilled in genuine law
 150 Than this prince of the primal race of Scota ;
 Noble, equable laws, pure, mild to his neighbours,
 Were framed by the chieftain of Inismore.

A sedate Eson, without corruption in his speech,
 The noble son of Donogh, and of Donogh, was Domhnall,
 And of Cahir Modartha, the stay of the strollers,
 The princely almoner, of the head of Western Europe,

Garbh O'Sullivan.

152. What O'Callaghan's connexion with Inismore has not been ascertained.

153. Here begins the pedigree of O'Callaghan, in which he is traced up to Adam. Many of the adjectives applied to his ancestors have little historic meaning. Some copies of the *Book of Munster* begin the pedigree thus : Donncað

Mic Ceallacháin fearaímhail meannmnaigh beóda,
 Mic Conchubair raoi bí fíochmair epóda,
 Mic Donnchaða mic Taidhge fearóm-niπτ eólaigh,
 160 Mic Conchubair laighnigh taóm nár fálaigh,

Mic Donnchaða uapail cuan na ró-boét,
 Mic Maoilfheaclaínn Fínn baó éaoipeac cóige,
 Mic MicCraic fuair meap a n' óige,
 Mic Cineide d'arguin Eoghanaét,

Mic Leóluinn riam nár gíall i ngleoióitib,
 Mic MicCraic nár leam a g-comrac,
 Mic Maéghamha Fínn raoi ip leógan,
 Mic Murchaða mic Aoða na g-cop g-comrac,

Mic Cineide puair do puiagead fóinne,
 170 Mic Ceallacháin Fínn raoi, mic Domhnall,
 Mic Murchaða neapmair ceap na mór-plaí,
 Mic Donnchaða fuair comérom tré épódaét.

Nuap mo éroiúe-re, ap Clíoða éomáétaé,
 An maíom talíam padtuirpeac brónaé,
 Tuadmúam uile go boirinn na mór-éloc,
 'S an Druimnín ag caoi na n-deóra.

Pailir éadmar tréit-laí, cóirpeac,
 'S an Óáin-tír 'nar ghnáé ríor-éoirpeac,
 An Éuil Ruaó fá ghuaim um nóna,
 180 'S a n-Árdrum preapdail ní lapcar na cóirpí.

óg fuair báp a g-cuntae an Éláir mac Donnchaða mic Caíair Modartha mic Ceallacháin, &c. This Donagh Og must be the father of Domhnall. O'Rahilly's pedigree begins thus: The sedate Eson, that is Domhnall, was son of Donogh, and of Donogh, and of Cahir Modartha, &c.; and this accords with the *Book of Munster*. Eson is probably = Aeson, a name for a hero like Goll above.

155. Cahir Modartha lived in the reign of James I.

157-8. Conchubhar died at his Castle at Clonmeen on the 31st of May, 1612, and left a son and heir, Callaghan O'Callaghan, then aged 25 years and upwards,

Son of Ceallachan, the manly, the high-spirited, the vivacious,
 Son of Conchubhar, a noble who was bold and brave,
 Son of Donogh, son of Tadhg, the staying strength of the learned,
 160 Son of Conchubhar Laignach, who did not suffer from sickness,

Son of Donogh, the noble, the haven of the poverty-stricken,
 Son of Maolseachlainn, the Fair, the chieftain of a province,
 Son of Macraith, who was esteemed in his youth,
 Son of Cinede, who spoiled an Eoghanacht,

Son of Lochlann, who never was a hostage in contests,
 Son of Macraith, who was skilled in fighting,
 Son of Mathghamhain, the Fair, a sage and a hero,
 Son of Murchadh, son of Aodh, of the wrestling contests,

Son of Cineide the Red, who expelled the foreigners,
 170 Son of Ceallachan the Fair, the sage, son of Domhnall,
 Son of Murchadh the Strong, the root-stock of great chieftains,
 Son of Donogh, who obtained justice by valour.

Oh sorrow of my soul, said the powerful Cliodhna,
 This eruption in the earth, so sad and doleful !
 Thomond entire, to Burren of the great stones,
 And Drumaneen pouring out tears.

Weak is Palice, envious and sorrowful,
 And Banteer, where high festival was wont to reign,
 Culroe is in sadness at eventide,
 180 And at Ardrum of festivity the torches blaze not.

and married: see Archdall's *Lodge*, vol. 7, p. 244.

160. The word *pólaing* is merely a conjecture, as MSS. are defective.

172. This Donogh was son of Ceallachan of Cashel, and here the poet takes a rest; after a few stanzas the pedigree is resumed.

175-6. Thomond, for the O'Callaghans then lived in Clare, and Drumaneen, near Mallow, as they lived there formerly.

180. "A mile north-east of Inniscarra, on a rising ground, is Ardrum, near which is the village of Cloghroe." Smith's *Cork*, p. 155.

Aécuinḡear Jupiter uppaé mórða
 Aip Élioðna doirb bí roéma le deóraig,
 Pior geinealaig an ríḡ d'imrinc doib rin,
 Ó bí an leabhar 'na ḡlacaiḡ ip eóluir.

Aéair Ceallaéáin, capair dá éomḡair,
 buaéáin bínn, ap Élioðna ró-ḡeal,
 Mac laéna láidir, lán-mear, beóða,
 Mic Airtḡoile, ríḡ eirde cúḡ cóige,

190 Mic Sneaḡgura, mic Donnḡaile, ró-nirḡ,
 Mic Aongura ríḡ raoḡraé reóbaé,
 Mic Colḡain éaim tuḡ timéioll Róma,
 Mic Páille Plann ó Éamair tuḡ mór-épeaé,

Mic Aoða duib Ríḡ Muíman, epóða,
 Mic Críomḡain t-réim, mic Féilim éeólmair,
 Mic Aongura Ríḡ raoḡraé, reómpaé,
 Mic Naḡppaioé náir élaioḡte a ḡ-comḡpac,

200 Mic Éuirḡ Cairil na n-eaépa reóla,
 Mic Luḡḡeac, mic Oilill do bponnaḡ reóide,
 Mic Píaca Mlaoil nap éim, mic Eoḡain,
 Mic Oilill uapail fuaoḡraig Óluim,

Mic Moḡa Nuaḡat fuair leat Póola,
 Mic Moḡa Neib náir éimḡ ḡleócuir
 Mic Eanna Óeirḡ, mic Deirḡ na reóla,
 Mic Eanna Munéaoim muirín óḡḡan,

Mic Moḡa neapḡmar do épeaéaḡ cúḡ cóige,
 Mic Moḡa Feirḡir raop le deóraig,
 Mic Eachaio áine, áluinn, rnóio-ḡeal,
 Mic Duac Dallta ḡall a éomḡogur,

181. This stanza is a kind of invocation of the Muses for what follows. The poet intentionally omits to say that Donogh, at whose name he halted above, was son of Ceallachan, of Cashel, but after this brief interruption starts from Ceallachan as if he had said it.

185. In that interesting tract "Torpigeaé"

The sustaining, majestic Jupiter besought
Of Cliodhna the doleful, who was sobered with her tears,
To trace for them the genealogy of this prince,
Since she held the book in her hands and the knowledge.

The father of Ceallachan, dear to his kinsfolk,
Was Buadhchain, the melodious, said the bright-visaged Cliodhna,
Son of Lachna the strong, the nimble, the sprightly,
Son of Artghoile, the accomplished king of five provinces,

Son of Sneadhghus, son of Donnghaile the valiant,
190 Son of Aongus, the victorious, the wealthy monarch,
Son of Colgan Cam, who went the round of Rome,
Son of Failbhe Flann, from Tara who took great spoils,

Son of Aodh Dubh, the valiant, King of Munster,
Son of Crimhthain the genial, son of Felim the musical,
Son of Aongus the laborious king, of great halls,
Son of Nadfraoc, who was unconquered in fight,

Son of Corc of Cashel, of the nimble steed-studs,
Son of Lughaidh, son of Oilioll, who dispensed jewels,
Son of Fiacha Maol, the fearless, son of Eoghan,
200 Son of Oilioll Oluim, the noble, the vigorous,

Son of Mogh Nuadhat, who obtained the half of Fodla,
Son of Mogh Neid, who refused not warfare,
Son of Eana Dearg, son of Dearg of the sails,
Son of Eana Munchaoin, the beloved of maidens,

Son of Mogh the Strong, who was wont to spoil five provinces,
Son of Mogh Feirbhis, hospitable to strangers,
Son of Eachadh the honourable, the beautiful, the bright-visaged,
Son of Duach Dallta, who blinded his kinsman,

Ceallačan Cáiríl," is given Ceallachan's pedigree, which differs somewhat from our author's, but is too long to give here. 207. áine: MS. rir áine.

208. Duac, blinded Deaghaidh, his brother, hence his name, Dallta: see Haliday's *Keating*, p. 364.

Míc Cairbpe Luipg, an omig r6-ğlain,
 210 Míc Luğaið Luaiğne lualac ðl6pac,
 Míc lonnabmair mic Niað puair piauð F6ðla,
 Míc Aðamair ðolc6aoim porğ-ğlain, r6-ğlain,

Míc Moğa Cuipb, mic Ğip Cuipb r6mipr,
 Míc Cobçaiğ çaoim, an mifleað m6mair,
 Míc Reaçta muipniğ, mic Luğaið l6iğe,
 Míc Oiliolł áipð bað řám a n-ðipðpeaç,

Míc Luğaið ðeipğ nár m6ipğeac çl6ðpuið,
 Míc Oililł Uairceap ua na m6p-ðlaiç,
 Míc Luğðeaç lapðoimn çliað-çpuim çp6ða,
 220 Míc Eanna Çlaom bað řioçmair p6ppac,

Míc Duac Ğinn, nár çlaoiðce a nğle6iðcið,
 Míc Séadna lonnapuið çuipbiğ çeolmair,
 Míc bpeipriğ na Muimneac m6pða,
 Míc Aipr Imliğ lonnapða l6içniğ,

Míc řéilim peacçmair, mic Roiçeaççaiğ be6ða,
 Míc Roaim řioğlan puğgeað ç6iğe,
 Míc řailbe çpuçaiğ bað purçacç dáu çomappaim,
 Míc Cair řialmair řpiançaiğ ç6ipriğ,

Míc řailðearğaið dil puair řior ip e6lup,
 230 Míc Muineaum mic Cair, neapç çac ðeopaið,
 Míc Iripea mic Ğinn, paoi bað çpe6pac,
 Míc Roiçeaççaiğ mic Roip do çuip İle6iðce,

Míc İlair, mic Nuaið, na puag r6-řaða,
 İoirceap don té řin Rex Scotorum,
 Míc Eochað řaobpaiğ, İeap a nğle6iðcið,
 Míc Conmaoil bað ðipeac beoð-çuipr,

211. řiauð F6ðla. "By the magic powers of his mother, Flíodhuis, the wild
 hinds came and gently yielded their milk for him like cows." Haliday's *Keating*,
 p. 363.

212. porğ-ğlain: MS. porğlin.

226. puğgeað = puaiğgeað: MS., piğeaç, perhaps = řiğ çac, &c.

Son of Cairbre Luisg, of purest generosity,

210 Son of Lughaidh Luaine, the expressive, the noisy,
 Son of Ionnadmhar, son of Nuadh, who obtained the deer of
 Fodla,

Son of Adhamar of the fair locks, of bright eyes, very pure,

Son of Mogh Corb, son of Fear Corb of great strength,

Son of Cobhthach Caomh, the noble warrior,

Son of Reachta the affectionate, son of Luighe Loige,

Son of Oilioll the great, whose face like a fawn's was gentle,

Son of Lughaidh Dearg, whose features were not rusty,

Son of Oilioll Uairceas, descendant of great chieftains,

Son of Lughaidh Iardhonn of the strong, valiant breast,

220 Son of Eanna Claon, who was fierce and forceful,

Son of Duach Fionn, unconquered in contests,

Son of Seadna Ionnaruidh the clutching, the musical,

Son of Breisrigh, of the stately Munstermen,

Son of Art Imleach, the angry, the stormy,

Son of Feilim, famed for government, son of Roitheachtach, the
 vigorous,

Son of Roan the royal, the pure, who would despoil a province,

Son of Failbhe the well-shaped, who was a protection to his
 neighbour,

Son of Cas the hospitable, of the bridles and festive gatherings,

Son of Faildeasgad, the beloved, who obtained wisdom and
 learning,

230 Son of Muineamhun, son of Cas, the strength of every stranger,

Son of Irirea, son of Fionn, a prosperous noble,

Son of Roitheachtach, son of Ros, who engaged in conflicts,

Son of Glas, son of Nuadh, of the long hostile excursions,

He it is who is called Rex Scotorum,

Son of Eochaidh Faobhrach, who was sharp in conflict,

Son of Conmhaol, who was stately and vigorous of frame,

240

Mic Éibhir mic Míleað éomáétauḡ,
 Árḡ-rí rámh na Spáinne an leóḡan,
 Mic bile éumpra úir mic bpeóḡain,
 Mic bpaḡa éionnpḡain túir nár tóirneað,

Mic Deaḡpaḡa nár mēata 'r a éomḡleic,
 Mic Aipeaða éaoim do éiméill Éoruir,
 Mic Alloib uabpauḡ uapail ró-nirḡ,
 Mic Nuaḡat mic Nenuall baḡ ró-mēap,

Mic Aḡnamain mic Tait do éleaḡt cómhḡuil,
 Mic beoḡamain nimnuiḡ ríḡ ir ró-ḡlaiḡ,
 Mic Éibhir Seuit tap muir tuḡ tpeóin-ḡir,
 baḡ ríḡ ran Seythia an luḡ-ḡial beḡḡa,

250

Mic Éibhir ḡluin ḡinn luḡt ḡrinn ró-nirḡ,
 Mic Aḡnamain áḡmair aḡ ḡlic eḡluir,
 Mic Éibhir Seuit tap muir éaíb ómpauḡ,
 Mic Lámh-ḡinn baḡ éroiḡe-ḡeal cópaḡ,

Mic Spú mic Éappú na rlóḡḡe,
 Mic ḡaoiḡil ḡlaur baḡ éupaḡ cómhpaic,
 Mic Niuil mic ḡinapa róppauḡ,
 Mic beat ná cleaḡtaḡ móiḡe,

260

Mic Maḡoḡ éaoim mic lapet beḡḡa
 Mic Naol 'ran aipe óíon puair ir cómhbaḡ
 Mic Laimeic do mair peal 'r'an dḡmān
 Mic Metupalem do b'ḡaḡa bí a m-beḡḡruicḡ,

240. The tower of Bragantia, near Corunna, in Spain, visited by Red Hugh O'Donnell in 1602: see "beaḡa Aoḡa Ruairḡ," p. 322.

245-252. These stanzas are given as in M (vol. 4). A gives them thus:

"Mic 'Eibhir ḡluinḡinn luḡt ḡrinn ró-nirḡ,
 Mic Aḡnamain aḡḡap aḡ ḡlic eḡluir,
 Mic 'Eibhir ḡlúnpinn cuilbuiḡe ompauḡ,
 Mic Laiḡpinn baḡ epoiḡe-ḡeal cópaḡ,

Son of Eibhear, son of Mileadh the powerful,
 Which hero was a sedate high King of Spain,
 Son of Bile, the sweet, noble son of Breogan,
 240 Son of Bratha, who began the tower which was not destroyed,

Son of Deaghfatha, who failed not in contest,
 Son of Airead Caoin, who travelled over Europe,
 Son of Alloid the proud, the noble, the strong,
 Son of Nuadhat, son of Neanuall the rapid,

Son of Adhnamhan, son of Tait, who practised condolence,
 Son of Beoghamhain, the fierce king and high chieftain,
 Son of Eibhear Scot, who brought brave men across the seas,
 This vigorous, hospitable, vivacious hero was king in Scythia,

Son of Eibhear Glunfionn, the cheerful and strong,
 250 Son of Adhnamhain, the fortunate, the generous, the subtle, the
 wise,
 Son of Eibhear Scot, from across the sea, the modest, the amber-
 visaged,
 Son of Lamhfionn, the cheerful-hearted, the handsome,

Son of Sru, son of Easru of the hosts,
 Son of Gaodhal Glas, who was a champion in battle,
 Son of Niul, son of Fenius, the powerful,
 Son of Beath, who was not wont to swear,

Son of Magog the gentle, son of the sprightly Japeth,
 Son of Noah, who found protection and shelter in the ark,
 Son of Lamech, whose life was long on earth,
 260 Son of Metusalem, who was long in mortal shape,

“ Míc Aðnamáin mic Toit do éleáct com-ghul,
 Míc bioḡamáin nuínnig ríḡ ip po-ḡlaic,
 Míc 'Eibhir Scuic tap muir eug tpeóin-ḡip,
 bað ríḡ 'pan Scythia an lúé-ḡial beóða.”

For detailed information about several of the names mentioned in this pedigree, the reader is referred to Keating's and O'Halloran's *Histories of Ireland*, and to the *Annals of the Four Masters*.

Μιc Εonac έaoin nap έuill zuέ comappan,
 Μιc Iapet mic Malalel θεόδα,
 Μιc Enoip mic Set nάp θεaγ cότα,
 Μιc Αδaιn έpίona pmaoin aip nόp-ole.

Νί'λ γλύν le pάδ ό Αδaιn zo Doínnall,
 Αέτ άpυ-pίγτε bί aip an dόmān,
 Ρίγτε cpίce ip pίγτε έόigeac
 Píal-ταoirig τιθεapnaoi 'p leόgam.

an peapт-λαοιό.

270

Peíle, ip mipneaé, ip poineann, ip clú gan éap,
 Tpeíte pioργαίγτε, zoρm-γlan, úp, ip meap,
 Pέimix uile na Muíman a d-τύp 'pa neapт
 Zo tpeíte-lag aγad paδ' éumapaiβ, ip dubac, a leac !

Son of Enoch, the gentle, who deserved not the reproach of his
neighbours,

Son of Japeth, son of Malalel, the sprightly,

Son of Enos, son of Seth, whose garments were not short,

Son of Adam the wise, who conceived great evil.

There is no link to record from Adam to Domhnall,

But high kings, who ruled the world,

Kings of countries, kings of provinces,

Generous chieftains, lords, and heroes.

THE EPITAPH.

Hospitality, and courage, and brightness, and fame without
sorrow,

270 The choicest qualities—the purest, the noblest—and esteem,

The Phoenix of all Munster, their fortress, and their strength,

Thou holdest prostrate within thy hollow—it is sad—O stone.

XVI.

AIR BÁS AN FÍR CÉADNA.

Sgeul gairt do ghéar-ghoin mo cpoide-re,
 'S do léir-éuir na mílte cum pám,
 Céir beac ir péarla na Muirneac
 Gup raiḡeadaḡ le h-inleacḡ an báir,
 A cébar, a Céarar, a rínpear,
 A n-aon t-placḡ, 'r a n-aoin éuilḡ ḡnáitḡ,
 A méin uile d'aon toil, 'r a ríḡ éirt
 'S a ḡ-caom-coinneal oidce ir lá.

10 Saob-ḡeamuim aep agup ḡraoitḡe,
 Ní féidur a mín-éorḡ dá ráiḡ
 Tá Thetis pá caor-ḡonnaib rínḡe,
 'S a céile, dá coimḡeacḡ ní náir;
 Phlegon ḡan éirḡeacḡ, ir Triton,
 ḡréan-Íllar ir cpaoirḡeac 'na láim
 Phaeton aḡ léimniḡ ear líne
 Aḡup cḡeacḡ-ḡealḡ nimneac 'na rál.

20 Mo ḡeapa map rḡeala air an ríḡ-lie,
 Ir éadḡpom le maoidḡam dom ḡo bráḡ,
 Muna d-ḡréiḡḡinn-re paor-ḡuil mo élitḡ
 Air éré-éuilḡ an ḡairiḡ ear bárr;
 Caor éumair éirḡann an paor-rin
 A pḡim-ḡair dob'aoidḡe ró bláḡ,
 Éaḡ-ḡul éuḡ mé-rí ḡo claidḡe,
 'S na céadḡa map rínn uile air lár.

XVI.—This elegy is on Domhnall O'Callaghan, lamented in XV. Its plan reminds one a little of the "Gallus" of Virgil, and the "Lycidas" of Milton. An elegy by O'Lionnan, on John O'Tuomy, appears to be a close imitation of this piece. The metre is the same, and even the same deities are introduced.

3. céir beac = 'bees' wax,' something rich and precious.

4. raiḡeadaḡ, MS., raodaḡ: cf. XV. 1. *Ib.* inleacḡ = 'cunning contrivance, cleverness, strategy': cf. *feuc* an inleacḡ atá 'na cpoide =

XVI.

ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME.

A bitter news that has sorely wounded my heart
 And sent thousands into banishment for ever :
 The bees' wax and pearl of the men of Munster
 Has been shot down by the cunning contrivance of death ;
 Their Cedar, their Caesar, the head of their race,
 Their own ornament, their own constant sword,
 The beauty of mien to all, as all acknowledged, their true prince,
 Their beautiful light by day and night.

The furious demons of the air and the magicians
 10 Cannot be restrained in their fury ;
 Thetis lies stretched beneath fiery waves,
 And it is not unseemly for her spouse to accompany her ;
 Phlegon is without hearing, and Triton,
 Mighty Mars holds a spear in his hand,
 Phaeton leaps beyond his track,
 While a wounding, venomous thorn pierces his heel.

My tears as a seal on the prince-covering stone,
 Trivial is the tribute ever to boast of,
 If I do not pour out the generous blood of my heart
 20 On the clay-coverlet of the matchless chieftain ;
 The flash of Erin's power was this noble,
 Her tallest root-oak in blossom ;
 His death has been my undoing,
 And has laid prostrate hundreds like me.

'see the cunning that is in his heart.'

6. aon τ-ῥλαḁτ, ῥλαḁτ = 'finish, ornament, what makes comfortable'; obair ῥλαḁτmar = 'finished work,' &c. *Ib.* aoin ḁuilḡ = aon colḡ; M muinḁuilḡ; aoin, the pronunciation of aon in Connaught.

13. Phlegon, one of the horses of the sun.
 15. Phaeton, the sun's Charioteer; some MSS. give Etan, others Aeton, which perhaps suits better with Phlegon.

16. Some MSS. give cpaob-ḁealḡ;
 and some read ḁpaoinḡ, for nūinneac.

19. M ḁ-τpeigib-ῥa.
 21. caop ḁumar, cf. caer comhraic = 'brand of battle': *Lismore Lives*, p. 22.

Δο παοβαδαρ πρέαρετα 'γυρ τίορετα,
 Δο έρεαν-τ-πλοισ αν τ-ίρεαλ αν τ-άρδ.
 'Να έαομ-έοδλαδ πέιμ δο βί Typhon
 Γυρ léim δ'εαρβαίδ ταοιδε αιρ αν τ-ράιξ ;
 Πέιρετε na m-beul ηγορμ είορ-δουβ
 30 Γυρ léiγεαδαρ δίοδ uile αν τ-ρνάμ,
 Δο η-είρδεαδ na δέιτε cé αν ρίοξ-πλαίτ
 Δο ραορ-έλανнай Μίλεαδ φυαιρ βάρ.

Δο βεαρτ Ελίοδνα όη γ-εαρραιξ m-bán γρυαγαίξ
 Γυρ b'έ ρεαβας άρδ Έluana γιλ μίν,
 Εεαρ ρίοξδα Εαιριλ, άρδ-έuaile
 Ó Έeallaέáιη uαpαl 'pa ρίol,
 βρατ δίona αιρ Εαλλαίβ lá αν έρυαταίη
 Δο έορнайη le ερυαρ ηιρε ιρ ελαιοδμ,
 Εοιρ λαοι έεαρ μαρβ τά αιρ φυαρεδ,
 40 Μο έεαλξ βάιρ έρυαίδ γυιρε, αρ ρί.

Δο ργρεαδ Αοιβίλλ έαίλce ρά Όοιηαίη
 Δο έρεαργυιρ a δεόρα αιρ αν δ-τοίηη ;
 Δο γλαε βίοδγαδ ιρ ρεαργ βάιρ Ιόβα
 Αγυρ αιηγίλ γο δεοραέ αγ εαοι ;
 Αη γεαλ-ηηρε a γ-εαταίρ βρεάξ γλόρηαρ
 Έυξ ρεαρηη ρτάιτ μόρ δο 'γυρ είορ ;
 Α μεαργ ηαοίη ατά άηαη ρά ηόρ-έιοη
 Ιρ ρεαρηα μαρ λόν δο 'νά ραοιγεαλ.

ΑΝ ΡΕΑΡΤ-ΛΑΟΙ.

Α ηαρρηαιρ-λεαε γλαρ, ρά αρ λεαγαδ εαρα Έλαίρ γαοδάλ,
 50 Δά b-ρεαρηαδ ηεαέ cé'η πλαίτ ρο ταίρηεαδ ράδ' έαοβ,
 Αβαίρ γο ρρεαρ ná ραν αγ αγαιτ ράν ργέαλ,
 Ua Έeallaέáιη εεαρτ ιρ mac Uí Έeallaέáιη έ.

25. παοβαδαρ, cf. παοβαίδ ργαμαίη, XXII. 5. 37. Ealla, the place of his ancient patrimony, now Duhallow.

39. He was buried at Kilcrea, which is near the Lee.

43. Ioba, M Joseph, another MS. Iova.

are obscure. A έάίδ έόιρ, for ρτάιτ μόρ ; the island meant, perhaps = the

38. Α ερυαίδ-ηιρε a έλαίδμ.

41. Αοιβίλλ, M Sybil.

45-46. These lines

Heaven and earth have torn themselves asunder,
 The low has fiercely swallowed up the high,
 Typhon lay in a soft, lovely sleep,
 Until he leaped on the shore through the absence of the tide ;
 The black, blue-mouthed sea-serpents,
 30 All ceased from their swimming
 That the gods might hear what royal prince
 Of the noble race of Milesius had died.

Clíodhna, from the white fairy rock, said
 That it was the noble warrior of bright Clonmeen,
 A royal chieftain of Cashel, a high branch,
 The noble O'Callaghan and his seed,
 The protecting robe of Ealla in the day of distress
 Protecting with the vigour of his strength and sword,
 Who lies beside the Lee, in the south, cold in death ;
 40 O bitter piercing sting of death to me, said she.

The chalk-white Aoibhill screamed in grief for Domhnall,
 She poured her tears on the waves,
 Ioba started and was seized by a deadly frenzy,
 And angels tearfully lamented ;
 The fair Island gave him, as he dwelt in a beautiful glorious city,
 Large estate-lands and rents ;
 His soul is amid the saints in high esteem,
 And this is better as a possession than worlds.

THE EPITAPH.

O gray marble stone, beneath which the beloved of the land of the
 Gael lies low,
 50 Should someone inquire what chieftain is this who is treasured
 beneath thy side,
 Reply readily, nor delay in discoursing on the tidings,
 The true O'Callaghan and the son of the O'Callaghan is he.

Inismore of XV. 152. Inismore, or the Great Island, is perhaps that in Cork Harbour, on which Queenstown stands. The Cotters owned this island in the seventeenth century. O'Callaghan lived at Mount Allen, county Clare.

47. naorh = naorh, spelled according to Connaught pronunciation.

49. mapmair ; a mapbil, a mopbuill, &c., are variants.

XVII.

AIR BÁS INUIRĊEARTAIḠ UÍ ḠRÍOBĊTA.

A báir, do ruḡair Muirċeartaċ uainn;

Ró déiḡeanaċ an uain do ċáċ;

Fuadaiḡ ḡo ppear Taḡḡ don ċill,

A deiḡilt leir ní cuiċe ḡo bráċ.

Ḡo bráċ, a ḡarb-leac, ceanḡuil le dúċraċt ríor
An fánaċ plearḡuiḡ lér cpeaċaḡ ḡo dubaċ an tír;
A ḡ-ċár ḡo b-ppeabpaḡ ó Achepon ċuḡainn aníor
Páirḡ ḡo bainḡion an paille, ar bríuḡ a ċroiċe.

10 Croiċe ḡan aċ-ṡpuaiḡe, ḡan ṡaire,
Ċiriceaċ fuair báir bíogċta,
Tá pe a n-irpionn dá ríanaḡ,
Ioir rḡata diaċal dá ḡríoraḡ.

Tá ḠríobĊta air rpuċ rín Styx ḡo raon, laḡ, pann,
Ir na mílte bpuinnḡiol an' róċuir air ċaoċ don aċainn,
A ḡroiċe-ċopp rín fá lie ir baol dá rḡpaċaḡ
Príomċoin uile le nín dá ḡaopaḡ ir deamain.

XVII.—In his satire on Cronin, our author handles the subject of this fierce poem severely. He also refers to him in XIII., and II. Murtagh Griffin was administrator to Helen, wife of Nicholas, Lord Kenmare. He had been originally a Catholic. In a "Book of Claims" (1701), concerning the lands forfeited, in 1688, we have the following entry: "Murtogh Griffin, gent., as Administrator to Dame Helen Browne, and on behalf of Sir Valentine Browne, and the rest of the children of the said Helen, claims £400 per annum, and the arrears thereof, on the whole of Sir Valentine Browne's estate, by a reversing clause in the act of Parliament." He appears to be the person who was Clerk of the Common Pleas, to whom a long letter on the state of Kerry was written by Maurice Hussey, February 28th, 1712. See *Old Kerry Records*, second series, p. 139. The strong language of this poem indicates the feeling that prevailed in those days against those who rose on the ruin of the great nobles.

XVII.

ON THE DEATH OF MUIRHEARTACH O'GRIFFIN.

Thou has taken Muirheartach from us, O death,
 Too late is the time for everyone ;
 Snatch Tadhg quickly from us to the churchyard,
 It is not fitting to separate him from him for ever.

For ever, O rude stone, bind down with zeal
 The wandering rake by whom the country has been wofully
 despoiled ;
 Lest he might come back to us suddenly from Acheron,
 Press the villain tightly and bruise his heart.

A heart pitiless and without mercy,
 10 A heretic who met with a sudden death,
 He is in hell tortured
 Roasted among a band of demons.

Griffin is feeble, weak, and helpless, in the stream of Styx,
 Accompanied by thousands of maidens at the river's marge ;
 His great body is beneath the stone, and chafers mangle it,
 While the primal hounds of evil, and demons, execute his
 damnation with bitterness.

2. Ταδῆ, Tadhg Dubh O'Cronin. In a severe personal satire on Cronin, the poet connects him with Griffin in an unenviable manner. Griffin has the task allotted to him of selecting a new nobility from among the rustics in the room of those who had been banished, while Tadhg looks after the 'Parliament.'

10. βάρ βίοντα, a sudden or startling death. Μ βιονταῶ.

11-12. ὄριοναδ is quite as suggestive as ὄριοντα. A gives the chain word, for 11-12 it has

“ Νί λέρ ιρριονν δά ριανὰδ
 Μυρδέαρεταῖ ιαλῖμαρ Ο ὄριονα.”

15. A deviation from MS. reading has been necessary in this line.

Deamain iḡḡinn do puaiḡ

 Ṫuḡ baṫ an ḡuail air a ḡné ;

D' iaiḡ Peaḡar an doḡur roime,

20 'S do éuaiḡ ríor ḡo tiz na n-baor.

Ó ḡaorair Shioṫt Éibir baḡ roilbir clá,

Iḡ le caoḡ-éumann cléipe ḡo ḡuḡair do éú ;

O r'éanair mac Šéamuir, le fuirinn na mionn,

A r'éirt uile, ní leun liom a n-iḡḡionn tá.

AN CEANḡAL.

Réu' ḡoile tá, a peaḡair-leac, amur tap Sionainn éáinḡ ;

R'éirt éruinnigṫe ḡeall ḡaṫ ḡann-boiṫt bḡirṫe éráiḡṫe ;

Peacaṫ cuirpe meall ḡaṫ peaḡ-bean éuigṫe tárlaiḡ ;

Iḡ béal clirḡe éum mionn do táḡairṫ a ḡ-coinne an pápa.

Maor cuirpe ceannṫair ḡ'ḡeallrḡḡior cinead Óáṫaṫ,

30 Iḡ caoḡ-ionad an ṫ-peaḡaic ón leamain dá nḡoiriḡ Paṫṫur,

ḡaor-ḡeapann éall, 'na ḡeall ro, éuigṫe tárlaiḡ ;

Sé ṫroiḡṫe ḡo ḡann do Šeampull Óille h-Áirne.

22. caoḡ-éumann cléipe = 'the Catholic Church.' 27. peacaṫ is a syllable too long, and does not give assonance; perhaps réic is the true reading.

31. M Ó tárlaiḡ ; A iḡ, for ro, and iḡḡionn, for ḡeapann, which suits assonance better. If we read iḡḡionn, then 32 should begin 'S ré, &c. ; and éall, in 31, will = 'in the other world,' which may be the meaning in either case.

The demons of hell he put to flight

Which made his countenance of the colour of coal;

Peter shut the door against him,

20 And he went down to the house of the condemned.

Since thou didst condemn the race of Eibhear of pleasant fame,

And didst turn thy back on the fair company of the clergy,

Since thou didst desert the son of James for a blaspheming band,

Thou serpent of evil, I grieve not that thou art in hell.

THE BINDING.

Beneath thy maw, O stout stone, lies a reprobate who came across
the Shannon;

A serpent who embezzled the pledges of every poor ruined
helpless man;

A wicked sinner who deceived the slender maidens who came in
his way;

Lips skilled in pronouncing imprecations against the Pope.

Wicked steward of a barony, who plundered deceitfully the
MacCarthys,

30 And the fair seat of the warrior from the land which is called
Parthus,

In reward for this, dear is yonder demesne he possesses,

Six scarce feet of the Killarney Church.

XVIII.

AIR BÓRÓGAI B DO BRONNAO AIR.

Do fuarap reóide ip leór a m-bpeáḡtaét,
 Dá bróig éaoime míne bláeta,
 Don leatap do bí ran beapbairpe báin éap,
 Ip tuḡadap loingior Ríḡ Íilip tap ráile ;

Dá bróig ríorḡoiḡḡe ríobanta bearréta ;
 Dá bróig buana a o-tuapḡaint lán-énoc ;
 Dá bróig leapaiḡḡe beapnao ḡo bláétmar ;
 Dá bróig díona air ííoc na m-bánta ;

10 Dá bróig íaopa éadtpom íárḡéta ;
 Dá bróig íocapa a ḡorḡaib le námaio ;
 Dá bróig éana, ḡan capḡap ḡan ráibpe ;
 Dá bróig élipde, ḡan brípeao ḡan beárna ;

Dá bróig éróda órda air áipdib,
 Do rinneao do'n éroicíonn do rḡoḡao don bán-ḡruiḡ,
 An bó do bí dá díon air íáraé,
 Do bí dá páipeao aḡ an b-paḡaé ḡo lán-éapḡ.

Do bí Phoebur tréimpe a ḡḡráo di,
 ḡup éup Ceadmup a lionn dub 'na deaḡaio rin,
 ḡup ḡoio í 'pan oioḡe b'áille,
 20 Ó éeann céao rúl an trú boḡḡ ḡráнна.

XVIII.—This curious poem is taken from a scribbling-book belonging to Og Michael O'Longan, and bearing date, 1785. A few emendations have been made from a MS. in R. I. Academy. The date of composition is given in the latter as "about 1724." The O'Donoghue here lauded seems to be Domhnall O'Donoghue Dubh, the father of Finneen, the subject of XI.

17. a ḡḡráo di: the usual expression is a ḡḡráo léi. *Ib.* In this reference to Phœbus and the cow, there is a confusion of two myths. 1°. Zeus, not Phœbus, stole Europa, the sister of Cadmus, who was sent by his father, Agenor, in search of her. After consulting the oracle of Delphi, he was directed to

XVIII.

ON A PAIR OF SHOES PRESENTED TO HIM.

I have received jewels of conspicuous beauty :
 A pair of shoes, fair, smooth, handsome,
 Of leather that was in white Barbary in the south,
 And which the fleet of King Philip brought over the sea ;

A pair of shoes, neat, decorated, well-trimmed ;
 A pair of shoes, durable, in stamping on great hills ;
 A pair of shoes that repair breaches beautifully ;
 A pair of shoes that are a protection from the roughness of the
 meads ;

A pair of shoes, of high quality, light, closely-fitting ;
 10 A pair of shoes, steady, in encounters with a foe ;
 A pair of shoes, slender, without folds, or welts ;
 A pair of shoes, nimble, without seam, or gap ;

A pair of shoes, valiant, splendid in public places ;
 A pair of shoes, made of the hide torn from the white cow,
 The cow that was guarded in a desert place,
 And watched over by a giant with great care.

Phœbus for a season was in love with her,
 So that he put Cadmus into black melancholy after her,
 Until he stole her, on a most beautiful night,
 20 From the hundred-eyed head, the poor, ugly monster.

follow a certain kind of cow, and to build a town on the spot where she should sink of exhaustion. As he wished to sacrifice the cow he sent for water to the well of Ares, whose guardian dragon slew the messengers. Thereupon Cadmus slew the dragon. 2°. Zeus had converted Io into a white heifer, but Hera, discovering the plot and obtaining command of the heifer, set Argus Panoptes to watch her. But Zeus commanded Hermes to put Argus to death and deliver Io. The story in the text is a curious mixture of both fables. Zeus is confounded with Apollo, Cadmus with Hermes, and Io with Europa.

18. Ceadmup, for Cadmup : like Ceapolup, for Capolup.

ἄρῳα ἀν ἐποιεῖν νί βῳγαῖο le βάρτιζ,
 ἱρ νί ἐρῳαῖο τῆρβαῖ α m-ḃappa ná α m-ḃάλτα,
 Νί léanann ḡaot̃ α ρḡéim̃ ná n-ḃeállp̃aḃ
 Νί éiz̃ ap̃ta ἱρ νί ἐραπαῖο le lán-τῆρ.

Ἀν ḡuair̃e ρnaḃmaiz̃ α larḡa 'pa pála,
 ḡuair̃e clúim̃ an túir̃ ḃob áille,
 Τῷ clanñ Τuir̃eanñ τῆρ uir̃ḡe 'na n-ár̃t̃aḃ
 Cum̃ luḡaῖo ḃo bí lúēm̃ap̃ láir̃oir̃.

30 ἄρῳα β'ῆappa νίop̃ éeapaḃap̃ ḃáim̃e,
 ἱρ νί ḃ-ῑuair̃ Aicil̃ α pañail̃ pe pár̃taḃt̃,
 Ἀν oir̃peaḃt̃ t̃uḡ t̃p̃eiz̃eab̃ air̃ Ajax,
 Νί ḃ-ῑuair̃ iab̃, ciḃ ḃiañ α p̃áir̃ḃte.

Ἀν meanaῖt̃ lér̃ pollaḃ añ ep̃oic̃ionñ p̃o p̃áir̃ḃim̃ liḃ,
 Ὁ ρinneaḃ ḃoñ ἐρῳaῖo ḃaḃ ἐρῳaῖḃe ḃá ḃ-τáim̃iz̃,
 Seaḃt̃ ḡ-céaḃ bliab̃aiñ na ḃiaḃail̃ ḃo ḃáḃap̃
 Ἀḡ ḃéanaim̃ ḃeiz̃ le ceiz̃ ḃolc̃ánuir̃.

40 Αἱρ̃ ḃῑuaḃaῖb̃ Acheroñ ḃ'earḡair̃ añ enáib̃ ḃub̃,
 'S α ρñfoim̃ le caill̃eaḃaῖb̃ cuiḃeaḃta Atrops̃,
 Léρ̃ p̃uaḡaḃ peḃoir̃ na m-ḃr̃ḡa n-ḃeápp̃ḡnaḃ
 le com̃aḃta ḃῑaoiḃeaḃta añ t̃p̃ir̃ ḃañ ápp̃a.

Ὁ ḃáḃap̃ p̃ealaḃ ḃá ḡ-eeapaḃ ḃo Ὀáriuρ̃,
 Νó ḡo ρuḡ Alar̃ḃpum̃ ḃappa na ḡ-eeárp̃o leir̃,
 Ὁ ḃáḃap̃ t̃p̃éim̃pe aḡ Caep̃ap̃ láir̃oir̃,
 ḡup̃ ḡoiḃeaḃ ḃῑéaḡa añ t̃-ῑaoḡaῖl̃ ḃá lán-t̃p̃oiz̃.

Ὁ ḃáḃap̃ t̃p̃éim̃pe aḡ ḃéiḃib̃ Páil̃be,
 Ἀḡ ἱρ̃ clúim̃ail̃ 'r̃ aḡ luḡaῖo na lán-ḃῑeaḃ,
 Ἀḡ ḃoḃḃ̃ ḃeap̃ḡ, ḃaḃ t̃aca le náim̃aῖo,
 ἱρ̃ aḡ ḃalap̃ bémm̃ionñ éaḃtaḃ aḃḃῑaḃ.

28. lúēm̃ap̃ : A lúbaḃ. 31. The defeat of Ajax, in the contest with Ulysses for the shield of Achilles, caused his death. See *Odyssey*, Bk. XI.

Shoes of this hide, they do not soften by rain ;
 Nor do hot seasons harden their tops, or their welts ;
 Winds do not mar their beauty, or their lustre ;
 They do not shrink, or shrivel, through excessive heat.

The bristle that bound their edges, and their heels,
 Was a bristle of feathers of the finest incense,
 Which the children of Tuireann brought in their bark across
 the sea,
 To Lughaidh, who was vigorous and strong.

Shoes more perfect poets have not feigned ;
 30 Nor did Achilles get the like of them for comfort
 In his legacy, which brought pain on Ajax ;
 He did not get them, vehemently though he declaimed.

The awl that pierced this hide I tell you of,
 Was made of steel the best tempered that could be procured ;
 Seven hundred years were the demons
 Fashioning the point with the skewer of Vulcan.

On the brink of Acheron grew the black hemp,
 Spun by the hags of the band of Atropos,
 By which the borders of the beauteous shoes were sewn
 40 Through the magical power of the three aged women.

They were for a time being fitted up for Darius,
 Until Alexander carried off the perfection of the arts ;
 For a season they were possessed by the mighty Cæsar,
 Until the ornaments of the world were stolen from off his power-
 ful feet.

They were for a time in the possession of the gods of Failbhe,
 Of the renowned Lir, of Lughaidh of vast spoils ;
 Of Bodhbh Dearg, a stay against the foe ;
 Of Balar, of the blows, the renowned in deeds, the fortunate.

38. Atrops = Atropos, one of the Fates.

40. άρρα. Α λάοιρ.

50 A m-bruiğin maighe Séanaib ír fada do báðar,
 Að Aoiðill 'r ađ ðraoiðib árpa;
 A n-uaéтар ní éaiтo ní éaillib a n-deallpañ,
 Do fuapar iad ón b-fial-pear páilteaé.

Domnall cneapda mac Cátail do ráiðim lib,
 Turcallaé fíor, ír таοιρεаé aðbpaé,
 Do póp an Ġleanna ná peacað dá námaib,
 Do bponn doimra na bróga breáğéta.

Ní'l galap ná leigirpib, tpeigib ná lán-éирт,
 Cíaé ná pearğ ná peacað le pánaib,
 Tapт ná ġopтa, ná ocpar epáiðтe,
 60 Peannaib ná pian ná diaéair báir-bpuid.

Ionnta do riépeað Orđar ðaé beapna,
 A n-ğleðiðtib 'r a ġ-comipac námaib;
 Ģoll mac Mópna, ġéap móp a éail rin,
 A n-iapeéт bað mian map éaé leip.

Ağ Cúrí do biðap ráite,
 Ír ađ Cúculainn Muipceimne bað éábaéтаé,
 Ağ Meaðb Cpuaéna do buaðað báipe,
 Ír ađ Niall Ģlún-buib, ír ađ Conall Cearnaé.

70 A ġ-Cluain Tapb ír deapb ġup báðar,
 Ağ ðunlamğ do bí rúğaé rápda;
 'S dá n-iaðað pé a n-iall 'r a bpárğað air,
 Do béappað Mupchað ón iomağ rin plán leip.

An tí do paib ír pear a éaile,
 bile do ġpian-plioéт Píanna ír Páilbe
 Do íaoiðib Cáiril, bað pearða, páilteaé,
 Ģuğ doimra na bróga breáğéta.

49. Seanuib, *sic* A: another MS. gives Samb as a correction.

55. The O'Donoghues of Glenflesk: see Introd., also XLIX.

56. In prose the phrase is do bponn opm-pa.

58. peacað le pánaib: variants are pala pe pánuib, paicaille air pánað. 61. M, Ionna pañail do riéaé an т-uirğe air ðaé beapnain.

Long were they in the fairy mansion of Magh Seanaibh ;
 50 They belonged to Aoibhill, and to the ancient magicians ;
 They wear not their uppers out, nor lose their appearance ;
 It was a hospitable, generous man who bestowed them on me.

Domhnall the polite, the son of Cathal, is the man I speak of,
 A true hero, a fortunate chieftain,
 Of the race of the Glen, who knew not to retreat before their
 enemies ;
 It was he who presented me with the beautiful shoes.

There is no disease, or pain, or sore affliction they will not cure ;
 No asthma, or frenzy, or falling sickness ;
 No thirst, or starvation, or gnawing hunger ;
 60 No tribulation, or torment, or evil of death-bondage.

In them would Osgar run upon every gap,
 In battles and fights with the enemy ;
 Goll mac Morna, though great his fame,
 Yearned for the loan of them, as all others did.

Cúrí had them for a quarter ;
 And Cuchulainn of Muirthemhne, who was valiant ;
 And Meadhbh of Cruachan, who used to win the goal ;
 And Niall Glun-Dubh ; and Conall Cearnach ;

In sooth they were on the plain of Clontarf ;
 70 Dunlaing had them there, who was joyous and contented ;
 Could he but have tied their thongs and fastened them upon him,
 He would have brought Murchadh safe with him from that conflict.

Conspicuous is the fame of the man who gave them,
 A chief of the sun-bright race of the Fianna and of Failbhe,
 Of the nobles of Cashel, who were hospitable and manly ;
 He it was who bestowed on me those splendid shoes.

70. Dunlaing. Dunlaing O'Hartigan came late to the battle of Clontarf, being delayed by the fairies. He came to meet certain death, and foreknew that Murchadh would also fall.

Cioð tá pe pealað paol ðallaið ag áitpeað,
 Níor ðoðluim uaða cpaar ná epáðteaðt,
 Ní'l einnteaðt 'na epoiðe ná cáim aip,
 80 Aðt dúðeap maið a ðean ag páp leip.

Peap pialmað ip pial le dáime,
 Peap epéiðteað náð epéið a cáipðe,
 Peap bponntað tabapðae páið-ðlie,
 Peap pocap puilt náð ðoipðeac ðáiðteað.

Ní peanðap bpéiðe a pðéið ðo h-ápv aip
 Oðt píð ðéag ðo'n ppeim ó ð-ðáimð
 Ðo bí ag ppað a n-iaðaib Páilðe
 Ó Éap t-poluip ðo Ðonchað ðeáðteað,

AN CEANĞAL.

Ip toða peðiðe mo bpóða ip ní copmuil píú puinn;
 90 Ip cóip iad aip pðaið na nðopm úp líoð;
 Póippeð mo bpón-ða cé ðoilð ðuðae pinn
 Ðup toðað ðaimpa le Ðomnall Ó Ðonchaða boinn.

88. M ó captallop. A ó Éap t-poluip.

91. In one MS. (R.I.A.) this line is erased, and the following substituted:—

“poguil pð-ðuippe beð ðonap cioð ðoilð ðuðae pinn.”

Though he has long been dwelling with the English,
He learned from them nor churlishness, nor ill-humour ;
There is no stinginess in his heart, nor has he a fault,
80 But the hereditary goodness of his ancestors grows with him.

A generous man, hospitable to the bards ;
A virtuous man, who has not abandoned his friends ;
A bestower, a contributor, of philosophical mind ;
A sober, joyous man, who is not querulous or cruel.

It is not spreading abroad a lying pedigree of him
To say that there were eighteen kings of the race from which he
sprang
Ruling in the lands of Failbhe,
From Cas of the light to Donnchadh the good.

THE BINDING.

My shoes are choicest jewels, many are not like them ;
90 They are an ornament on roads of the fresh-cut, blue stones ;
It will be a relief to my sorrow, sad and wretched though I am,
That Domhnall O'Donoghue has chosen soles for me.

XIX.

AIR BÁS DÁUSON.

Raoi lár na lice ro cupéa tód an olla-íarτ peaíar,
 Dó éráíð le dliḡcib an fúiríonn bað múníc ríam teann;
 Dó b'féáppbe mipe, ír ḡac n-duine atá fulanḡ rían ḡall,
 An báρ dā rḡiobað tód tuilleað ír píce bliaðain ann.

Cuinnib ḡo lom fáð' bonn a ḡairb-leac mór
 An murḡuire pallra dó meabruíḡ ḡanḡuib ír rḡóíḡ,
 Le dliḡcib na nḡall éuḡ rḡannrað air úanba ír tóir,
 Ír ḡo bfeiceam-na an t-am beíð fán raímaíl ro a maípeann
 d'á pór.

An maírb ro feuc, mo léan! náρ pmaétaiḡ a éoil;
 10 Ír maíḡ dó éréiḡ Mac Dé ír maíρ ḡeabap náρ ḡoil,
 A maírb ní h-éacτ 'r an méib náρ maírb ní boécτ,
 Acτ ḡur maírb é féin maíρ aon idir anam ír corp.

Ír ionḡa maírb dó maírb an maírb ro fúτ-ra, a líoḡ,
 Ír maíḡ don maírb-ro maíρpeað le rún a éroiðe,
 Maírb dó maírb na maírb ír náρ ionnḡaiḡ rliḡe,
 'Sír maírb é an maírb ro a n-Acheron rúíḡte ríor.

XIX.—Seaghan Claragh Mac Donnell has written a poem on the same subject as the above. It is longer and far fiercer than O'Rahilly's.

4. dīaḡal of MSS. does not suit metre; a milder word like báρ suits.

6. rḡóíḡ = 'the neck,' hence 'servitude' (?).

15. dō maírb na maírb: cf. aḡ bruaḡað na maírb, VIII. 23.

XIX.

ON THE DEATH OF DAWSON.

Underneath the middle of this stone is laid the sleek serpent,
Who harassed with enactments a people long in prosperity ;
Better had it been for me, and for all who suffered hardships
from the English,
Had death snatched him away more than a score of years ago.

O great, strong stone, hold tightly beneath thy foot,
The false tyrant who planned deceit and servitude,
Who brought destruction and rout on Banba by English laws,
And may we see the time when all of his race who survive shall
lie beneath stones like thee.

Lo ! this dead man, alas, who subdued not his will ;
10 Woe to him who abandoned the Son of God and did not weep
like Peter ;
His death is no loss, and those whom he killed not are the richer
for it ;
But he, for one, is dead as regards both soul and body.

Many dead did he do to death, he who lies in death beneath
thee, O stone !
Woe to the dead man who should live with the secrets of his
heart ;
A dead man who slew the dead, and changed not his ways,
And this dead is now dead sucked down into Acheron.

XX.

TIONÓL NA B-PEAR MUINNNEAC.

Aḡ riubal dam air bpuigionta na Muínan mór b-timéioll
 Do éuaḡamar 'r an ḡeinnpeaḡ éuaḡ éorainn,
 Do bí Tuacal Ó Rínn ann, ir ḡorḡall Ó Cuínn ann,
 Ir pluaiḡte pear Muínnneac na b-poḡair;
 Do bí ḡruaḡa ir ḡraoiḡte ann, uairle aḡur írle
 Iona n-uaine a m-buiḡe ir a nḡorm;
 Ir ḡan ruainne air an m-buiḡin rin anuar aḡt bpuir ríḡa,
 O éluaraiḡ a maḡile ḡo copaiḡ.

Do bí Ó Néill ann, Ó Doínnail, Ó Conéubair 'ra plóḡte
 10 Mac Capḡaiḡ mór ir Mac Cpuimḡain;
 Do bí tiḡearna típe Eoḡain ann, Ó brian ceapḡ na bḡiríne;
 Mac Caḡáin, Mac Cḡa aḡur tuilleaḡ;
 Trí ríḡiḡ cḡirir, naoi ríḡiḡ reḡmra,
 Tríḡeaḡ ríḡ copḡíneac tap tonna,
 Aḡt ní raiḡ ríḡ Seoipre ann, ná aonneaḡ dá pḡr-pan,
 'Nár ḡ-cuibḡionn, 'nár ḡ-cḡir, nó 'nár ḡ-cumann.

Do bí bpuínaḡ Loḡ Léin ann, ir bpuínaḡ na h-Éile;
 An Duíic ir a ḡaolḡa rin uile;
 Bí an búpeaḡ, 'ran Léipeaḡ, Ó Duḡa 'ran Céitḡneac,
 20 'San Cúppaḡ puair ḡéilleaḡ a ḡ-cúḡe Ulaḡ.
 Ó Londain tiḡ rḡméirle, cap-ḡrúbaḡ an bḡil buiḡ,
 Ir rúba an tobaḡ bḡéin air a plucaḡ,
 Cúir rpuína air ár laocpaiḡ le púḡar ir le pléaraiḡ
 Ir cúḡear nḡor téarḡaiḡ dáḡ b-puipinn.

XX.—This interesting song, composed to a beautiful air, has come down by oral tradition. There are two copies of it in the Royal Irish Academy; one is modern, made by the late Nicholas O'Kearney. He inserts his own family name, in line 12, for Mac Cḡa, of the older copy. Some of those allusions in the poem are obscure, but it appears to have reference to the expected rising in favour of the Pretender, soon after the accession of George I.

1. air = 'amongst, from one to one'; the order perhaps is aḡ riubal dam

XX.

THE ASSEMBLY OF MUNSTERMEN.

In my wanderings among the fairy mansions, throughout Munster
 Went I, in the winter that has just passed ;
 With me there were Tuathal O'Rinn, and Gordall O'Quinn,
 And hosts of Munster men in their company ;
 There were druids, and magicians, the noble, and the lowly,
 In their various colours of green, of yellow, and of blue ;
 Nor did the band wear any other covering by night,
 Than silken coverlets from the ears of their head to their feet.

There were O'Neill, and O'Donnell, and O'Connor, and their hosts,
 10 MacCarthy Mor, and MacCrimhthain,
 There was the lord of Tyrone, the true O'Brien of the Borumha,
 MacCahan, MacGillycuddy, and many besides ;
 There were three score festive bands, nine score apartments,
 And thrice ten crowned monarchs from over the main ;
 But King George was not there nor any of his family,
 Taking part with us, or present with us, or in our company.

There was Brown from Lough Lein, and Brown from Eile,
 The Duke, and his relatives, in full muster ;
 There was De Burgh, De Lacy, O'Dowd, and Keating,
 20 And De Courey, who obtained sway in the province of Ulster.
 From London comes a clown, cantankerous, club-footed, of black
 mouth,
 With the juice of foul tobacco on his cheeks,
 Who dispersed our heroes, with powder and shot,
 Nor did five of our band escape.

αιρ ηρησιονα, δο εσαδαμαρ μορ δ-τιμειολλ na Muirhan.

3. O'Curry (MS. Cat. R.I.A.) thinks this poem has reference to some political movement in Munster, in which the Celtic and Anglo-Irish families were to take part.

21. ημεριπλε. The allusion is obscure. The individual here referred to appears to be the "Roibin" of Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis," who is called 'Robin an tobac,' and an 'oḡlaō ḡallda.'

Ó bhríotó tigh ceann cuir ađ leiđear air an đ-campa

Trí h-ađarca 'đur peam air mar éluinim ;

Ní raib leiđear air đan ađpar, đur đđinn opđa clađpa,

Nó claiđpe đan ceann le ríđ đilib.

Leiđean pe ceann cuir le tráidđ ip tríd beann air,

30 Leiđear air ó đpancaé ní ruđ ran ;

Đo ríot-đpuidđe Ónoic Samna níop điođaoim đam ađail dul

bíonn ríonta 'đur bpanđa aca an iomađ.

Tigh an pápa 'ran éleip éeapc a láđair an éiridđ,

Iona láim đear bíonn céip ađur coimniol ;

Tigh bláđ air na đéađail ip đ'páilcigh an ppéip đlan

Roim đpápa líic Dé do éeacđ éuđainn ;

Tigh an pánuidđe đan aon loct (ciđ ráidđteap leip bpeáđa)

'Na lán-éumair caom-đlan dá ionađ ;

baíđpíđ pé an tréađa éuđ táir ađur béim do,

40 Ip ní ráidđim-pe ann rúđ aon ruđ na éoinnib.

25. The Owl seems to represent the British Navy: for *campa* the older MS. has *camđpuib*. The whole stanza, 25-32, is obscure.

27. *leiđear*, the older MS., *peidim*. *Ib*. *clađpa* = a scratcher. Why is the same thing called a 'clađpa' and a 'claiđpe đan ceann'? A crying child is sometimes called a *clađpa*.

33-40. The triumph of the Pretender is described, and the calumnies regarding his parentage scornfully alluded to.

From Bristol there came an Owl to relieve the camp,

He had three horns and a tail, as I hear ;

Doubtless there was no help for it, till there sprang upon them a
scratcher,

Or a headless vagabond, belonging to King Philip.

He sends the Owl, with his three horns, adown the tide,

30 Nor could he receive any aid from the French ;

For one like me it was no idle journey to the fairy mansion of
Cnoc Samhna,

They are wont to have wines and brandies in great abundance.

The Pope with the true clergy comes to where the destruction
was wrought ;

In his right hand he held a seal (wax) and a candle ;

The boughs burst forth into blossom, and a cloudless heaven
welcomes

The grace of the Son of God which is come unto us ;

Comes the wanderer without a blemish—though he has been evil
spoken of—

To his rightful place in his full power and pure beauty ;

He will submerge the band who despised and struck at him,

40 And for that I will say nothing against him.

XXI.

AN FÍLE AR LEABAID A BÁIS AG SGRIÓBÁD SUS A
 ÉARAID IAR N-DUL A N-ÉADÓCÁS DO A G-CÚISID
 ARIÚGTE.

Caibair ní góirfead go g-cuirtear me a g-cpuinn-éomhairinn,
 'S dár an leabair dá ngoirpinn níor góirde an níó éom-pa,
 Ár g-coñac uile glac-éumapac síl Éogain,
 Ir tollta a g-cuirle ar d'iméig a m-bríog air feoéad.

Do éonn-éirí m'méinn, d'iméig mo ppríoméócar,
 Poll am' ionaéar, biopanna trím' érólan,
 Ár b-ponn ár b-foirín ár monga 'r ár mion-éomgair,
 A ngeall re pinéinn ag fuirinn ó éríoc Dover.

Do boéar an t-Sionainn, an lípe, 'r an laoi éolmair,
 10 Abainn an biopra éuib, bpuice, ir bpríog, éóinne,
 Com loé Dúig 'na puide, ir Tuinn Éóime,
 Ó lom an cuirpeata cluice air an Ríg coróineac.

XXI.—A painful interest attaches to this poem. The author had been reduced to extreme poverty, his lands and cattle and even his house had apparently been seized for rent-charge or some such debt. He lay on his bed of death and thence despatched this epistle to a friend. Every line of it breathes the spirit of unwonted passion. There are two copies of the poem in the Royal Irish Academy and another in the British Museum. The style is abrupt and many of the allusions are obscure. The full title of the poem as given in text is found only in the British Museum copy.

2. dár an leabair, lit. 'by the book,' i.e., the Bible; a common mode of strong assertion.

3. coñac, sing. for pl.

4. an cúirle is a variant (R.I.A.)

7. coñgar, Brit. Museum copy; the two copies, R.I.A., coñgair, which may = 'neighbourhood,' or = 'kinsfolk.' The latter meaning suits best here.

XXI.

THE POET ON HIS DEATH-BED WRITING TO HIS FRIEND,
HAVING FROM CERTAIN CAUSES FALLEN INTO
DESPONDENCY.

I will not cry for help, till I am put into a narrow coffin,
And I swear, if I were to cry, it would not come at my call;
All our chieftains, the strong-handed of the race of Eoghan—
Their strength is undermined, and their vigour gone to decay.

My brain trembles as a wave, my chief hope is gone;
My entrails are pierced through, darts penetrate my heart;
Our land, our shelter, our plains, our fair kinsfolk,
In pledge for a penny to a band from the land of Dover!

The Shannon, the Liffey, and the tuneful Lee are become
discordant,
10 The stream of the black water, of Brick, of the Bride, and the
Boyne,
The waist of Lough Derg and Tonn Toime are turned red
Since the knave completely won the game from the crowned king.

8. Unfortunately we are ignorant of the precise transaction he refers to;
pínġinn, a 'penny,' hence, a 'trifle.'

9. do boðap, was discordant like a bell out of tune.

10. bpinġib may be taken as poet. gen. after abainn or bóinne, poet. nom.
The former seems preferable.

11. B coġam; A com.

12. lom, do lom re cluice seems = 'he won the game even to bareness,' i.e.,
completely. cuipeata = 'Knave' at cards in spoken language. O'R. has
cuipeat. The Knave and King are William III. and James II., respectively:
cf. *Rape of the Lock* :—

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins, oh shameful chance, the Queen of Hearts.

Mo glam ! ír minic do ílim-pe ríor-óeóra ;
 Ír epom mo éubairt, 'rír duine me air míódom épom ;
 Ponn ní éigeann am goipe 'r me ag caoi air bóirib :
 Aét poḡar na muice nó é goin-tear le paiḡeadóipeáct.

ḡoll na Rinne, na Cille, ar epíc Eoḡanaáct,
 Do lom a ḡoile le h-uipearbaið, ar díé éóra,
 An peabac 'ḡ a bpuilib rin uile 'r a ḡ-éíoróipeáct,
 20 Pabap ní éigeann don duine cé ḡaoil dó-ran.

Pán epom-loz, d'iméiḡ air éinead na ríog mórbá,
 Treabann óm ipionnaib uirḡe ḡo rḡím-ḡlórac,
 Ír lonniḡar éuipib mo írpuicib-rí paoinreoga,
 'S an abainn do íleap ó éruipill ḡo caoin-Eoéuill.

Staópad pearba 'rír ḡar dam éaḡ ḡan mail,
 Ó trearḡrad breagáin leamhain, léim, ír laoi,
 Raéad na b-parḡ—le peape na laoc—don éill,
 Na plaéta pá paið mo íean poiḡ éaḡ do éríorð.

16. Does the poet refer to the seizure of a pig for hearth-money or for tithes?

17. ḡoll, B and one MS. R.I.A. have ḡall. The words are pronounced alike. ḡoll is used often like Orḡar, &c., for a hero.

17-20. This stanza is obscure. It seems simplest to take ḡoll and peabac as referring to the same person, and a ḡoile = 'his (that is, my, the poet's) strength,' and similarly, an duine as referring to the poet. Who the ḡoll was is not clear. B has Eoḡanaáct, as in text, for Eoḡain of the other copies, and we know that the poet often spoke of Eoghanacht O'Donoghue simply as the Eoghanacht; cf. XIII. 33; hence, not improbably, reference is to Lord Kenmare, whom he had already attacked (VIII.). Moreover, from 24 *infra* it would seem that the poet at this time was beside some tributary of the Blackwater that may be said to flow from Truipill (a mountain east of Mangerton) to Youghal, or the Blackwater itself, as there is also a place called Truipill near the source of the Blackwater. na Rinne = of Ross promontory (?), na Cille = of Killarney (?).

My groan ! often do I shed copious tears,
 Heavy is my woe, and a man am I under injustice,
 No tune comes near me, as I weep on roads,
 But the screaming of the pig which is wounded by dart-throwing.

The hero of the Rinn, of Kill, and of the land of the Eoghanacht—
 Has wasted his (*i.e.* my) strength by want and injustice !
 The hawk who possesses all these and their rentals—
 20 Does not give favour to the man, though he be his kinsman.

Because of the great ruin that has overtaken the race of the
 proud kings,
 Waters plough their way from my temples with heavy sound !
 High swelling do my fountains give forth streams
 Into the river which flows from Truipill to fair Youghal !

I will cease now ; death is nigh unto me without delay ;
 Since the warriors of the Laune, of Lein, and of the Lee have
 been laid low,
 I will go under their protection—with the beloved among heroes—
 to the graveyard,
 Those princes under whom were my ancestors since before the
 death of Christ.

20. *paðap*, MS. *poðap*. Pronunciation is much the same. Two MSS. give *ðuðeann* ; one copy (R.I.A.) has *ðuðann*, which does not rhyme ; the sense is much the same ; 'favour does not come (from him) to the man,' = 'he does not give favour to the man.'

24. His tears augment the river beside which he is living. It is possible to take this line = 'while I shed a river from Truipill to fair Youghal.'

25-28. This stanza—the last the poet penned—seems to dispose of Edward O'Reilly's statement that the poet was of the Cavan O'Reillys. See Introd.

XXII.

marōna ὀiarmuḁa υἱ laoḡaire an cīllīn.

Cpéad an ríod-ḁpat nīme ro air Fódla,
 ḁeir an t-iarḁar diaḁpac deḁpac?
 An t-euḡ epé ríeib na tonna ḡo ḡlópac,
 Ar d'púḡ an Mīuīa a ḡ-cuīa ḡo bḡónac?

Tá pḡeīm na b-plaiḁear air lapad map lóḁpann,
 Ar pḡaoc na pḡirpḡe aḡ cairmīrt le pḡopḁam,
 Éin a ḡ-cḡeaḁaib le h-anaiḁe an cōmḡaic,
 Ar cpḡeacḁta an talaim aḡ pḡeaḡairt 'r aḡ pḡḡairt.

10 Raobaib pḡamaill īr pḡapaib le pḡppa,
 Táiḁ caopa pḡapa dá ḡ-caiḁeam air bḡiḁrib,
 ḡeim na Sḡealḡ ḡo Ceallaiḁ air cōm-clop,
 A n-bḡiḡ an mairb map mḡeapaib luḁt eḡlaip.

XXII.—The subject of this, perhaps the finest of all the elegies, was Diarmuid O'Leary of Killeen, near Killarney, who died in 1696 according to one MSS. copy of the elegy. He is said to have fought under King James, and is popularly known as Captain O'Leary. There is a Leary, but the Christian name is not given, mentioned as a Lieutenant in Boiselau's regiment of Infantry, in King James's Army, and it is probable that it is the same person.

The country of the O'Learys called Iveleary is wild and mountainous, and extends from Macroom to Inchigeelagh. The chief residence of the O'Learys was Caislean Charra na Curra, which is built on a somewhat elevated rock on the south bank of the Lee, a mile to the east of the present village of Inchigeelagh. The ruins are in a good state of preservation and command an extensive view of the valley of the Lee and the mountains of Iveleary.

The O'Learys had for centuries been followers of the Mac Carthys of Carbery, and the castles described were within easy reach of Dunmanway and Tochar, and marriages between them and the Gleann an Chroim MacCarthys were very frequent.

That the O'Learys were a favourite family with our author is manifest from

XXII.

ELEGY ON DIARMUID O'LEARY OF KILLEEN.

What fairy-covering of bitterness is this on Fodla,
Which makes the western regions sad and tearful?
What the death because of which the waves run noisily,
And which has left Munster dolefully in grief?

The beauty of heaven blazes like a torch;
The violence of the sea struggles with the grassy fields;
Birds are trembling in terror at the fight;
And the ravines of earth reply and make proclamation.

Clouds burst asunder and violently disperse;
10 Showers of berries are poured on the roads;
The groan of the Skelligs is heard at Killybegs;
Lamenting the dead as the learned suppose.

this and from some of his other elegies. Indeed he tells us (XXXV.) that his ancestors lived for a time in Iveleary.

The text here given follows the order of a modern MS. in my own possession. It is the most accurate copy of all as regards arrangement, and is the fullest. There are several other copies of it extant, many of which I have examined, but most of them stumble over the proper names. The greater part of this poem has come down by oral tradition.

In the list of certificates of persons ordered to transplant from Kerry, in 1653, we find the insertion "Arthur Leary of Killeen, gent." who may have been grandfather or uncle to the subject of this elegy. But there is no record of the transplantation.

3-4. These lines may be regarded as an answer to 1-2, or as putting the same question in another way. The latter view is preferable. $\pi\iota\omicron\delta\text{-}\delta\pi\alpha\tau$, *sic* B, Museum copy; most other copies $\pi\iota\omicron\delta\pi\alpha\delta$, which was the word that reached the editor by oral tradition.

11. $\text{Cealla}\pi\delta$, Killybegs in Donegal(?). A metrical translator of this poem (A.D. 1820) took the word = 'the churches.'

Glíad na n-dúl ip cúip a g-comraic,
 Diarmuid pionn 'ran úip mac Domhnaill,
 Capabuncal epú na mór-plaít,
 Ip fearaéú náip pmúin beit peóllta.

20 Ríg-laoé cogaid map ðoll Mac Mórna,
 Prím-geug ronair bað porða dá éomgup
 ðairðídeac na b-fab-pðríob do éoméup
 ðleacuiðe agup caít-míleacð fóipnipt.

Úi 'na leacain bað íamail le rór-luib,
 Ag comearðap caéta le pneacéta 'na lóduib,
 Inleacét peabaic ip aigne leogain,
 'O luigín a baéaip ðo patailt a bðríge :

bað ðríob a b-tpearaib, paol calma epóða,
 Fíocmar neapémair a g-caéaib 'p a g-comlann,
 Ríogac fearðac a g-caipmipet 'p a nðleóitib,
 Namaiðeac, ppeaðpac, fearamíac, fóppac.

30 Ué! mo éiac! mo rían! mo ðeópa!
 Ué ðiaépac tu a Diarmuid míe Domhnaill!
 Mo pðiac-éupað a nðliad-éup, mo leogan,
 Mo épann baðaip, mo éaca 'p mo lóépann.

bðacéaip paop Uí Néill na g-cóigeac,
 Uí bðriain Ara, Uí éealla, 'p Uí éomhnaill,
 Míic na Mapa do paðac na peóide,
 Ap céile cneapða na Carpaige peóltta.

40 bðacéaip pðíðac Míic éáréta míip tu,
 Ap Míic éáréta na blápnan náip leónac,
 Míic éáréta éalla éinn éamib na g-cóirpeac,
 Ap Míic éáréta na Mainge mín macanta móómair,

16. pmúin for pmuain. A man who taught me this poem orally glossed this word by pmuainig.

17. peóllta = peallta, 'treacherous' (?). Most MSS. have póðalta or póðalta, many póltta, some polpa; cf. 94 *infra*; the word in oral version sounded peóllta.

24. Luigín = the little hollow in the skull just above the occiput; tuínn is a variant.

36. Céile na Carpaige, perhaps the lord of Carrignavar, near Cork, a

There is war among the elements ; and the cause of their strife is
That Diarmuid the fair, son of Domhnall, is in the grave,
The carbuncle of the blood of the great chieftains,
And a hero who thought not of being treacherous.

A princely warrior in battle like Goll Mac Morna ;
A prosperous chief branch, the stay of his kinsfolk ;
A hero who made far-extending tracks ;
20 A fighter, and soldier of great might.

The hue of his cheek was like the rose flower
Contending in strife with the driven snow ;
The acuteness of the hawk and the courage of the lion
From the crown of his head to the sole of his shoe.

A griffin in battle ; a noble, bold, and brave ;
Fierce and strong in strife and conflict,
Princely, impetuous, in combat and struggle ;
Hostile, responsive, enduring, forceful.

Ah! my grief! my pain! my tears!
30 Alas! my bitter distress thy loss, O Diarmuid, son of Domhnall!
My shielding champion to engage in battle, my hero,
My threatening staff, my stay, my torch.

Noble kinsman of O'Neill of the Provinces,
Of O'Brien of Ara, of O'Kelly, and of O'Donnell,
Of Mac na Mara, who bestowed jewels,
And of the mild spouse of Carrick of the sails.

The beloved kinsman of MacCarthy Mor wert thou ;
And of MacCarthy of Blarney, the unscathed ;
Of MacCarthy of Ealla, from Kanturk of the feasts ;
40 And of MacCarthy of the Maine, the mild, the gentle, the
courteous.

celebrated branch of the MacCarthys of Muskery ; *peólrta* refers rather to Cork than to Carrignavar. But more probably O'Connor of Carrickfoyle is meant.

38. The MacCarthys of Muskery are also called of Blarney and of the Lee.

39. *Óinn bóinn*, Kanturk (= 'boar's head') is meant ; *bainb*, 'a young pig.'

40. *na Maingé*, *Tiŕgearna Coipe Maingé*, a branch of the MacCarthys often referred to by the poet.

Երάταիր քօրքալ Տիօէտ Եօճաձ նա մօր-ճաճ,
 Ար վաճճա Ըար նա ճ-քաճ թար Բօճնա,
 Տեաճճա Ըիւն ԴօԲ՝ սրբա a n-am ճլօճ շար,
 Ար Շաննա Րաճքաճ ճլմնալ ճինն ճօճնար.

Երάταիր ճարքալ ըճ Շարքաճ ճօրքաճ,
 Ար Մի Րաճալաճ an քքալ-քար նար ճօնաձ,
 Միւ Տիւնն Բաձ քօճնար a n-ճլօճալ,
 Ար Միւ Շաննալ ճ Շաննար Բիւճ an մօր-ճօն.

50 Լալա Տաննալ an Դաննալ 'ր an Դօճար,
 Դօ Բի a ճ-քաճար ճանալալ ճօճ՝ քօլ-քալ,
 An ք-լալա ճօճ Դան Բալ 'րա քօր-քիօճ,
 'S an ք-լալա քօնն ճլ Շարքաճ ճօճա.

Mac Ըննալ Մալ an Ըն ճանն an ճօն,
 Մա Դոննալ Դարք 'րan Րար նա մօր-քալալ,
 Մա Դոննալ an ճաննա Բաձ մաճալ a ճ-ճանն,
 Ար քիօճ Ընն Դօ ճալալ a մալար ք ճլալալ.

60 Մա Շալալալ նա n-ալ m-Բան Բաձ քքալալ,
 Մա Րարք Դօ Բարալ ք ճօրալալ,
 Մա Շալալ Շալա Դարալալ նա Դ-քալալ,
 Մա Տալալալ ար Մա Շարքալ ճօճա.

Երάταիր Ըարքալ ճալա ճօճա,
 Դօ ճար Ալա a ճ-քալալ ք ճօճա,
 Երάταիր Նիլ նար ճիլ Դար n-քալալ,
 Նա a մա Ճալալ ճ ճար ճօր Դօ.

41. The O'Sullivans.

42. Կար was the son of Կօր, King of Munster, and from him descended the O'Donoghues, O'Mahonys, &c.

44. Շաննա Րաճքաճ, the descendants of Րաճքաճ Մօր, King of Ulster and Meath before the Christian era.

45. The MacCarthys of Carbery, one of the three chief divisions of that family.

48. an մօր-ճօն, na մօր-ճօն is a variant, and, except for metre, a better reading.

53. an 'Ըն ճանն, of the white-faced bird; which means that

The stout kinsman of the race of Eochaidh of the great conflicts ;
 And of the race of Cas of the spoils beyond the sea ;
 Of the race of Philip who was a prop when the war was waged ;
 And of the race of Rughraidhe, the illustrious, the musical.

The near kinsman of the king of Carbery, of the coaches ;
 Of O'Reilly the mighty man, the unscathed ;
 Of MacSweeney who was fierce in battles ;
 And of MacAuliffe from Teamhair Bhuidhe of the great hound.

The Lords of Shanaid, of Dingle, and of the Tochar,
 50 Were in friendship bound to thy life-blood ;
 The Lord of the lands of Dunboy and his descendants,
 And the fair, skilful, comely De Courcey.

Mac Finneen Mara of the Eun Ceanann, the hero,
 O'Donoghue of Tore, and of Ross of the great chieftains,
 O'Donoghue of the Glen, steadfast in the strife,
 And the race of Cian who lavished his wealth on hosts.

O'Callaghan of the white steeds, the active,
 O'Rourke who behaved nobly to strangers,
 O'Keeffe of Ealla, of Dromtairbh, of hostile pursuits,
 60 O'Shaughnessy and O'Carroll the valiant.

Kinsman of Feargus, the strong, the valiant,
 Who brought Alba into union with Fodla ;
 Kinsman of Niall who did not submit to our clergy,
 Nor did his son Laoghaire, though he should have done so.

Mac Finneen was from "Uéat an 'Eín fínn," as a lullaby for a child of the O'Leary family tells us :—

Ír Mac Fínnghín ó Uéat an 'Eín fínn leat.

56. Cian, ancestor of the O'Mahonys, is again eulogised by the poet for his generosity, XIV. 81-84.

62. The allusion is to Fergus's conquest of Scotland in the early years of the sixth century.

63-4. Niall of the Nine Hostages ; the allusion means that he did not become a Christian ; *ḃár n-orpdaib* = 'to our hierarchy.' The same is said of Laoghaire, *cé gup éóip do*, because he got every opportunity. It was Niall who introduced St. Patrick into Ireland as a slave.

bhrádaíir Cúrí úr-éroiðeaé leoganta,
 bhrádaíir Iriai ir Orḡaíir na mór-ḡeaé,
 bhrádaíir Cónaill ó ðinnebpoḡ bóinne,
 Ar bhrádaíir buinne Cúculainn ir Eoḡain,

70 bhrádaíir Airt na ḡ-eaé do éóméur,
 Ar Cónn do b'ádaíir d'Art na ḡ-copóineae,
 Cópmaic ḡeal míc Airt an leoḡan,
 Ar Cairbpe rḡaíir a d-ṡpear na ṡpeóinte.

Do ríompaínn-pe laoiṡe ḡo léor duíṡ,
 Aét a ríor-ðíor aḡ raoiṡib an eóluiṡ,
 ḡur epíod-ra do ríolpaiḡ ḡaé mór-ðuiṡ,
 Inṡ an ríoḡaét-ro do þríom-þleaétaib Scóṡa.

80 D'admuíḡ bpaoiṡe epíóca Póðla,
 Ar caitépíð raoiṡe ar laoiṡ na mór-ḡ-eaé,
 ḡur dólir doð' rínpear ḡo ró-éapṡ,
 Cíor aip ríioct Cónn aḡur Eoḡain.

An líne riḡéib epíor ḡeinir ḡan dpeóḡṡeaét,
 Ó íṡ mac bile ḡo ruḡaó ṡu a Óomnaill,
 Le ḡaoir do ruḡaḡar uipim na copóineae,
 Ó þríomþlioct Oilill Cónn Cónaípe ir Eoḡain.

Laocépaó Connaét ir Ulaó baó épóða,
 Ar ríḡṡe Muñan baó éupanṡa a ḡ-comlann,
 ṡríod-ra rnaíðmíð a ḡ-cuiple 'r a mórðaeṡ,
 'S ir píor ḡo ruḡaíir ṡap iomaó dá n-ḡaib,

90 A n-uaiṡleaét, a m-buaóaeṡ, 'r a m-beóðaét,
 A ḡ-clú, a ḡ-céill, 'r a n-éípeaeṡ, ṡórra,
 A n-eaḡna a rḡaípe 'r a nóraiṡ,
 A d-ṡeanḡaib, a laḡarétaib, 'r a n-eólap,

82. A Óomnaill, Diarmuid was his name; the poet addresses him by his father's name, or else addresses his father. Perhaps we should read Ó Óomnaill.

83. uipim = uipaim.

83-4. He refers to the Battle of Magh Muchruime, in which Mac Con slew

Kinsman of Cúrí of the noble heart, the valiant ;
 Kinsman of Irial, and of Osgar, of the great combats ;
 Kinsman of Conall, from the fair mansion of the Boyne ;
 And kinsman of the stock of Cuchulainn, and of Eoghan.

Kinsman of Art, who engaged in conflicts ;
 70 And of Conn, who was father of Art, of the crowns ;
 Of Cormac the bright, son of Art, the hero ;
 And of Cairbre, who scattered the strong hosts in battle.

I should weave verses in abundance for thee,
 But that the men of learning know full well
 That it is through thee descended every noble blood
 In this kingdom, of the chief families sprung from Scota.

The druids of the lands of Fodla have confessed,
 And the nobles and the heroes of the great conflicts must confess,
 That to thy ancestors belonged of just hereditary right
 80 A tribute from the race of Conn and of Eoghan.

The line of kings through whom without taint thou art descended,
 From Ith son of Bile, till thy birth, O Domhnall,
 By wisdom they won the honour of the crown
 From the main descendants of Oilioll, Conn, Conaire, and Eoghan.

The heroes of Connaught, and of Ulster, who were valiant,
 And Munster's kings who were strong in conflict,—
 In thee they unite their veins and greatness,
 And truly hast thou excelled many of their youths,

In nobility, in virtue, and in vigour,
 90 In fame, in wisdom, in worth,
 In prudence, in generosity, in manners,
 In language, in speech, in knowledge,

Art, and reigned after him. See note 217 *infra*.

90. τóρρα, beyond or superior to them. In a copy of a poem spelled phonetically it is τόρρα, as pronounced.

91. M eaḡanaib̃ = eaḡnaib̃ for eaḡna, 'prudence.'

A lámhá líog, a rinḡce, 'r a ḡ-cómh-rié,
 A marcuíḡeaét na n-eaé nḡroide nár b-peóllta
 Aḡ tóḡailt fáinne an ráir air bóiérib,
 'S aḡ caíteam ḡa 'ran d-treap pe fóiḡneap.

An tan do bairteaó 'na leanb an leogan,
 Do bponn Mars do ḡa éum comraic,
 Éḡ do píce claiḡeam ar rróll-rḡap,
 100 Ar do bponn Diana fáinne an óir do.

Do éḡ Jupiter eulaíḡ don t-rróll do,
 buaíḡ aḡur calmaét ḡairḡe aḡur epóḡaét,
 Do éḡ Venus do tréite móra,
 bpeáḡtáét ar áilneaét ar óiḡe.

Do éḡ Pan do rḡap ar cóḡḡa,
 Do éḡ Bacchus ceapḡ air ól do,
 Éḡ Vulcanus ceáḡḡ ar comáét do,
 Ceáḡḡa ḡairḡe na n-arm éum comraic.

Do éḡ Aoiḡill eíor 'na óóib do,
 110 Do éḡ Juno clí 'na deóḡ do,
 Éḡ Neptunus long faoi íeól do,
 lonap íuḡail tap rríúll ḡaé móḡ-ḡlaic.

A b-foipeapḡeaét do b'é Solomon solus,
 A b-ḡilíḡeaét do éuir eipḡiḡe air Ovid,
 A neapḡ do éḡ Sampson rḡóḡ do,
 le n-ap leaḡ 'r an d-treap na paḡaíḡ móra.

A b-peallḡaét do bí teann map Scóḡur,
 'Na pannaiḡ ḡan cam 'na ḡ-cóḡaiḡ,
 A d-teanḡtáib, a labapḡaiḡ 'r a-n-eólar,
 120 'S a m-beapḡaiḡ pann do íneaḡḡaḡ Homer.

94. peóllta. MSS. gen. pḡḡalta: see 16, *supra*.

105. cóḡḡa, sic A, other copies cóḡḡap.

118. This line is probably corrupt; either cam or pann in pannaiḡ must be

In stone-casting, in dancing, and in running,
 In riding on horses, strong and not treacherous;
 In taking up the ring of the race on roads,
 And in throwing the javelin in battle with great power.

When our hero was baptized as a child,
 Mars bestowed upon him a spear for the fight;
 He gave him a pike, a sword, and a satin scarf;
 100 And Diana gave him a ring of gold.

Jupiter gave him a suit of satin,
 Virtue, steadfastness, heroism, and valour;
 Venus bestowed on him great qualities,
 Beauty, loveliness, and youth.

Pan gave him a staff, and string;
 Bacchus gave him leave to drink;
 Vulcan gave him skill in workmanship, and power,
 A martial forge for arms for the fight.

Aoibhill gave him rents in his hand;
 110 Juno gave him fame in addition thereto;
 Neptune gave him a ship under sail,
 In which every great chieftain voyaged across the main.

In wisdom he was "Solomon *solus*";
 In poetry he could question Ovid;
 In strength Samson yielded to him,
 By it he overthrew in battle the great giants.

In philosophy he was firm as Scotus,
 In sentences which had no flaw in their burthens;
 In language, in speech, and in knowledge,
 120 And in feats of verse, he realized Homer.

pronounced as in Connaught. A variant is

no ppanḡcaé ḡan cam na comābaib̃,

and even some of those MSS. which give the line as in the text have comābaib̃;
 cōbaib̃, dat. pl. from cōb or cōib.

Մօնսար ա շիջէ յօ րոնջիլ 'րան Ե-բճմար,
 Շան քով լճարրիջե, բա՛ւն նա քուլի,
 Շան քլեւծ, Շան քիօն, Շան քուծեան, Շան քուրի,
 Շան քոյլ քիջք քլէր նա քոն ան.

Մար ա մ-բիծ շարթ քարծ քոմքօւլա՛ծ,
 քիօնտա քարրոնջե ա ն-քարթարա՛ւն քոն,
 Լաօքա՛ծ շարքե ար քուծեան մեանմնա՛ծ մոծմար,
 Բոնջք ար հալա՛ւն է՝ ա՛թար Լե քուլտա՛ւն.

130 Մար ա մ-բիծ քիջք քլէր ր շքօւլա՛ծ,
 Մար ա մ-բիծ ծա՛մ ր քա՛ւրն նա քուլջե,
 Ա Բիօճ-քոք է՝ ա՛թար քուր Շլեանա՛մսր Եօճանա՛ծ,
 Մօ քոյլ քա՛ծ մարքեւծ քա՛ւ Լեաւա՛ւն մօ Լեօջան.

Ան ալեմե մաօւծմ նա՛ր քլաօւծք քոն շ-քոմքա՛ծ,
 Աճ ալքար շքի՛նն շա՛կ Լիք քեօմանն-նե,
 Ա քարթա՛ւն Շաօւծիջք ար ճաօր նա Լեօջան,
 Ըլանա քաօրքն ր Շօլլ միւ Լիօքնա.

Լուս-քքեւ՛ լեան նա քարթար Լե քոքրա,
 Շօ Լաւ աճ մեքեւ՛ծ քա՛ւ Լեաւա՛ւն ար քքօւլա՛ծ,
 Շաւր քք քքքեւծա՛ւն շա՛կ Եալտա յօ քքքա՛ծ,
 140 Օ քքաւա՛ւն Մանջք յօ քքքարա՛ւն Անան Մօքք.

125. For the company that frequented great houses, and the pastimes indulged in, *cf.* :—

քուծնե քոն քքքոնջ քոն աճ քոմար ուրք
 Աճ շարթա՛ծ քլիջք 'ր աճ մարրոնք քքօլ քուլք
 Աճ քեւ՛ծ քար ճուօմարթա՛ւն քոն ր մօք-Շանն
 Ըլանն քաօրքն ր Շօլլ միւ Լիօքնա.
 քուծնե քարծա՛ծ մալարթա՛ծ մ-քքօլ-քքօւլա՛ծ
 քիօն ար մաւծն Շան քալք քոմքա՛ծ ա՛ծ քօրք քոն
 Բոնջք ան ճաճարա՛ւն աճ ալեմե քոն քօրք քոն
 Բոնջք ան քլաւծմ քօ քլիջք շա՛կ քքքար
 Բոնջք քքքա՛ծ քե մալարթա՛ւն քքօլտա՛ծ
 ր քոնջք քա՛ծա քե քալարքեւ՛ծ քք-քան.

Elegy on O' Keefe.

Alas his dwellings lonely in the Autumn !
 Without the music of the harp, without seers, or the learned !
 Without a banquet, without wine, without company, without a
 festive gathering !
 Without meetings of learned men, of bards, or of divines.

Where there used to be a multitude of chattering gamblers,
 Abundant wines in golden goblets,
 Champion warriors, and a high-spirited, courteous band,
 And dances to music in thy father's halls.

Where the learned, the clergy, and strollers were wont to be ;
 130 Where the poets and bards of the province used to be ;
 In the princely mansion of thy father beside Glanworth of the
 Eoghanacht,
 My woe while I live that my hero lies beneath a stone !

The company I have mentioned, unconquered in the fight,
 Rehearsing witty compositions on every generation that preceded
 us,
 Telling Gaelic tales about the wisdom of the heroes,
 Clan Baoiscne, and Goll mac Morna.

O dire ruin of children, which is not restored by force,
 Going early under the stone to decay !
 It is a trouble which makes every multitude scream tearfully,
 140 From the borders of the Maine, to the sides of the Great River.

131. *Gleannamuir* = *Gleannabuir*, Glanworth of the Eoghanacht: cf. *Coḡanaḍt Gleannaḍraḍ* in *Aisling Meic Conglinne*. In 175 *infra* we have *Gleannmuir* rhyming with *aḱḱumac*; the word is understood = Glanworth by the metrical translator. O'Brien's Dictionary gives *Gleannamain* = Glanworth, and Joyce, *Irish Names of Places*, vol. I., p. 445, derives it from *gleann iubair*, but both derivations seem incorrect; for *Coḡanaḍt* some MSS. have *ḡinneac*, others *ḡineac*. Glanworth is only two miles from the Blackwater.

134. One or two MSS. have *ḡrinn air ḡac*.

137. *Luan-ḱpeac*. Monday was supposed to be an unlucky day; thus, *beappaḍ an luain*, a cutting of one's hair on Monday, was inauspicious; also the Day of Judgment is called *lá an luain*; hence *luan-ḱpeac* = utter ruin.

Monuap a éumplaét bprúgte bpeóigte,
 Éagcúip Gall go teann dá ród-rúip,
 Gan rúiaé corraim gan porba gan cómla,
 Aét Aré ip é a b-pad ón g-comhgar.

bað éu a b-cúigearna a b-cúiaé 'r a g-cóimbalta,
 bað éu a m-beaéa a b-cúigearna 'r a lóipann,
 bað éu a meóip a n-geóipinn 'r a n-eólar.
 A g-cú luipg a n-uppa 'r a mór-luét.

150 Ornað cléib ip péin do nócaip,
 A boé, a bláé, a rúiaé 'r a h-óige,
 Dian-úrúó Síle rínite a g-comhpaip,
 Aóda ip Aré 'r a maipéann beó aca.

baile Uí Sguirpe ní rúigearna dá beópaib,
 An Cillín iona m-bíóó tunnaíóe ag plóigear,
 Tá an Dianáé ag dian-óol gan ród-rúip,
 'S an Sguirpín ní paillígeac rúigear.

160 Tá Oróm Úeáig gan uppa ná mór-plaé,
 Ar Eacúip go rúipmáip brónaé,
 Cnoc na Carráige a g-craeáib le bpeóigteacé,
 Ar Rúé gairgíóig go lag-bríógaé cúipreac.

A n-Uíb Laozáipe do rúigean an mór-óol,
 Ar Uíb Fionluadh go buaóaréa brónaé,
 A g-Carráig na Corra do góileadap plóigear,
 braonaéa pola ap a porgaib ag cóimpué.

Do góil an Laoi trí mí go brónaé.
 Do góil an t-Sionáinn an lúpe 'r an Cúimpeac,
 An Illamg 'r an Pléarg, Ceann Mara ip Cúime,
 An Féil an Daoil 'r an Úrúeac mór rúip.

153-160. The places mentioned in these lines are all in the neighbourhood of Killarney.

161-3. Iveleary of course wept; Ive Fionluadh is in Muskery. At Carrig na Corra was the largest of O'Leary's castles.

166. The Croinseach is again referred to in XXXV.

Alas ! for his people, crushed, and afflicted,
 The injustice of the English forcibly despoiling them,
 Without a shield of defence, without a pillar, without a door,
 Except Art who is far away from them.

Thou wert their lord, their ruler, and their foster-brother,
 Thou wert their life, their treasure, their torch,
 Thou wert their pleasure, their love, their knowledge,
 Their tracking-hound, their prop, their great store.

It is a heart-groan and pain to thy consort :
 150 Her shieling, her bloom, her protection, her youth,
 The fond love of Julia, stretched in a coffin !
 And of Aodh and of Art and of all of them that survive.

Baile Ui Sguiré does not cease from her tears,
 And Killeen, where there were casks for multitudes ;
 The Dianach is bitterly weeping without cessation ;
 And Sgarteen is not neglectful in proclaiming his loss.

Dromduthaig is without a prop or a great chieftain,
 And Achalee is in woe and anguish ;
 Cnoc na Carraige is trembling through affliction ;
 160 And Rathgaisge is deprived of strength and sorrowful.

In Iveleary great weeping overflowed ;
 And Ive Fionluadh was doleful and sorrowful ;
 At Carraig na Corra multitudes wept,
 Drops of blood running down from their eyes.

The Lee wept three months sorrowfully ;
 The Shannon, the Liffey, and the Croinseach wept ;
 The Maine, the Flesk, the Kenmare River, and Toime
 The Feale, the Deal, and the great Bride in the east.

167-8. Ceann Mara, the Kenmare River. There are two rivers called Bride in Co. Cork. The one flows into the Lee on the south side, and through the Bog of Kilcrea : on it are the castles of Kilcrea, Castlemore, Clodagh ; the other flows into the Blackwater north of Tallow.

An Ruaḃtaḃ aḡ fuar-ḡol ḡo bprónaḃ,
 170 'S an Ćlaodaḃ aḡ ḡéimniḡ 'na cóm-búir,
 An Ćiapann ḡo diaḃar ḡo mór-muir,
 An Ćártaḃ eiriollaḃ beite aḡur Spón-ppuie.

Abainn Daluaḃ ran Ćuanaḃ éróda,
 'S an t-Siúir o'páḡ cúrra do éóméur,
 An ḡleannmuir ḡo h-aḃéúmaḃ, 'rar cóir di,
 Aḡ lúiriḡ 'r aḡ búiríḡ 'na ḡeóḡ rín.

Tá Dá Ćioḃ Danann 'r an Capn aḡ éóm-ḡol,
 'S an Shlaḃ Riabaḃ a b-pianḃaib mórpa,
 Pionnrḡoḃ ḡo níḃneaḃ dá pḡḡairḃ,
 180 Do pḡoḃ-bpogaiḃ bpuiḡne na n-Ćoḡanaḃḃ.

ḡol na m-bairppíonn ó Šeanaib ḡo bóḃna,
 Ć élor níor ḡeacair ó pḡearaib na ḡ-cór-énoc,
 Ćta Ćoipe 'na pḡḃ-bpog ḡo ḡeópaḃ,
 Ćr Ćoibill ḡo pḡíorḃar 'na cḡibib.

Do ḡoil ainḡir air éalaḃ na bóimne,
 Ć m-bun Raite do pḡreaḃaḃar ceóḃta,
 bpuiḡean Maiḡe Seanuib a ḡ-cpeaḃaib ḡo ḡeópaḃ,
 bpug Ríḡ ḡo dubaḃ tpiot 'r an pḡeóir píor.

Ć ḡ-epíóḃaib Connaḃḃ níor pḡuireaḃ don mór-ḡol,
 190 Ć ḡ-epíóḃaib Laiḡean baḃ éimn map pḡeól tu,
 Ć ḡ-epíóḃaib Muḃan, pá rḡmúo ao' pḡḡuirḃ,
 Ć Maiḡ Raḃan coir ḡlaipleann 'r a n-Ćóḃaill.

170. Claodach, a river flowing south of the Paps, eastward through a village of the same name, and emptying itself into the Blackwater.

171. Ćiapann. One MS. has Ćiapḡun, another Cuipéan, &c. The metrical translator understands Carane in West Kerry. For diaḃar a variant is diaḃtaḃ.

172. Carthach, a river in West Kerry, now Caragh: the Beithe is the Glenbeigh River in West Kerry: the Shrone Stream has its source in a hill of that name east of the Paps.

173. Abainn Daluadh joins the Allo near Kanturk. The Cuanach is mentioned also in XXVI.; it seems to be in West Limerick.

175. The Gleannmhuir is probably the Funcheon which is near Glanworth.

The Roughty coldly weeps in sorrow,
 170 And the Claodach screaming with responsive shout,
 The Carane running darkly to the great sea,
 The fitful Carthach, the Beithe, and the Shrone stream.

The river Daluadh and the valiant Cuanach,
 And the Suir, which ceased to follow its course,
 The Glanworth in great sorrow, and it is due,
 Screaming and crying for his loss.

The Two Paps of Dana and Corran weep in unison ;
 And Sliabh Riabhac is in great trouble ;
 Fionnsgoth in distress proclaims his loss
 180 To the fairy dwellings of the Bruighin of the Eoghanachts.

The crying of the fairy maidens, from Shanaid to sea,
 Was not difficult to hear from the sides of the stately hills ;
 Aoife is tearful in her fairy dwelling ;
 And Aoibhill is sorrowful in her strains.

A maiden wept on the harbour of the Boyne ;
 At Bunratty did they make a melodious complaint ;
 The fairy palace of Magh Seanaibh is trembling and in tears ;
 Bruree is doleful for thee, and the Nore in the north.

In the regions of Connaught, there was no rest from great
 weeping ;
 190 In the regions of Leinster, thy loss was sore tidings ;
 In the regions of Munster, wrapped in mist proclaiming thy
 death,
 At Magh Rathan, beside Glaisleann and at Youghal.

177. Carn, a hill in the Kenmare Range, about 2000 feet high.

178. Sliabh Riabhac, a hill in Co. Limerick.

179. Fionnsgoth, a hill in West Kerry, mentioned again in XXXV., which I cannot identify.

181. na m-bairppíonn, often na m-ban m-bairppíonn; the fairy maidens are alluded to.

184. c6ibib = c6ibab; dat. pl. of c6ib or c6ib.

187. Seanuib or Seanaib, sic gen. in MSS. Peter O'Connell has corrected MS. in some places to Samib, which Keating gives: probably the same fairy mansion is meant here as in V. 4.

Caoimhíbh Muimhíbh a b-íor-ghol b'róin éu,
 Ó Inir Fínn go Rígh-éac Móire,
 Ó b'puac uirge na Sionainne reóla,
 Go léim Con buíbe 'r go b'aoi na mór-m-baie.

Caoimhíbh mná do b'ár go deórac,
 Caoimhíbh leinb ná puac go mór éu,
 Caoimhíbh éirge cléir ir óirb éu,
 200 Ir caoinpeac féim go n-eugpac leó éu.

Ombó! a m'arcaeib m'ir éalma éróda,
 An toét eiré pacaid mo deapca-ra deóra,
 Oé! a m'airb gan airíog go deó anoir,
 A b-eiré na n-aingiol let' anam don glóire.

AN PEART-LAOIBH.

Atá eiac air na riarthairb 'r air fléibtib dába,
 Ir tá dian-pearth eian air na r'pearthairb eugainn,
 Tá gliabair ir rianra na n-eun go eíun,
 Ó ériallair a Óiarmuib Uí Laothaire a n-úir.

Tá an t-iarthair go diaérac ag deunaim cuíha,
 210 Tá an grian geal ag dian-ghol 'r an pae faoi r'múib,
 A n-diaib an éurairb éiallmair dob' éacac eíu,
 Óiarmuib, an triac-upra, ir leun, a n-úir.

A leac rin faoi do r'píom na féinne pút
 Tairgib peb' éoim ir r'maoim gur Phoenix eíunuil
 Do f'leacairb íte bile ir m'he Con búib,
 Ir gur narthairb eirí r'íogacra faoi geille an eiríur.

194. Rígh-éac Móire = Tivora, near Dingle.

196. Léim Con buíbe = Cuchulainn's Leap or Loop Head in Clare;
 b'aoi = Bantry Bay.

204. Glóire is used as nom. in spoken language.

Munstermen will lament thee in the genuine cry of sorrow,
 From Inisbofin to the Royal House of Moire,
 From the marge of the waters of Shannon of the sails,
 To Leim Conduibhe and to Baoi of the great ships.

Women will lament thy death in tears ;
 Children unborn will lament thee greatly ;
 The learned, the bards, and the clergy will lament thee ;
 200 And I myself will lament thee with them until I die.

Alas ! thou fleet, strong, brave horseman !
 The grief that makes my eyes to pour forth tears !
 Alas ! thou dead, without restoration now for ever,
 May thy soul enter into glory among the angels.

THE EPITAPH.

There is a mist on rough meads, and black mountains,
 And the heavens are long in fierce rage against us ;
 The song and rapture of the birds are hushed ;
 Since thou, O Diarmuid O'Leary, didst go to the grave.

The West is sadly making its moan,
 210 The bright sun is bitterly weeping, and the moon is veiled in mist,
 For the wise champion, whose fame was wonderful,
 Diarmuid, the lordly prop, who, alas ! is in the grave.

Ó stone, there is a noble of the race of the warriors beneath
 thee ;
 Treasure him within thy breast and remember that he is a
 renowned Phœnix
 Of the race of Ith, of Bile, and of Mac Cu the gentle,
 And that these three bound three kingdoms beneath their
 obedience.

Ան շրթար ծօ րիօմաւմ ծիօ՞ծ րին ծօծ' ճաճտաճ քօռն,
 Ա ճ-ճաճ՝ ան իմնիճե ծիօճալտ շնջ ալր լաօճրա Մուման,
 Արտ մաճ Ըւոնն լաօւծտե շնր տրաօճտա ա ռ-նր,
 220 Ա Բ-բլաւշար րիճ տրիօճաճ ռա ծիճ Մաճ Ըն.

Բլաւշ իր քրիօմ ծիթաճ ծա ռճաճալն րն,
 Ծա ռճալաննալն քիր-ծիթա իր ծա ճ-ճալաճ նր,
 Շար ծօ րիօլ րիճճե քսալր քիւմ իր լն,
 Ծալրճ ա լիօճ քաօն' լնալն, 'ր իր մալա ծնոն.

XXIII.

ԱՐ ԾԱՏ ՍԻԼԼԻԱՄ ՃՆԼ.

Շրեաճ ան լաճ քօ ա ռ-լաճալն ճիրօռն,
 Շրեաճ ան րմնիտ քօ ալր ծնճճար ճիւր,
 Շրեաճ ան Բրոն քօ ալր ճլօրճալն ճանլաւշ,
 Շրեաճ ան քարճ քօ ճօրքալճ ռա քքարճա.

Շրեաճ ան տօճ քօ ալր րճօլտալն ճիթա,
 Շրեաճ տրե ճ-քրիճեանն ան շ-Տիօնալն 'ր ան քիւլե,
 Շրեաճ տրե րճքաճանն ան քալրքա ճքանմար,
 Շրեաճ ան ռօճտաճ-քօ ալր իմիօլլալն Տլիւճե Միր.

Շրեաճ շնջ լալր ճան քան ա ռճիւծիօռն,
 10 Իր սալթա ա ռճլալալն լե քալաճ ճան քաօրաճ,
 Բրաւշթա ա ճ-քսանճքաճ, նրն իր լնիւրիճ,
 Ըքալաճ, քաւճ, իր Բալրն ճան Բիւլե.

217. Lughaidh, called Mac Con, the son of Mac Niad, was of the race of Ith, brother of Bile, and son of Breogan, and hence was not a Milesian. At the Battle of Magh Mucruimhe he overthrew his uncle Art, son of Conn of the hundred fights, and reigned as chief monarch in his stead. The poet says he reigned thirty years, and in this he agrees with Keating and others. The O'Learys were

The third of these I name, wonderful was his ardour
 In the battle of Muigh he took vengeance on the warriors of
 Munster,

He sent Art, son of Conn, vanquished to the grave,
 220 While Mac Cu reigned thirty years after him in the realm as
 a king.

A prince and a direct offshoot from their branches,
 Of their true and proper families, and of their noble breasts ;
 Head of the seed of kings who obtained sway and fame,
 A treasure, O stone, beneath thy breast,—and a sore loss to us !

XXIII.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM GOULD.

What woe is this in the land of Erin ?
 What mist is this on the country of Eibhear ?
 What sorrow is this in the songs of the birds ?
 What rage is it that has disturbed the heavens ?

What fit is this on the assemblies of the bards ?
 What makes the Shannon and the Feale tremble ?
 What causes the mighty ocean to roar wildly ?
 What is this despoiling on the borders of Sliabh Mis ?

What has brought the poets to dateless durance,
 10 And nobles to dungeons long without release ?
 The friars to straits, the clergy, and the learned,
 Heroes, seers, and bards without a meal ?

descended from Ith, and hence the superiority claimed for them by the poet over the descendants of Conaire, Olioll, and Eoghan, who were from Milesius.

222. caolaó, 'the ribs,' hence the breast : it is used here in the same way as we use *loins* in English.

Ընր ա ռ-ծերս, բշեճլ ր շարս,
 Սիլիամ շեալ ճիւլ ծո շրիւ ռա րօր-բլաւի,
 Ըոննեճր ճր ր լճրան լաճրաւծ,
 Ծ'եաճ ա Նաւր, ր շրեաճ ծո ճաճալաւծ.

Ծրոննեճր եաճ ր Բրաւ ր եաճուլ,
 Ծրոննեճր ճր ճո լեճր ճան առ ծու,
 Ծրոննեճր բիճա ր բիճոնա ր ճրիւրե,
 Ծրոննեճր աւրճիւծ ր աւրմ աւր լաճաւծ.

XXIV.

ԾՈ ԾՈՆՆՇԱԾ ՍԱ Խ-ԼԵՐԵ.

Տիւմ-բար րօար, րօրրա, բիւր-ճաւմ, րօր,
 Ծոն շրեւծ ծ'բիւրբար ճաճ շար ճ ծաւմ ռա Բ-րաւնա ռշար;
 Ըոն ր շրիւմլ լե Տաւմ ա ռնիճե բիճաճ ծո
 ճլե-մար ԲօրԲ-նրա ծոննաճ Սա Խ-Լերե առ շե.

Ընր ծոն Բ-բար ծո բլեաճաւծ Ծրաւմ ճան ճաւմ,
 Սճար ճրեանա ճարս շալլմար ճաւծ,
 Առ շր ճ Ըար ռար ճար ճո լաճ աւր լար,
 Ըրիւ ռա Բ-բլաւի ռար ճարս ծո րարաճ ծաւմ.

Աւր լար ճր բիւր ճո բիւրիւմ սիւ շւմ Բար,
 10 Ա ճրաճ մո շրուճե ծուր բշրիւծաւմ ճո Խ-ուլտե մո բաճ,
 Նա բարիւճ ռաւ լե ծնիճե ծո բրիւճալ ճան ճրիւ,
 Ըար լաւմ մո շոււմ ճա ռիւ ռար շուլճր լե բաճաւ.

XXIV.—The three pieces collected under XXIV. are addressed to Donogh O'Hickey, on the occasion of his leaving Limerick, for England, to avoid "Abpribasion" oaths, in October 1709, and are taken from a MS. copy of Keating's History by Dermot O'Connor (23, G. 3), dated 1715. O'Connor is the much abused translator of "Keating." It would seem that O'Hickey fled rather than swear away the lives of some persons who had violated the penal laws of the time; though "abpribasion" may be for "abjuration."

2. The O'Hickeys, as their name implies, were famous for their skill in medicine.

5-8. Syntax not clear. սճար and ճո լաճ աւր լար seem to refer to Brian as well as շր. Brian was old at the Battle of Clontarf. ռար ճար = 'who did not return from battle.'

The cause of their tears—harassing is the tale—
Is that William Gould the fair, of the blood of noble chieftains,
The golden candlestick, the torchlight of heroes,
Died at Nantes—it is ruin to the Gaels.

A bestower of steeds and cloaks and clothes,
A bestower of gold in abundance, without stint,
A bestower of silks and wines and jewels,
20 A bestower of silver and arms upon warriors.

XXIV.

TO DONOGH O'HICKEY.

A man, gentle, of easy manner, sedate, truly mild, and noble,
Of the clan that relieved each diseased one from the grief of sharp
pains,
One like Solomon, versed in the law of the kingdom of God,
Blithe and active, proud in his strength, Donogh O'Hickey is he.

The man had his origin from the faultless race of Brian,
An author, beautiful, skilful, of sound judgment, modest,
A chief, sprung from Cas, who did not come back, falling in his
old age,
Of the blood of chieftains who dispensed to the poets without
stint.

Since it is true that we shall all lie down to die,
10 O beloved of my heart, I write learnedly for thee my maxim,
Do not injure anyone in law for the sake of a dishonourable word.
I pledge my heart that thou wilt obtain a thing thou know'st
not of.

12. lárín, gen. laúine = 'surety, pledge, guarantee.' Dap laúín forms a common part of various forms of asseveration. "One of the greatest protestations that they think they can make, and what they hold an oath very sacred amongst them, and by no means to be violated, is *dar laúve mo hardis Criste*, 'by my gossip's hand.'"—Dineley's *Tour in Ireland*.

'Fágáil rin aghad, mar éuigim, ó Ríg na ngrár,
 A n-áit nár éuigir na mionna le díple d'áró,
 beid táinte éiofpar ó rlioctailb dá maoideam do g nád,
 Dyr epáibéac cupata éura do ríor a n gábad.

'Sé Donnchaó réim tar éud ip mín áluinn,
 Dorba don éléir ip d'éigri éaoim Cláir Cuirc,
 Ollam na réx a g-céill 'r a g-caoin-éáiruib
 20 Clumad foirtil na b-paon ip aon don ríor-áró-éuil.

genealach uí íciðe.

cum donncaða uí íciðe.

A éumainn glom do'n fúirinn mup lé a g-claoiðtiðe táin,
 Náir b' uppamaé do éuine air bié a b-fíor-ghíom lám,
 Do b' upur dom a b-fuirin éirt ip dírigé dán,
 Gêmealac do éine-rí do rgríobad ríor dáib.

DON B-PEAR CEADNA.

A g teitead roim mórúib “Abpríbasíon.”

Tréig do éalam duéáir,
 Déim air éoirde Lundain,
 A g peaéaint móide an aighair
 Do éur do éir fá brón.

Cuir do éócar éoimpeac
 30 A g-Críoró do éigearna dílip,
 Ná tabair air beata an t-paoigil ro
 An t-ríorruigéacé t á ad' éoimair.

This thou wilt obtain, as I understand, from the King of Graces,
 Because thou hast not sworn in public in order to injure ;
 Generations to come from living families will be constantly pro-
 claiming

That thou wert ever steadfast and charitable in need.

The gentle Donogh is meek, and lovely beyond a hundred ;
 A prop to the bards, and to the noble learned, of the plain of
 Core,

The Ollamh of kings, in wisdom, and noble friendship,

20 The strong support of the weak, and one of the true high blood.

THE GENEALOGY OF O'HICKEY.

TO DONOGH O'HICKEY.

O pure friend, of the nimble race who were wont to subdue
 hosts,

Who acknowledged no superior in true feats of manual skill,

It were easy for me in exact form, and in verse of most accurate
 metre,

To write down for thy race their genealogy.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN ESCAPING FROM "APPROBATION" OATHS.

Quit thy native land,

Approach the London jury,

To shun the oath of trouble

 That has brought sorrow on thy country.

Put thy deliberate hope

30 In Christ, thy beloved Lord,

Do not give for this mortal life

 The eternity that is in store for thee.

Πίλλριθ Όια δο όσίβιρ
 Ταρ έίρ ζαέ ιομπρόθ τίρε,
 Ιρ λεαεφαίθ ρε δο ναιμήθε
 Όο έυιρ τυ αρ δο έόιρ.

XXV.

ΑΝ ΤΑΝ ΕΑΙΝΙΖ ΑΝ ΡΡΙΟΝΝΣΑ ΣΕΑΡΛΥΣ ΣΤΙΟΘΑΡΤ
 ΖΟ Η-ΑΛΒΑΙΝ.

Ιρ mac δο Μαρρ αν mac ρο α η-Αλβαιν υαιρθ,
 Ιρ ρεαρ αρ ρεαρρα αιρ ρεαρann τρεαρζυρετα αν τ-ι'λυαιζ,
 Μας ιρ ελans αρ ζλαν αιρ ζ'αλλαιβ ζο m-buaiθιθ,
 Ραέ ζαέ εαέ don b-ρ'λαιέ ζο leanaiθ ζο buan.

Ζαρ αρ ρραρ α θ-τρεαραιβ calma ερυσθα,
 Όο ζλαε 'να ζλαε αν εεαρτ δο ρεαραμ ζαν δυαθ;
 Α Εεαρ na b-ρεαρτ ιρ Αεαιρ ραρεαιρ ρ'υαρ,
 Όρ εεαρτ α εεαρτ 'να εεαρτ ζο θ-ταζαιθ ζο luaε.

XXV.—This poem bears date in the MS. 1745. Still, as such title dates are often wrong, it is, I think, probable that it refers to the rebellion of 1715, in spite of the name Charles in the title, and is perhaps the work of O'Rahilly, though that inference is not clear from the MS. itself. It was replied to by the Rev. Conchubhar O'Brien. The last verse of his reply is interesting—

Μά θραεαθαρ na η-Αλβαιν ζαν θυίλ 'να θάρ
 Καρολυρ δο Σαζρωναίβ αιρ έονηραθ αν ρεάιτ,
 Μαιείθ-ρε ιρ μαιείμ-ρε αν έύιρ ριν θάίβ,
 Ό ζλαεαθαρ ζο εεαναίμυιλ αρ b-ρριονηρα α η-άιτ.

God will restore thee from banishment
After thou hast gone round every land,
And will entomb thy enemies
Who put thee from thy right.

XXV.

WHEN PRINCE CHARLES STEWART CAME TO
SCOTLAND.

He is a son of Mars, this son in high Alba ;
He is the man who is best in the host-overthrowing plain ;
May he win Macs, and Clans, and a complete triumph over the
foreigners ;
May enduring success attend the chieftain in each battle.

A young shoot who is ready in bold stern fights,
Who took in hand to stand for the right without hardship ;
O Prince of Miracles, and Father of heaven above,
Since his right is right unto his right may he soon come.

“Though the Scotch, without desiring his death, betrayed
Charles to the English, upon an agreement of the state,
Forgive ye, and I will forgive them this deed,
Since they have accepted lovingly our Prince in his stead.”

XXVI.

AIR BÁS GEARAILT MÍC RÍOIRE AN GLEANNA.

Créad é an tlaét ro air éeannaiḃ éirionn ?
 Créad do beó-ghuig ríod na tréine ?
 Aét Ríḡ-ḡlaiḡ do ḡríom na nḡréagaḡ,
 A ḡ-clúid 'ran b-peart gan ḡreab ná éiréaḡ.

Seabac Muḡan, cupaḡ laocair,
 Seabac ḡleana, mac na péile,
 Seabac Sionann, Orḡar euḡtaḡ,
 Seabac Muḡmneaḡ Inre Féiḡlim.

10 Phœnix cpoide-ḡeal, mīn a ḡéaga,
 Phœnix mipe, ḡaoir baḡ tréiteaḡ,
 Phœnix liḡe aḡur lipe mo mḡeala,
 Phœnix beḡḡa, cḡḡḡa, caomneart.

péarla baile na Maḡḡra méiḡe,
 péarla Cluana, ruam-bḡeac ḡnéḡeal,
 péarla Siúipe ir clú b-peap n-éirionn,
 péarla Luimniḡ ir fuinne-bḡeac Féile.

Ruipe diaḡa ciallḡar tréiteaḡ,
 Ruipe peaḡḡḡar, peaḡaḡ, féata,
 Ruipe.air ḡolḡaiḃ ḡorma caola,
 20 Ruipe ḡairḡe na banba tréine.

XXVI.—The first twelve quatrains of this elegy taken from a scribbling-book dated 1781, and belonging to Michael og O'Longan, were already in type when the entire poem was discovered in a MS. in the King's Inns Library. The subject of this poem appears to have died before 1700. See Burke's "Landed Gentry," sub nomine *Fitzgerald*, where no Gerald son of Thomas is mentioned, save a knight of Glin, who made a deed of settlement of his estate in 1672. The knights of Glin were great favourites of the bards. It is probable that XXVI. and XXIV.

XXVI.

ON THE DEATH OF GERALD, SON OF THE KNIGHT OF GLIN.

What garb of grief is this over the headlands of Erin?
 What has deformed the living features of the sun?
 What but that the kingly prince of the stock of the Grecians,
 Is covered in the tomb without life or vigour?

Warrior of Munster, hero in valour,
 Warrior of Glin, son of hospitality,
 Warrior of the Shannon, Osgar of wondrous feats,
 Munster's warrior of the Island of Feidhlim.

Phoenix of the bright heart, of the smooth limbs;
 10 Phoenix, playful, wise, virtuous;
 Phoenix, prosperous and accomplished;
 Phoenix, sprightly, valiant, and stalwart.

Pearl of the townland of the fat beeves,
 Pearl of Cloyne, of sober countenance, of bright aspect,
 Pearl of the Suir, and glory of the men of Erin,
 Pearl of Limerick, and fair trout of the Feale.

Knight, pious, wise, virtuous;
 Knight, a lawgiver, learned and brave;
 Knight of the slender blue swords;
 20 Knight of valour, of the brave land of Banba.

were written about the same time (1709), as they are the only pieces in this collection on subjects connected with Limerick.

2. *Do beó-ḡnuig* from *beó*, and *ḡnuig*, a scar or notch; translate 'what has deformed the living features,' lit. 'what has live-deformed.' 3. The Geraldines are said to be of Greek descent. 7. *Sionann*. MS. *ruinna*.

8. There must be some corruption; *Murán* and *Muiríneac* occur in same stanza. 11. *Útce*, I cannot identify this river.

Díar don éruíneacht gan cogal gan claonað,
 Croidhe líupéig éinn úir a gaoilte,
 Éirde pláta air éac gan raobað,
 Dá n-díon air ghuaim, air buairt, air baogal.

Comniol eólur, rór na h-Éirionn,
 Comniol eólur, lóerann raor-plaíe,
 Tapúr ciara, grian an lae gíl,
 Tapúr clúmaí, epú nirt laócair.

30 Píonúr áluinn, bláe na féinne,
 Píonúr cine na b-pionna-mac laócair,
 Píonúr oéta na g-Conallaé réadaé,
 Píonúr Caluinne, arna na laócaí.

Rór nár fíre gup fíre a n-éagaib,
 Rór na leógan, comet ríre,
 Rór na Ríogað dob' aoirde a n-Éirionn,
 Rór na dáine ir ríac na cléire.

40 Naragna Conallaé uile gan aon loét,
 Naragna an Gleanna dá éaraib ir daor-goin,
 Naragna an Daingin, ní beartaím-re bréaga,
 Naragna corraim a bpoáir a éreáda.

Geapalt mac Comáir leannán béite,
 buinne rabarta mair na m-béimionn,
 Sáic trí Ríogaéta ag líige gan éireacht,
 Do bair Áttopp ríac a fíogail.

Mo nuar éom mo míle geur-goin,
 Páir go dian, mo pían an té reo,
 Átnuað bróin ir deóir a n-aonféacht,
 Geapalt gan ppeab fá leacab traóéta.

50 Ag reo plannba Gallba Gaodalaé,
 Ceann dualaé nár ghuamda taodaé,
 Ceann ba ceannra, meabair cum réitig,
 Ceann nár amairc neac mairg an' feucain.

An ear of wheat without husk or bending ;
Heart of mail for the leader of his kinsmen,
A coat of unbroken armour for the rest,
To guard them from grief, from trouble and danger.

Candle of guidance, rose of Erin,
Candle of guidance, torch of noble chieftains ;
Wax taper, sun of the bright day ;
Illustrious taper, blood of the strength of bravery.

Vinetree, comely, flower of warriors,
30 Vinetree of the race of fair sons of valour,
Vinetree, a breast-plate of Connello of the jewels ;
Vinetree of Callan, rib of heroes.

Rose which shrivelled not till it shrivelled in death,
Rose of heroes, comet of the heavens,—
Rose of the kings, the highest in Erin,—
Rose of the poets and shelter of the bards.

Rallying chief of all Connello, without fault,—
Rallying chief of Glin—a sore wound to his friends ;
Rallying chief of Dingle,—I utter not lies,—
40 Rallying chief of defence along with his flock.

Gerald, son of Thomas, beloved of women,
Flood-tide wave of the sea of blows,
The beloved of three kingdoms lying without vigour !
Atropos has snapped the thread of his life !

My sorrow of heart, my thousand sharp woundings
My intense agony, my pain is he,
Renewal of weeping and of sorrow at once,
Gerald, lifeless, prostrate beneath a stone !

Here is a foreign and a Gaelic scion,
50 A head of fair locks, who was not morose or stubborn,
A head that was gentle, a brain to make peace,
A head that beheld none wretched in his sight.

A puirg ba gorm mar gorm na rpreire,
 A éanra mílir ba míóair a d-éarua,
 A píacla míne do bí déanta,
 'Sa bpaioite reanra, cearta, caola.

60 A lámha air arm ba deacair a d-tpaoáa,
 Láma na n-oirbear, tobair le daonnaét,
 A éom mar leoán a g-comhgleic laóair,
 A érhoie ba mór 'ra glór ba glé-nir.

Tig gan móill dá dpuim dul d'éagair
 Céirpe dúile a líúireacét d'aondul,
 Ceata pola dá n-doracét go paobrac,
 Ir mná riúe gaé críúe céarua.

A g-Caonraige 'na úilear caom-éar,
 Cíóc-bán áluinn ag párgaó déara,
 Úna Aoire Clíoúna, ir Déirpne,
 'Sa Síó beiré Meiré ag géar-gol.

70 A Síó Cpuacna duarcan rpreire,
 A Síó bainne coir Plearra 'r air Élaodair,
 A Síó Tuirc coir imill léine,
 A Síó beiré na mílleac, aorua.

D'admuirg bean a éar air Élaongluir,
 Mná Cuanaá a m-buaióearraib céarua,
 A d-Tig Molara do rgreabadar béite,
 Mná loma ir coir Daoile a n-aonpéacét.

80 D'admuirg bean a éar 'ra gaolta,
 A n-Éoáill 'ra Róirteaá daora,
 A d-Tpáig lí 'r le taoib loé Éirne,
 Coir Éarám 'ra g-Cineál m-béice.

Air élor táirg ir báir an Phoenix,
 Éug Tonn Clíoúna bioógaó baogalaé,
 Do bí loé Guir an' fuil péacét laeúe,
 'S an lílaint gan bpaon dá mí 'rí gne-pliúé.

66. cíóc-bán. MS. cíobán.

72. mílleac, *sic* MS.; meaning uncertain; perhaps = mínleac.

His eyes were blue as the blue of heaven,
 His sweet tongue was mild in its words,
 His fine teeth were well fashioned,
 His eye-brows slender, proper, thin.

His hands in arms it was hard to subdue,
 Hands of generous deeds, well of humanity,
 His waist as a lion's in the strife of valour,
 60 His heart was great, his voice clear and strong.

Because he went unto death, without delay
 The four elements burst at once into tumult,
 Showers of blood were sharply spilled,
 And the fairy women of every district in torture.

At Kenry in his own fair land,
 A white-breasted maiden pressing forth tears,
 Una, Aoife, Cliodhna, and Deirdre,
 And in Sidh Beidhbh Meadhbh bitterly weeping.

At Sidh Cruachna, a hum of sorrow in the heavens,
 70 At Sidh Baine, beside the Flesk, and on Claodach,
 At Sidh Tuirc, beside the margin of Lein,
 At ancient Sidh Beidhbh, of the pastures (?).

A woman confessed his merit in Claonghlais,
 The women of Cuanach were tormented with sorrow,
 At Timoleague women screamed,
 The women of Imokilly and beside the Deel together.

A woman confessed his right and his kinsfolk,
 At Youghal and in rich Roche-land,
 At Tralee and beside Lough Erne,
 80 On the marge of Casán and in Kinalmeaky.

On hearing the tidings and the death of the Phœnix,
 Tonn Cliodhna gave a start of danger,
 Lough Gur was blood for seven days,
 And the Maine without a drop for two months, though wet-faced.

73. A district in West Limerick.

74. A barony in Co. Limerick.

D'fáirḡ an líte a ppuithe raopa,
 D'iompuirḡ map ḡual pnuað na ḡpéine,
 Níor fhan meap air ðair 'ná air ðaolað,
 Dó érpéirḡ banba a capa 'ra céile.

90 Dó puaimneadar cuanta na ppéipe,
 Dó rḡpíocadar ríor na réaltaínn.
 Dó ḡleððadar a ḡ-clóð na h-éanlaíḡ,
 Dó múðadar dúile daonna.

Ní b-puil rḡím air mínleað maol-énoc,
 Ní b-puil topað air éalaí aolbuiḡ,
 Ní b-puil ceól a m-beólaiḡ éanlaíḡ,
 Dó balbairḡ cláirpreað bláíḡ-ḡeal éiríonn.

100 Dó b'é ḡearpalḡ capa na cléipe,
 ḡoll meap Mórna a nḡleð ná rpaocáð,
 Cúculainn na ḡ-clear n-ionḡnað 'déanaíḡ,
 Conall ḡulban ip Orḡar na m-béimíonn.

Dó b'é an túir peo rúil pe h-éirínn,
 Dó pað rí reape ip ḡean a cléib do,
 Dó éuḡ rí ráirḡ do ip ḡráð tap ééadairḡ,
 Dó éuḡ rí a rḡím dá ḡnaoi 'r a h-aonta.

ba beaḡ map ionḡnað í dá déanaíḡ,
 Ní paiḡ ríḡ d'fúil Ír ná éibip,
 Éuaið ná éear air peað na h-éiríonn,
 Ná rḡaḡað éríð ó rínn ḡo maol-rpóiḡ.

110 Air élor lḡ 'ra érpíoc don bé ḡlain,
 Dó puḡ rí eicim ip rḡeinim a n-aonḡeaðḡ,
 Dó deapbairḡ an báb, noð d'fár a léíte,
 ḡo bpaíḡ apír ḡan luiḡe le céile.

93. rḡím seems = 'fortune, prosperity': cf. *infra*, 104 and V. 5, rḡím ḡpaoiḡeaðḡta.

94. aolbað as an adj. seems = 'delightful.'

The Lithe compressed her noble current,
 The face of the sun turned to coal-black,
 Fruit remained not on oak, or on sapling,
 Banba abandoned her love and her spouse.

90 The depths of the sky grew red,
 The stars sank down,
 The birds contended on boughs,
 Human elements were quenched.

There is no prosperity on the pasture of bare hills,
 There is no produce on the beautiful land,
 There is no music in the mouths of birds,
 The fair-blooming harp of Erin is silenced.

Gerald was the beloved of the bards,
 A swift Goll, son of Morna, unsubdued in conflict,
 A Cuchulainn in performing wondrous feats,
 100 Conall Gulban and Osgar of the blows.

This chief was the hope of Erin,
 She gave him her love and her heart's affection,
 She gave him friendship, and fondness beyond hundreds,
 She gave her prosperity and her consent to his complexion.

Little wonder that she did so :
 There was not a prince of the blood of Ir or Eibhear,
 North or south throughout Erin,
 Who was not strained through him from head to bare foot.

On the fair woman hearing Ith and his region,
 110 She bounded and started all at once,
 The maiden swore, who grew grey,
 Never again to lie with a spouse.

101. *τύρη*. MS. *τυαρ*.

108. For *ῖσαδᾶ*, *cf.* XXIX. 33. Something seems to have dropped out between 108 and 109.

Ir iomdha flait do éap an méirbheac,
 Fuair a leaba 'ra realb 'ra caom-ghlac,
 Fuair a rún 'ra dúil 'ra h-aonta,
 Do éuit dá corname a n-doéap-bhuib daora.

120 'Óg-dul air peócað do éap me,
 A n-uaim linn a rinnreap raorð
 Sínte a b-peap a g-clair fá béillie
 Taob pe gairge na n-geapaltað caom-ghlan.

An tan do bairteað 'na leanb an laoc ro,
 Fíonúir ríogaéta Cuinn na g-céad-éat,
 Éug Mercurius rún a éleib do,
 O'páirg pé mil go tiug 'na méaparb.

Do rinn Mars 'na leanb laoc de,
 Éug do colg glan gorm ir éide,
 Clogab caoin dá díon a ngéibíonn
 Lúipeac 'na n-aice 'gur ceannar na Féinne

130 Fuair pe ciall ó Dia na céille,
 Innteacét, cuimne, míne, ir céadpað,
 Meabair, ir eólar, beódaét, ir léigeanataét,
 Suaimnear aigne, maire, 'gur féile.

Fuair ó Pan gac airge b' féidip,
 Stáinpe rtiúrta éúig cúige a n-aonpéacét,
 Céir go raibbip cum leigir a éréada,
 Ir gadaip dá g-cornam air doéap na b-paolcon.

140 Fuair pé gnaoi glan mín ó Venus,
 Éug Vulcanus do ceárbéa épaopað,
 Neptunus éug long do air paop-muir,
 Agur Oceanus áptac taoragac.

Monuap epoidé, mo míle céara!
 Gleann an Ríope ag pileað na n-déara!
 Gan bpuide ceóil gan glór bínn éanlaic!
 Do éuit a paé a maic 'ra péilteann!

Many are the chieftains the vile woman loved,
 Who obtained her bed, her possession, and her fair hand,
 Who obtained her love, her desire, and her consent,
 Who fell in her defence into the dire hardship of bondage.

His early going to decay has tortured me,
 Into the narrow grave of his noble ancestors,
 Stretched in a tomb, in a pit, under a great stone,
 120 Beside the champions of the pure, noble Geraldines.

When the hero was baptized as a child,
 The vine of the kingdom of Conn of the hundred fights,
 Mercury gave him the love of his heart,
 He pressed plenteous honey into his fingers.

Mars made him a hero when a child,
 Gave him a pure, sharp sword and armour,
 A noble helmet to protect him in difficulty,
 A coat of mail also, and the headship of the warriors.

He got wisdom from the God of Wisdom,
 130 Intelligence, memory, refinement, and judgment,
 Mind and knowledge, vivacity and learning,
 Peace of soul, beauty and generosity.

He got from Pan every possible gift,
 A staff to direct five provinces together,
 Wax in plenty to heal his flock,
 And dogs to guard them from the mischief of wolves.

He got a fair, smooth complexion from Venus,
 Vulcan gave him a greedy forge,
 Neptune gave him a ship on the open sea,
 140 And Oceanus a scoop for baling.

My heart-ache, my thousand tortures !
 The Knight's glen shedding tears !
 Without a musical starling, without the sweet voice of birds,
 Its fortune, its good, its star has fallen !

Do bain a báir a gáirpe d' éirinn,
 D' airtrig a daé ba géal air d'aol-daé!
 Silid lionn a rmúir 'ra raor-déarpe!
 Smior a cnáim pe fána tréigean!

150 Gúidim-pe do feabac na lann do raobað,
 Glóirpe ríor gan díé gan éirliog,
 Tuar a g-caidreaim plaitéar na gréine,
 Tug an rmúir-peo air úr-bhog éibir.
 Tug rmaile 'na rghiorcar ó Síonainn go déara,
 Tug dub-dáé air lonnrað na gréine,
 Tug fiað Fáil go cráidte déaraé,
 Ó Cárn tear go h-Aileac Néide.

Monuar croide, mo míle céarað!
 Oélan ir treigdeán a n-aonpéacé!
 Aðbar bróin a g-cóigib éirionn,
 160 Cnú mullaig an érainn bupraig do léirrgior.

Uile idir ppiúnaið úr nár éraob-éar,
 Ór na g-curað, ir curað na laoepra,
 Don ríog-éuaine dob' uairle a n-éirinn,
 Nár gáib rghannrað a ngleó ná a m-baozal.

Do bí leaé mloza go trom ag éab leir,
 Tré n-a maitear tar maiteib phioct éibir,
 Mar bapp na rgaic rgaicé ó éile,
 Go ríé a éilú gan rmúir 'ra tréicé

170 'Sé mac Rídirpe Síonna na raor-bare,
 loménúé gaé pír é d'púil na raor-plaie,
 Croide nar éur do díl gaé aonneac,
 bponntóir beacé do lazaib éirionn.

ba éurata a gpuaið a n-am buaídearéa ir baozal
 ba géal a croide, 'ra éilí, 'ra éeaprað,
 A méinn gan miorgaip, 'ra mioral dá réir rin,
 Gan eláct ná tapcuirne a g-ceangal don méib rin.

145. This line in MS. is

d'airpleað a raozal a brón deirionn,

which is difficult to cure.

His death took away her laughter from Erin,
 Her bright colour has changed to chafer-black,
 Her nostrils and her noble eyes shed their humours,
 The marrow of her bones she lets waste away.

I beseech for the sword-breaking warrior
 150 Eternal glory, without loss or blemish,
 Above, in the society of the sunny heavens,
 Who brought this sorrow on a noble mansion of Eibhear.

Who dealt a blow that works ruin from Shannon to Beare,
 Who coloured black the brightness of the sun,
 Who made the lands of Fál sad and tearful,
 From Corran to Aileach of Neid.

My heart-ache, my thousand tortures !
 Woe and pain together !
 Cause of grief in the provinces of Erin,
 160 The ruin of the topmost nut of the noble tree !

Lily amongst thorns, fresh, not branch-tangled,
 Gold of champions, champion of heroes,
 Of the princely family, noblest in Erin,
 Who were not panic-stricken in fight or in danger.

Leath Mhogha was greatly envious of him,
 Because of his goodness above the chiefs of Eibhear's race,
 As the choice of the flowers—separated from one another,
 His fame ran unclouded, and his virtues.

He is the son of the Knight of Shannon of the noble ships,
 170 The envy of every man, of the blood of noble chiefs,
 A heart not hard whom all loved,
 An exact bestower on the weaklings of Erin.

Firm was his brow in time of trouble and danger,
 Bright was his heart, and his breast, and his mind,
 His mind without malice, and his spirit in like manner,
 Without raillery or contempt in connexion with these.

AN PEART-LAOIÖ.

A mairb-leac bioč-árö, rin tair pút 'na luirge
 Capa na m-boétán buinneán úr ba ġroioe,
 Neart cupaö na leannán, cruč éaiö d'úr-řuil ríöğ,
 180 Ģearpalτ mac Tomáir oclán dúr ! fáö' éli.

Řád' éli atá tám-lağ Ģearpalτ Ģréağac,
 Řioğ-řlaiτ ir řáiö ruğ bárr na b-řlata b-řaoβřac
 Šaoi nár éáimğ cum cáim ġur éaiτ a řaoğal
 'Š Ģřiořö dá řağáil ġan éairöe 'na řlaičear naomčta.

XXVII.

MARÖNA AN AČAR SEÁĞAN MAC INEIRČE.

D'éag an řağarτ cnearöa epáibčeač,
 buačailł řan baö maič láime,
 Solur mór baö řó-maič cáile,
 Raelčean eölur řöl 'na řáiöčib.

D'řeóig an τ-uball cúmpa ġřáömap,
 D'řeóig an epann 'r an planöa bláčmap,
 D'řeóig an řionúir caoin, řionn, řáirčeač,
 D'řeóig ġéağ pałime ö řarčar álunn.

D'řeóig an teanğa nár řearb a řáiöčib,
 10 D'řeóig an čeaččairpe ö řlaičear öö éáimğ,
 D'řeóig an buačailł duapač deağčac,
 Öö bíöö ağ copnañ na b-peacač ö Šáčan.

XXVII.—Of this poem I have seen only the copy in the Royal Irish Academy. Three or four lines at the end have been omitted as they are difficult to decipher. For some account of the family of Mac Inery, see "Topographical Poems," edited by O'Donovan, Index *in voce*.

THE EPITAPH.

O death-stone, ever high, there lowly beneath thee is lying,
 The beloved of the poor, the noble, valiant branch,
 Champion of strength of favourites, modest face, of the noble
 blood of kings,
 180 Gerald, son of Thomas—oh, bitter woe!—beneath thy breast.

Beneath thy breast, Gerald the Grecian is lifeless,
 Royal chief and prince who excelled the keen chieftains,
 A noble who was faultless until he had spent his life,
 And may Christ receive him, without delay, in His holy heaven.

XXVII.

ELEGY ON FATHER JOHN MACINERY.

He is dead—the priest, mild, and pious,—
 The servant of Pan, whose surety was good,
 A great light, of truly good qualities,
 A guiding star, a Paul in his maxims.

Withered is the fragrant, lovely apple,
 Withered is the tree and the blooming plant,
 Withered is the gentle, fair, loving vine,
 Withered is the palm-bough from beauteous Paradise.

Withered is the tongue which was not bitter in speech,
 10 Withered is the messenger from heaven that came,
 Withered is the excellent, virtuous servant,
 Who was wont to defend sinners against Satan.

2. buacáill Pán, 'the servant of the Most High.' Pan is sometimes used as a name for the Deity by English writers. láimne: cf. XX. 12, and XXIV. 12; perhaps láimne is the word here.

D'péidg Mercurius, túr le námaib,
 Lócrann pobuil gan foéal ná cáipide,
 An gaðar luirg bað éupað le h-ácar,
 'S an daíh tpeabhta gan cealg dá máíghirtir.

20 D'péidg an píaðuide pial-éroiðeac fáilteac,
 Do lean lorǵ ar beahta naoim pádpuid,
 An t-Orǵar puagmhar uapal dána,
 Do leag ríor an Díomar lán-mear.

D'éag an Döll bob' oll-ǵlic láidir,
 Do éuir an t-Sannt le faille 'r a cáipide,
 D'éag an palmaç, balta do Dáibid,
 Náir pmúim Dpúir 'r a D-Tnúé náir éaplaig.

Craor níor fearc an fear do ráðaim lib,
 Do pæcnað a éorp ó ole go báir do,
 D'puaçtaig Fearǵ, níor éanǵuil le páirt di,
 Do puaiǵ ré an leirǵe tar leirǵ le pánaið.

30 Do b' é ro an gairǵioðac neart-éroiðeac áluimn,
 Do b'pæppa 'r an ǵ-caç pá pæcct ná Ajax,
 Do b'pæárr é air éloiðeam pá érí ná an páir-pælaç
 Alexander, ó Mlacedon éáimǵ.

Liaǵ an anama pæacaig do-pláimte,
 Liaǵ do Éríorð, dá éaoirib bána,
 Liaǵ an Açar, don pæacaç an-épráibçeaç,
 Liaǵ na n-oçar nǵorpuiǵçte epáidçte.

40 Tiompán bínn a laoirib Dáibid,
 Cláirpæac halla na n-aingiol bað ǵrádmar,
 Liaǵ léir cneapað ar guineað le Sátan,
 Dliolla Mluirpe 'r a ǵonna air an m-beapnuim.

Liaǵ don ocpaç cíocpaç tár-noçt,
 Liaǵ na n-dall a n-am a nǵábaið,
 Liaǵ na laǵ 'r a m-brapaç pǵáçta,
 Liaǵ na b-peap, na m-ban, na nǵáplaç.

20. Díomar = 'pride, contempt for others.' The priest is represented as routing the seven deadly sins.

Withered is the Mercury, the tower against the enemy,
 The torchlight of the people, without corruption or cunning,
 The tracking hound, who was a joyous champion,
 And the plough-ox, without deceit, to his master.

Withered is the huntsman, generous-hearted, hospitable,
 Who followed the track and the life of St. Patrick,
 The Osgar, host-scattering, noble, bold,
 20 Who overthrew full-lusty Pride.

Dead is the Goll who was so skilful and strong,
 Who sent Avarice with his kinsfolk adown the cliff;
 Dead is the psalm-chanter, the disciple of David,
 Who thought not of Lust, and was not found in Envy.

The man I pourtray to you loved not Gluttony,
 He guarded his body from evil until death,
 He hated Anger, nor joined with it in love,
 He put Sloth to flight out of the way adown the slope.

A champion was he of stout heart, comely,
 30 Who was in battle seven times better than Ajax,
 At the sword he was thrice better than that famous chieftain,
 Alexander, who came from Macedon.

Physician to the sinful, sickly soul,
 Christ's physician, for his white sheep,
 The Father's physician, for the impious sinner,
 Physician of the sick, wounded, and tormented.

A melodious timbrel for the songs of David,
 The harp of the hall of the angels, who was pleasing,
 Physician who cured all who were wounded by Satan,
 40 Mary's servant and her gun in the breach.

Physician of the hungry, the ravenous, the naked,
 Physician of the blind in their time of need,
 Physician of the weak and their battle-standard of protection,
 Physician of men, of women, and of babes.

Máigiur tuinge gan uipearbaid cábla,
 Trí muiir b'éige an t-raogail báidte,
 Scriortóir Acheron, capa na d-tám-laḡ,
 Do éuir na deamuin a ḡ-ceanḡal air fárað.

50 Eagnuide rocair map Soloman éapla,
 b'riogmar bleactmar bar-ḡeal báilteac,
 Soéma pionnantar poitib 'na éailib,
 Meanmnað múinte clámuil ráim-ðpeað.

Suamda meaparda ḡeanmnað ḡrárað,
 Uaill ná dímeap tríd níor fárgnaiim
 Fírean naomta béarpeað d'fár d'fuil
 Na m-brianað ḡ-calma ḡ-ceannapað láidur.

60 Ar tig Óinn Copra gan poéal do éaimḡ,
 D'fíor-fuil ríḡce críde Fáilbe,
 Do f'leaðtaib laðtina éair na lán-épeað,
 D'pong na n-Danar do rḡairpeað tar fáile.

Atá an pobal ḡo dorb 'na deaḡaid ran,
 Atá an t-aer 'na d'éig ḡo epáidte.
 Do ḡoil Sol pe ppoðtaib fáile
 Do rḡéig an Daoil map díon faoi bánataib.

50. bar-ḡeal: MS. béar-ḡeal. 57. Ceann Copra, lit. = 'the head of the weir'; it is situated near the town of Killaloe.

Captain of a ship that wanted not a cable,
Through the false sea of the drowned world,
The spoiler of Acheron, the beloved of the feeble,
Who tied down the demons in the wilderness.

A philosopher sedate like Solomon,
50 Strong, fruitful, white-handed, bestowing,
Quiet, peaceful, gentle of disposition,
High-spirited, accomplished, of good repute, peaceful of mien.

Demure, esteemed, pure, gracious,
Nor vanity nor pride grew with him,
A righteous man, holy, almsgiving, who sprang from the blood
Of the O'Briens, the stalwart, the ruling, the strong.

Of the house of Kincora without corruption did he come,
Of the genuine blood of the kings of the land of Fáilbhe,
Of the race of Lachtna, of Cas of the abundant spoils,
60 A race who scattered the Danes across the sea.

The congregation is doleful at his loss,
The air is troubled at his death,
Sol wept with briny streams,
The Deal overflowed as a covering along plains.

59. Lachtna was great-grandfather of Brian Borumha, and traces of his royal residence, 'Grianan Lachtna,' are still to be seen within a mile of Killaloe.

XXVIII.

ΤΑΡΝΖΑΙΡΕΑΪΤ ὈΙΝΝ ΠΙΡΙΝΝΙḶ.

Ἄν τρυαḷ λῖβ na παλῶοιμ an εἰτίḡ 'p an πέιλλ ουῖβ
 Ἀḡ ρυαḡαιρτ na ἐλείρε ap δά léip-ḡup pά ὀαιοῖρε ?
 Μο nuap-pa ḡο τρέιτ-laḡ mac Σέapλuip ba pῖḡ ἄḡuinn,
 Ἀ n-uaiḡ cupḡa an' aonap, 'p a ῖapop-ḡalτa aip ὀῖβipτ !

Ip τρυαίλλῖḡḡe, claonḡap, 'p ip τρέapon ὀo'n ὀpoinḡ oile,
 Cpuaḡ-ḡionna bpéiḡe pά ῖeula 'p pά pεpῖḡinn,
 'ḡ a m-bualaḡ pe beulaῖḡ ἄp ḡ-ἐλείρε ap ἄp παoίḡe,
 'S náp ὀual ὀo ἐlamn Σέamup copóim ῖapop na ὀ-τpῖ
 pῖoḡaḡτa.

- Σταḡpαιḡ an τḡipneaḡ le pḡipneaρτ na ḡpéime,
 10 Ἀp pḡaippeḡ an ceo-po ὀo pḡp-ῖleaḡτaῖḡ εἰḡip ;
 Ἄn τ-lmppe beῖḡ ὀeopaḡ ap ῖlónḡpup παoi ὀaop-pmaḡτ,
 'S an “bpicléip” ḡo moḡḡapaḡ a peompa pῖḡ Σέamup.

beῖḡ εἰρε ḡo pῖḡaḡ 'p a ὀύντa ḡo h-aḡḡapaḡ,
 Ἀp ḡaḡḡaῖḡ 'ḡ a pεpῖḡaḡ 'na múpαιḡ ἄḡ εἰḡpῖḡ ;—
 beupla na m-búp n-ὀuḡ ḡo cḡḡaῖḡ παoi neulτaῖḡ,
 Ἀp Σέamup 'n a ḡúipτ ḡῖḡ ἄḡ ταḡaipτ cunḡanta ὀo ḡaḡḡ-
 laῖḡ.

XXVIII.—Donn was a celebrated Munster fairy supposed to haunt Cnoc Firinne, near Ballingarry, County Tipperary. He holds much the same rank in the fairy world as Clíodhna and Aine. He is a kinsman of the Donn, son of Milesius who is supposed to haunt the sand-banks known as Teach Doinn, and to whom Andrew Mac Curtin made complaint of his grievances. There is a copy of this poem in the British Museum, and two copies in the Royal Irish Academy, of which one is in the MS. copy of Keating's History that contains the pieces on O'Hickey (23, G. 3). It has been printed by Hardiman, in his "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. ii.

4. Here δαῖτa, evidently = 'son,' and not merely 'foster child.'

6. The poet refers to the Acts of Parliament passed settling the succession on William and Mary, but chiefly to the alleged suppositiousness of the son of James II.

XXVIII.

THE PROPHECY OF DONN FIRINNEACH.

Are ye moved with pity because the lying wolves of black
treachery

Are scattering the clergy and bringing them to complete
servitude ?

Oh woe is me ! the son of Charles who was our king is lifeless,
Buried in a grave alone, while his noble son is banished ;

It is foul and evil, it is treason in that wicked race,
To brandish audacious perjuries, sealed, and in writing,
Before the faces of our clergy and our nobles,
That the children of James have no hereditary title to the noble
crown of the three Kingdoms.

10 The thunder will be silenced by the strength of the sunlight,
And this sorrow will depart from the true descendants of Eibhear :
The Emperor will shed tears, and Flanders will be in dire
bondage.

While the "Bricklayer" will be in pride in the halls of King
James.

Erin will be joyful, and her strongholds will be delightful ;
And the learned will cultivate Gaelic in their schools ;
The language of the black boors will be humbled and put
beneath a cloud,
And James in his bright court will lend his aid to the Gaels.

12. bpiócléir. In a copy of the poem in a MS. of *Keating's History*, bearing date 1715, this word is glossed thus: .i. ppiónnra Séamur mac don bapa Séamur b'i iompáidte 'na mac tabartha aḡ an m-bpiócléir. In a poem on the 'Coming of the Pretender to Scotland,' and probably by our author, this subject is dealt with in strong language :

"Na galla-bpuic do dhearbaidḡ ḡo díot-éópaé
ḡur barcaro tu ná ppeabab d'fúil an ríḡ éróda
ḡo b-foicimna le h-armaib na nḡaoibíl Eogain
Na ḡarb-éoiric 'na rpaḡalaib a n-bpaob bóéair.

beirò an bíobla rin lúiteir 'r a dub-éagapḡ éitig,
 'S an buidhean ro tá cionntaé ná huinlúigeann don ḡ-cléir
 éirte,
 'ḡ a n-díbirte tap triúcaib ḡo Neuu-land ó Éirinn ;
 20 An laoiréac 'r an ḡrionnra beirò cúirte aca 'r aonaé !

XXIX.

INĠION UÍ ĠEARAILT.

A péapla ḡan rḡamal, do léir-cúir mé a ḡ-cačaiḡ,
 Éirò liom ḡan fearḡ ḡo n-innriod mo rḡeól ;
 'S ḡur faobraé do čaičir ḡaečte 'ḡur deapra
 Trím' éréacčta 'na ḡ-ceačaiḡ, do míl mé ḡan tpeóir ;
 ḡan bréaḡnaó do pačainn don Éirirte tap calaó,
 'S ḡo h-Éirinn ní čarpainn čoičce dom' deóin ;
 Aip tpeán-núir aip talain a nḡéibinn a n-aicior
 Níor léan liom beiré ad' aice coir lḡpe ḡan rḡró.

10 Ip craobaé, 'ríp capčá, ip dpeímpeacé, 'r ip olačacé,
 Ip néampraé, 'ríp leabair, a olaoiḡte map ór ;
 Ip péaplaé a deapca, map paeltean na maibne,
 Ip caol ceapra a mala map rḡríob pínna a ḡ-clóó ;
 Sḡéim-čpuč a leacan aolba map řneacčta
 ḡo h-aopaé aḡ carmaiḡte tpe líonpraó an róir ;
 Čuḡ ḡhoebur 'na peacčaiḡ tap beiréib ad' amape
 'S a éaban aip lapaó le díoḡpaur doó' člód.

XXIX.—There is a copy of this poem in the 69th volume of the Renehan MSS. Maynooth College. The piece has already appeared in print in "Poets and Poetry of Munster." We have followed O'Daly's text, making some corrections from the Renehan copy. The subject of the poem was celebrated in countless poetical effusions during the early part of the eighteenth century. Her name was Lucy Fitzgerald. She lived at Ballykennely in the County of Cork.

Luther's Bible and his false dark teaching,
 And this guilty tribe that yields not to the true clergy,
 Shall be transported across countries to New Land from Erin,
 20 And Louis and the Prince shall hold court and assembly.

XXIX.

THE GERALDINE'S DAUGHTER.

O pearl without darkness, who hast driven me into contests,
 Listen to me without anger, whilst I tell my story ;
 Seeing that thou hast keenly shot shafts and darts
 Through my wounds in showers, which have ruined me,
 without strength ;
 In sooth I would go to Egypt across the sea,
 And to Erin I would never willingly return ;
 On the strong sea, on land, in bonds, and in joy,
 I would not grieve at being near thee by a river's side without
 wandering.

Branching, plaited, in long wisps, in short clusters,
 10 Brightly shining, and limber, are her locks like gold ;
 Pearls her eyes, as the star of the morning ;
 Right slender her eyebrow as a pen-line in print ;
 The beauteous appearance of her cheek, lime-white as the snow,
 Struggling gaily through the brightness of the rose,
 Which caused Phœbus to rush to behold thee above all maidens,
 While his forehead was aflame through love for thy beauty.

12. *r̃g̃r̃iob p̃inn.* O'Daly aspirates *b*, which is wrong: *cf.* a *par̃ap-
 poĩr̃g̃ élaona 'r̃ a mala ðear̃ inaop̃a Mãp̃ ear̃p̃aiñr̃eap̃a caoll-p̃eann*
a g-clób t̃áib.—O'Sullivan's Vision.

16. R: 'S aτ-éadan aip̃ lapað le ðiõr̃p̃ur̃ dá clób. O'Daly: 'S aτ-éadan
 aip̃ lapað le ðiõr̃p̃aip̃ ðob̃ clób. Neither of these lines gives good sense.

1r glégeal a mama mar ghéirib coir calaib;
 A h-aol-choirpín pneacta ip paoileanda rúó;
 Ní féidip a maiítear do léir-éur a b-pratainn
 20 Caoimhile cnearda ip mín-rúó na n-óg;
 1r croidéarḡ a balpam, a déib geal gan aitéir,
 Do fáoppaó ón nḡalar na mílte dom rúor;
 Saor-ḡuē a teanḡan léiḡionta do rḡarḡaib
 Déir tréan-puic tar beannaib pe milpact a ḡlór.

Phoenix d'púil ḡearaile ḡréaḡaig an cailín,
 Séimh-rúir do éanna Míleaó na rúóḡ,
 Laoḡpaó gan tairpe traoḡta le ḡallaib,
 Gan tréine gan calaib gan rúóḡ-bpog gan rúor;
 Gan bréaḡnaó ḡur rḡaḡaó Paoraiḡ ip bapraiḡ
 30 1r tréan-coin óun Raite tríob-ra paorí óó;
 Ní'l paor-plaite ná brḡan do pḡéim éoinne Čairil
 Gan ḡaol rir an ainur misonla gan rúól.

Ní léir óam a paíuil a n-éirinn ná a Saḡran,
 A n-éipeact a b-pearraim a n-intleact 'ra ḡ-clóó;
 An béit élipde ip pearra tréite 'ḡur teardar
 Ná Helen léir cailleaó na mílte 'ran nḡleó;
 Ní'l aon pḡar 'na beactaib d'pḡeuaó air maibin
 'Na h-éadan gan maipḡ ná rḡaolpḡaó a bḡón;
 Mo ḡéibionn! mo deacair! ní pḡadaim a pḡacain
 40 Trém' neulaib, am' aiplinḡ, apḡoióce, ip do ló.

18. The subject of this poem has been called "Paoileann maorḡa béapaó banamuil," by Domhnall na Tuille. 20. R is followed here; balpam seems = lips,' on account of their fragrance, cf. :

1r binne ḡuē ḡearra-ḡuib balpam-buig mánla an lemb.

Domhnall na Tuille on the same.

White her breasts, as swans beside the sea-shore ;
 Her lime-bright, snow-white body of beauty like the sea-gull ;
 Her goodness cannot be all put on parchment ;

20 The fair mild lily and gentle flower of virgins.

Bright red are her lips, her white teeth without a blemish,

Which would save from disease thousands such as I ;

The noble speech of her tongue learned in histories,

Brought stout bucks over mountains by the sweetness of her
 voice.

A Phoenix of the Grecian Geraldine blood is the maiden,

The mild cousin of the children of Milesius of the hosts ;

Heroes crushed without mercy by the English,

Without strength, without land, without princely mansion,
 without wealth.

In sooth the blood of the Powers and the Barrys,

30 And the strong hounds of Bunratty has been twice strained
 through thee ;

There is no noble chieftain or warrior of the stock of the children
 of Cashel,

Who is not akin to the mild faultless maiden.

I know not her peer in Erin or in England,

In wisdom, in personal charms, in mind, in form ;

The accomplished maiden surpassing in virtue and fame

Helen, through whom thousands perished in the fight ;

There is no man living, who would look at morning

On her face without sorrow, whose grief she would not dispel ;

O my bondage ! O my hardship ! I cannot avoid her

40 In my slumbers, in my dreams, by night, or by day.

37. αἰρ μαῖοιμ = 'just now, at any time henceforth.'

38. ná p̃ḡaoilpeað.

sic R ; O'Daly ná p̃ḡéiḡpeað.

40. O'Daly oĩḡce, ná ló.

XXX.

epitalamium DO TIGEARNNA CINN MARA.

Aitíob éirg air na rrúillib ag léimriú go lúcmar,
 Tá'n t-éclipp gan fúntar ag imteacht;
 Tá Dóebur ag múrghailt, 'r an t-éartha go ciuin-ghlan,
 Ar éanlaic na cúige go roicim.
 Táib rghaot beac ag túirleing air ghéagab ip úr-ghlar,
 Tá péar agur d'púct air na mongaib
 Ó'r céile don m-brúnaic í, Réaltan na Muimán
 'S gaol gearr don Dúic ó Chill Choimniú.

Tá bíodgað ann gaic taim-lag ip g'poidé-énoic go láidip,
 10 'S an ngeimriú cig bláic air gaic bile;
 Cill Cair ó éarplaig a g-cuibpeac go d'ráidmar
 Le Ríú Cille h-Áirne ár g-Cupað;
 Níl éagcúip dá luað 'g'uinn, tá faotac ag t'puaigab,
 Ón rghéal nuað po luaidtear le d'pongaib,
 Air péarla óg mná uairle (a Dó uil tabair buaid ói)
 An épaob cúmpa ip uairle a g-Cill Choimniú.

Tá'n Ríog-plaic 'na gárbair air írlib 'r air árbair,
 'S na mílte dá fáiltiugac le muirinn;
 Tá'n taoide go h-aðbapac, 'r coill ghlar ag fáir ann,
 20 'S ghaoi teact air bánair gan milleac;
 Táib cuanta, ba g'náicac faoi buan-rtoipm g'rána,
 Go puaimneac ó éarplaig an rnuidmeac,
 Tá enuairtear air t'ráig 'g'uinn ná luargann an t-páile,
 Ruacain ip báirniú ip duilearg.

XXX.—This poem is printed in O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster." There is a copy of it in the Royal Irish Academy, which gives the title as follows:—

Epitalamium do tigearna brúnaic Cinn Mara air n-a pórac le h-ingíon Coirnal bucléir Cille Cair.

The poem was composed to celebrate the nuptials of Valentine Brown, third Viscount Kenmare, and Honora daughter of Thomas Butler of Kilcash. The

XXX.

EPITHALAMIUM FOR LORD KENMARE.

The fish in the streamlets leap up with activity,
 The eclipse is departing without a struggle,
 Phœbus is waking, and the moon is calmly bright,
 And the birds of the province are joyous ;
 Bees in swarms cluster on boughs fresh and green,
 Grass and dew are on the meads,
 Since Brown has espoused the Star of Munster
 The near in blood to the Duke from Kilkenny.

The languid are becoming vigorous, and the great hills are strong,
 10 And in winter every tree puts forth blossoms,
 Since Kilcash has been united lovingly in bonds
 With the Prince of Killarney our champion ;
 We are giving vent to no grievance, the wretched have a respite
 Since this news which is spreading among the crowd,
 Concerning the fair young pearl of ladies, (O faithful God grant
 her success!)

The fragrant branch, the most noble in Kilkenny.

The princely chieftain is a protection for the high and the lowly,
 And thousands are welcoming him with love,
 The tide is favourable, and a green wood is growing therein,
 20 And fields are growing bright without destruction ;
 Heavens, wont to be disturbed by ugly long-lasting storms,
 Are calm since this alliance took place ;
 There is gathered on the shore, undisturbed by the sea,
 Cockles and limpets, and dillisk.

marriage took place in 1720, when Sir Nicholas Brown, Valentine's father had died, and the son was at last in possession of his property. The distinguished lady celebrated in this poem, died in 1730, of smallpox. Her father Thomas Butler was grandson of Richard Butler, only brother of James, the first duke of Ormond.

2. *piúntar* = 'struggle'; cf. *múcað ná milleað a ð-piontar map ta*.—*Aodh Mac Curlin*. 17. 'na *ǵárðar*, one would expect 'na *ǵárða*.

Táid uairle Éill Áirne ḡo ruairc aḡ ól pláinte
 'S buan-bioḡ na lánamán a ḡ-cumann ;
 Táid ruan-ḡoirḡ ir dánta dá m-bualaḡ ar éláirrig,
 Ḡaḡ ruan-ḡort air áilleaḡḡ 'r air binneaḡḡ ;
 Tá claoḡlóḡ air éruaiḡ-éirḡ, 'r an t-aon éóir aḡ buaḡ' éann,
 30 Tá ḡné nuaḡ air ḡruaḡnaiḡ ḡaḡ n-duine ;
 Tá'n rḡéir mḡr air ruaiment, 'r an rae rḡr ḡo ruaimneaḡ,
 Ḡan caoḡ-éḡ ḡan buarḡan, ḡan baille.

XXXI.

TREISE LE CROMUELL.

Treipe leat, a Éromuell,
 A ríḡ éroḡnaiḡ ḡaḡ rḡolḡḡ,
 Ar leaḡ' linn ruaramar ruaimnear
 Mil, uaḡḡar, ir onóir.

Iarramaioḡ ḡan Caoimánaḡ,
 Nuallánaḡ, ná Cinnriolaḡ,
 búrcḡḡ, Ríreaḡ, ná Róirḡeaḡ,
 D'ḡaḡáil rḡoḡ do éuib a rḡnḡear.

Iarramaioḡ Cromuell beirḡ a n-uaḡḡar,
 10 Ríḡ uaral Éloinne Lḡbuir,
 ḡuḡ a ḡóirḡm d'ḡear na rḡirḡe,
 Ar d'ḡáḡ fear na dúirḡḡe ḡan "nothing."

Iarramaioḡ a b-puil ran teaḡ ro,
 Air maiḡ aḡur air maoin,
 beirḡ ní buir fearr bliadán ó aniuḡ,
 Ar ḡaḡ neaḡ buir maiḡ linn.

29. buaḡ' éann, so O'Daly. buaḡaḡḡamḡ and buaḡaḡḡainn are used in spoken language.

The nobles of Killarney are merrily drinking health
And long life to the wedded pair in love ;
Lulling melodies and songs are being struck on the harp,
Each lulling melody the loveliest and the sweetest ;
Each hard trouble is overcome, and justice alone triumphs
amongst us ;

30 There is a fresh colour on the cheeks of all men,
There is a sound of joy in the great heavens, the moon also is
peaceful,
Without blinding mist, without sorrow, without eclipse.

XXXI.

MORE POWER TO CROMWELL.

More power to thee, O Cromwell,
O king who hast established each rustic,
It is with thy coming we obtained peace,
Honey, cream, and honour.

We ask that nor Kavanagh,
Nor Nolan, nor Kinsella,
Nor Burke, nor Rice, nor Roche,
Ever get a sod of their ancestors' portion.

10 We ask that Cromwell be supreme,
The noble king of Clan Lobus,
Who gave plenty to the man with the flail,
And left the heir of the land without " nothing."

We ask that all in this house,
In goodness and in wealth,
Be better a year from to-day,
And everyone whom we like.

XXXII.

AÉTANNA DO RINNEAD a b-PÁRLIMENT CLOINNE
THOMÁIS.

An fear a b'ar éirí fúinn féin
Ní beidimis a b-péin do ghnáé,
Cuirpimis ríor an ceart,
An fear a b'ar an rmaéat air ár láimh.

Do fúigeamar a b-párliment,
Ó Ceann t-Sáile go binn éadair,
Ar éugamar a n-inneoin íádrui,
Beiré 'nár g-cáirde ag a céile.

10 Tuğamaoid onóir don ríolóig
Ar mó fearóg 'par fearr maoin,
Ib beiréad fúigte don b-plearad,
Tairgíor go d-tí an t-eapad an t-ím.

Aétamaoid ár d-tuaparbal
Lá fuar agus teiré,
Aétamaoid ár n-éadac
Do péir céille agus eirt.

Aétamaoid ár n-éadac cuirp
Mar atá anoir do ghnáé,
20 Geappa-hata mín dubh
Ib brígte orguilte bláé.

XXXII.—This piece, as well as the preceding one, is taken from the satire, "Parliament Chloinne Thomáis," and contains the enactments and resolutions come to after mature deliberation by the rustic race of Clan Thomas. In this satire the author ridicules chiefly the Cromwellian settlers of low origin and coarse vulgar manners, but the Irish who helped them to oppress their own countrymen are by no means spared. They hail Cromwell as their special patron. The metre of XXXI. and XXXII. is free and easy. These pieces vary considerably in different MSS. The text follows a copy of the satire made by Denis O'Connell in 1785. XXXII. is a piece of considerable interest, as the poet makes the Parliamentary lights of Clan

XXXII.

THE ACTS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF CLAN THOMAS.

While Erin shall be ours alone,
 We shall not be in constant pain ;
 We will ordain what is right
 While authority is in our hands.

We have sat in Parliament
 From Kinsale to Beann Eadar ;
 And we have resolved, in spite of Patrick,
 To be friends one to another.

10 We give honour to the rustic
 Who has longest beard and most wealth ;
 And to sit in the last place to the churl
 Who stores butter until the spring.

We enact that we get our wages
 The cold day and the warm,
 We enact that our clothes be regulated
 According to sense and right.

20 We enact that our body-clothes be
 As they are usually now :
 A low, smooth, black hat,
 And breeches spliced and beautiful.

Thomas speak, in the rustic language of his time, about farming and other occupations suited to their state of servitude.

The following variants are taken from a Trinity College, Dublin, copy (T), and from one made from a MS. of 1705, by Mr. P. Stanton (P).

3. ceapτ, T peacτ. 4. P peacδ 'nap lámh. 6. P Cionn τ-Sáile.

8. 'náp δ-cáipde, T δpáδmnap.

20. opδuile bláτ, T pδaúlte ábur ip éall; the reference is obviously to breeches cut and buttoned at the knee so common in the last century.

Ríog-bodač an ḡac aon baile
 Le caile ḡorm map céile;
 Ar fearann fada fairrinḡ
 Do beir aige ḡan aon pub.

Aétamaoib ḡan uig im ná feóil
 Do iḡeað aét 'ran oibche
 Meap-maopa ar mairtín
 Do beir a n-dorup ḡac tíḡe aḡuib.

30

Aétamaoib ḡan an dapa leaba
 Do beir aḡ aon do Óloinn Tómair,
 D'eaḡla bráíḡpe ná raḡairḡ
 Beir aḡ tappareḡ cum buḡ m-boḡáin.

Aétamaoib d'fear an óir
 Torač móna ir branair,
 A ḡ-comair ḡo d-tubpað conḡnain
 Don tí ir túrḡa do ḡnír ḡrapað.

40

Dá b-paḡað riḡ earbaib ná tráḡlar,
 Ná buḡ rḡór aḡ dul a nḡiorraét,
 Air óp ná díolpað riḡ búḡ b-fiača
 Cuirið búḡ ḡ-cuib air láin buḡ ḡ-cloinne.

Aétamaoib an uile aḡpann
 Dá m-beað eaḡpuinn ná cḡupḡáil
 A réiḡteač ḡo ró-ḡapa
 Le diaḡ do Óloinn Tómair.

Aétamaoib ḡan mac deaḡ-aḡar
 Duine uapal ná díoinaoiḡ,
 Do beir 'na éoinnuiḡe ameapḡ bodač
 Ainpír branair na ḡrapaiḡ.

50

Aétamaoib pópað dúbalta
 Do réir dúḡḡair ir reaḡta,
 Do m-ac-ra aḡam inḡin-pe,
 Ir m'inḡion-ra aḡað m-ac-ra.

47-48. P do beir 'na éomnuige ameapḡ clanna pleapḡač ná neamépuinn.

That a chief-bodach be in every village
 With a blue hag for his wife,
 And that a farm long and wide
 Be his for nothing.

We enact that nor eggs, nor butter, nor meat
 Be eaten save at night ;
 That a cur dog and a little mastiff
 Be at the doors of all your houses.

30 We enact that no spare lodgings
 Belong to any of Clan Thomas,
 Lest friars or priests
 Should frequent your cottage.

We enact that the man who has gold
 Should have the first of turf and fallow,
 So that he may give assistance
 To him who first grubs his land.

40 If you fall into want or difficulty,
 Or your means become reduced,
 In order that you may not pay your debts
 Put your property in your children's hands.

We enact that every dispute
 That may happen between us, and every wrangle,
 Be very speedily settled
 By two of Clan Thomas.

We enact that no son of a respectable father,
 No nobleman, no idler,
 Abide amidst *bodachs*
 In the time of fallow or grubbing.

50 We enact double marriages
 According to hereditary custom and law
 Thy son to marry my daughter
 And my daughter to marry thy son.

Aéttamaoib an uile pleargac,
 Noé éeanpar malairt nó mapgáil,
 Diair do beiré do láéair
 D'píor-píioct éloinne éomáir.

60 A g-cár dá m-beaó a n-aíreacáir,
 Go n-beapbaó a n-éiteacé,
 Cum a éoda d'páğáil tar n-air
 Le "by this Book ar bpeág rin."

Aéttamaoib an uile pleargac,
 Air a m-bí cúram boéóige,
 Croicíon caoraé na Féile Míeil,
 Do beiré aige cum dorpóige.

Aéttamaoib a n-am buana,
 Ím cáire agur ppólla,
 Cúig pinginne gan aúpar,
 A n-am branair ip móna.

70 Aéttamaoib dá pinginn
 O Samuin go Féil úríğve,
 Trí pinginne ran earraé,
 An peað máirpíor an píolénr.

Aéttamaoib le ééile
 O úinn éadair go Ceann τ-Sáile,
 Már Sağranaé már éipionnaé
 Beiré leir an té bur láirpe.

80 Aéttamaoib teangmáil le ééile
 Lá Féile Míeil ar Máirt éárğa,
 Go g-cuirpimír píor beapra
 Na h-aicme-pe bíor dár g-cáblaó.

Aéttamaoib póğpaó na Féile Míeil
 Do éabairt a g-cionn gaé baile,
 D'ponn go m-biaómaoir a muinigin
 Go b-pağmaoir an peapann.

66. ppólla, T peóil. 67-68. T aéttamaoib a n-am néala (?) putóğa
 caola na m-bó.

We enact that when any churl
 Makes exchanges or bargains,
 There be two present
 Of the true race of Clan Thomas.

60 So that if he be sorry
 He might swear falsely
 To get his goods back again
 Saying "By this book that is a lie."

We enact that every churl
 Who has charge of a tent—
 A sheepskin of Michaelmas
 He should have for a mitten.

We enact, in the time of reaping,
 Butter, cheese, and a piece of meat ;
 Five pence without doubt
 In the time of fallow and turf.

70 We enact two pence
 From November to Bridget's Feast ;
 Three pence in the spring
 While seed-sowing lasts.

We enact all together
 From Beann Eadair to Kinsale :
 Be he English, be he Irish,
 To be on the side of the strongest.

80 We enact that we meet together
 At Michaelmas and Easter Tuesday,
 That we may put down the deeds
 Of this set who have been oppressing us.

We enact that the Michaelmas warning
 Be given at the head of every village,
 So that we may be in hopes
 That we may get the land.

71-72. Τ τρι πινγιinne δαν αιηραp a n-am bpanair ip aolig. There are, besides the above, several other variants, and some stanzas wholly different.

Ա ի-ամ ճրարաճ ծօ ԲՍԻ Ծ-ժիջարնաօ
 Բսր ի-արնսիծե Բեիժ Բրիթօ,
 Բսր ի-նձալմ ար Բսր ճ-ճեաժտ
 Իր ԲՍԻ ԲլաԲրաժե 'նա իճիօտաԲ.

90

Ամրիւր շարԲսիճժե իճ Բսանա
 Բիօժ Բսր ճ-ճօրա ճօ Լեօնտե,
 Բօլաժ ար Բսր Բսիւ,
 իճ Բսր Լաճնա ճեանճսիլտե Լե ճօրԾա.

Աժտամաօսօ ան սիւ իճ
 Ծօ Բիւր ճիօճար իր ճրիօննաժտ,
 Ար Ծ-ժիջարնաօ Բեիժ ճեանճսիլտե,
 Ար Բրիւր Բիւր ծօ Բեիժ Բճաօլտե.

In the time of grubbing for your lords,
Let your implements be broken,
Your tackling and your plough
And your traces in bits.

90

In the time of harvest or reaping
Let your feet be sprained,
Your eyes blindfolded,
Or your hands tied by a string.

We enact every thing
According to prudence and wisdom,
That our lords be tied down
And we let loose.

XXXIII.

marbóna mic cartha na pailíse.

Atá rmúit 'ran ppéir ip ppaoc ip pparḡ nūmneač,
Ip dúēcar Néill ḡo léir pá brataib caointe,
An Mlumain le céile tpaoceta mapb claoiōte,
Tpé ppionnra ḡaoōal ip Raeltean Clanna Míliō.

Míleač nár claoiōte a n-am čarmaiṛt an ḡleč,
Sínpeap na píoḡ-mac a ḡ-taca 'pa pčóip,
Ppíom-ṛliōčt na plomnte ap teapmuin plóḡ,
Ip pčop-čpeač ḡan puiḡleač na banba ip bṛón.

bṛónaib bíōḡaib píoḡ-ban Inip Éilḡe,
10 Coip bóinn, coip bṛiḡib, coip laoi, coip līpe, ip Éipne,
Coip lóḡ coip ḡaoil coip aoine ip Sionna a n-éimpeačt,
A nḡleč ip a ḡ-coimeapḡap caointe a ḡ-coinne a céile.

Le céile atá Éipe aca a n-blúč-čurppe bṛón,
Ó leiḡinn ḡo bṛéipne ip ḡo cúmaip ḡpuinne níōip,
Coip Péile, coip Sléibe Mip, tá riab a n-uail ḡleč,
Ip ó bēapa ḡan tpaocāč, ḡo cúḡ Ulač an t-plóḡ.

XXXIII.—The Mac Carthys built four castles on the edge of Lough Lein, and the river Laune “to stop all the passages of Desmond,” as Carew put it. “The tract of country lying along the banks of the “Laune,” says Windele, “and at the mountain’s foot to some considerable distance is still called MacCarthy Mor’s country, as containing the ancient residence of the chief of that name. The Castle of Palice, or otherwise Caislean Va Cartha, stood a naked ruin on an eminence a little to the north of the lake and in view of the Laune Bridge. A few scattered trees point out its site. The green field in front is still called Park an Croah, the gallows field, that being the place where MacCarthy executed his justice on delinquents.” Of this poem there are two copies in the British Museum and two at Maynooth. The British Museum copies have not been used in preparing the text.

1. R. ppéir ppaoc nūh ip pparḡ deimneač; test as in M.

9. píoḡ-ban, more usually píoḡ-ríná. *Th.* Inip for Inpe, for assonance.

XXXIII.

ELEGY ON MACCARTHY OF PALICE.

In the heavens there is mist and storm and furious wrath,
 And all the land of Niall is in robes of mourning;
 The whole of Munster is prostrate, lifeless, subdued,
 Because of the Prince of the Gael and the Star of the Sons of
 Milesius.

A champion, unscathed in the time of the conflict of battle,
 First heir of the sons of kings, their stay, their glory;
 Foremost descendant of the great families, the defence of hosts;
 The very ruin of Banba, nought left behind, and her grief!

The fairy maidens of Inis Eilge grieve and start,
 10 Beside the Boyne, and the Bride, and the Lee, and the Liffey
 and the Erne;
 Beside the Lough, the Deal, the Aoine, and the Shannon, all
 together
 Are they in conflict and in contest of lamentation one against
 another.

They have put all Erin in an intense agony of grief
 From Leinster to Brefny and to the verge of the great Drung;
 Beside the Feale, beside Sliab Mish, they are in a conflict of
 mourning;
 And from Beare without pause to Ulster of the host.

11. *Úóð*, a river that flows into the Laune.

"Fast by the Laune's and Lo's fair currents meet
 Circle the plain and murmur at his (Dunloe's) feet."

Poem on Killarney, A.D. 1776.

12. a *ð-comhearfðar*, MS. *caomþrðior*.

14. Drung, a high hill in the barony of Iveragh, county Kerry, above 2000 feet above the sea-level; perhaps for *Úeiginn* we should read *Úeigðleann*.

- Sin Ultaigh map Òonnaéтайг го dúbac deópac,
 O Mhuirpe го Gulban го dúbac brónac,
 Map Óúculainn cum cumair nire a ndlúé -éompaic,
 20 Ir cúir tuirpe guil го h-iomarcaé na g-cúig cóige.

Séor cúigé na muirne map éirde don tréad,
 Leomán lúipeac na g-cupairde a n-áró-gairge ir éacé,
 D'óro éille baó ró-éurainn tú air lár leapa faon,
 Dóib uile ir gleó 'r tubairt do éarg mapb faon.

Faon ó éapla lám deap mic rígh agunn,
 Air leagad don bláé neamha neam-cuinpeac,
 Ir ceapna do dáim baó ghnáéac ealaðanda,
 Ag tairdiol gaé lá го elár na Dailíre.

- 'S an b-Dailír do teangmuidbír complaét cruinn,
 30 Ir gan taéairde aca air éapnuighil roim dhong ná buidean,
 Ag partaoim air hallaidib ir gan earnaim air biaó,
 Ir ag mapcuigeadé air eadpuidib map beaó a d-Teaithair
 na rígh.

Rígh mac Capta a leac áéair map éairge faó' óion,
 Lán-épeac na blapnan ir éairil na rígh,
 Creac táinte creac fáide creac plaéa 'ran éill,
 Ir cá tráétaim, ó ir cárimar í banba ag caoi.

- 'S eaó caoi an rígh coige ró éróda ór deapbta a g-cré
 An rígh cóir taoipeac d'Éóda ar d'féarannaidb úréin,
 Ir rígh ó m-biaid an éoróinn éapre gan taca ad óéirg
 40 'Sir tínn d'órdaib na d-treón tu gan gairim го tréit.

18. Mushra, a mountain near Macroom, county Cork. Gulban, in Sligo.

22. Metre defective.

27. MS. alluðeandá.

36. The word cárimar has been inserted for the metre.

37. Beginning of this line seems corrupt, perhaps Caoi cóige an rígh éróda,
 etc.

40. го tréit: MS. fá rmúid, the opening words of the poem.

Both Ulstermen and Connaughtmen are doleful and in tears ;
From Mushra to Gulban in mourning and sorrow ;
Like Cuchulainn was he in force of strength, in the thick of the
fight ;
20 He is the cause of excessive, woful weeping to the five provinces.

A province's store of affection, like a treasure to the people,
Hero, armour of champions in high valour and renowned deeds,
Heavy is the blow to the Church's orders, that thou liest in the
middle of a mound lifeless ;
To them all it is strife and misfortune to hear that thou art dead
and prostrate.

Since the right hand of the descendant of kings is prostrate,
As the celestial flower without guile is fallen,
It is distress to the poets, ever skilled in their art,
Who repaired daily to the plain of Palice.

At Palice a numerous band were wont to assemble,
30 Who were not accustomed to fear tribe or host,
Merry-making in halls, without want of food,
And riding on horses, as at Tara of the kings.

O happy grave-stone, thou hidest as a treasure the king
MacCarthy,
The full ruin of Blarney, and of Cashel of the kings,
The ruin of peoples, of bards, of chieftains, lies in the church-
yard ;
And what need be further said since Banba is dolefully bewailing
him ?

It is the bewailing of the king of a province, of great valour,
who is indeed laid in a bed of clay,
The king who was the true chieftain of Fodla and of the plains
of Brian ;
The chief who has left the true crown without support,
40 And it is sickness to the ranks of the brave that he is voiceless
and prostrate.

XXXIV.

AIR ḐÍBIRT NA B-PLAÍȚ.

Ḑo éuala rḡéal do ééar air ló me,
 Ir éuḡ 'r an oíðce a n-ḡaoirpe bḡóin me,
 Ḑ'pág mo épeat ḡan neart mná reóla,
 Ḑan bḡíḡ ḡan meabair ḡan ḡreann ḡan rḡḡnam.

Aḡbar maóíte rḡaoilead an rḡeóil rin,
 Cár ḡan leigear ir aḡnaḡ tóirpe,
 Aḡnuad luit ir uile ir eólaí,
 Ḑríorugad teaḡma ir tḡeighe móirpe.

10 Ḑíoéuḡad buíðne epíce rḡóla,
 Laḡuḡad ḡrínin ir ḡnai na cóige,
 Mar do ḡíoḡad ár n-ḡaoine móra,
 Ár a b-peapannaiḡ cairte ir córa.

Mór an rḡéal, ní féidir rḡlang
 Ár n-ḡíce do ríoin lem' ló-ra,
 Fuair an féile leun na ḡeóḡ rin,
 Ir tá an ḡaonnaét ḡac lae dá leónad.

20 Ní b-fuil eliar a n-iaḡaiḡ rḡóla,
 Ní b-fuil aipḡinn aḡuinn ná órḡa,
 Ní b-fuil baiḡde air ár leanaíḡ ḡḡa,
 Ḑan peap peapain ná taḡarḡa a ḡ-córa.

Cḡeád do ḡéanpaḡ ár n-aor ḡḡa,
 Ir ná fuil nead pe maiḡ dá b-rḡrtaint,
 Aḡáid ḡan tḡiaḡ aét Ḑia na ḡlóirpe,
 Ár a b-ppíoin-ál dá nḡríoráil tap bóena.

XXXIV.—This poem is given anonymously in a MS. in the Library of Trinity College Dublin; and in more than one MS. at Maynooth and elsewhere, it is ascribed to “Ciarraídead epáíðce áiríḡce éiḡin,” “a certain tormented Kerryman.” From internal evidence, it seemed to belong to O’Rahilly, several lines of it reappearing in his poems: hence its place here. It has been found, however, that one or two MSS. ascribe it to the ill-fated Pierse Ferriter. If it be Ferriter’s

XXXIV.

ON THE BANISHMENT OF THE NOBLES.

I have heard a tale which torments me by day,
 And puts me by night in the bondage of sorrow ;
 That has left my body without the strength of a woman after
 labour,
 Without vigour, without mind, without wit, or activity.

A cause of weakness is the spreading of that tale,
 A misfortune without cure, and a kindling of grief,
 A renewal of injury, and evil, and mourning,
 A stirring up of disease and great agony.

The ruin of the people of the land of Fodla,
 10 The weakening of the joy and pleasure of the provinces :
 That our nobles were drained out
 From the lands which by law and justice were theirs.

Heavy is the tidings ; nor can the sufferings
 Of our ruin be described in my time ;
 After this affliction came upon generosity,
 And humanity is being daily put out of joint.

There are no clergy in the lands of Fodla ;
 We have neither Masses nor Orders ;
 Our young children receive no baptism ;
 20 Nor is there a man to stand for them, or plead their cause.

What shall our young folk do,
 Since there is none to relieve them with good ?
 They are without a lord save the God of glory
 While their chief brood are forced across the main.

work, it must have been composed at the beginning of the Cromwellian transplantations.

12. M caipce córað.

16. M omits *ḡaé lae*, and is inaccurate throughout. 19. *leanaibib*, M *leimb*. The statements made in lines 17-20 are scarcely exaggerated. 23. Cf. XIII. 22.

Θεapάν m'αιγνε θεapὶ na pδεόλ pιν,
 Θαβáiλ θαpὶ na n-εαέτρann όpινne,
 Μαίε pίop αγam an τ-αδδap πά'p όpδαιδ,
 Ό'αιέle άp b-peaca an τ-Αέαιp δο θεonαιδ.

30 Όά m-beaδ Tuαéal puαδpae beó aγuinu,
 Nό Pείδlim δο έpείδpεaδ τόpα,
 Nό Conn, pεap na δ-caέ δο pό-έup,
 Nί biaδ τεann na nδall δάρ b-pόδpαδ.

Όάρ δαιb Aρτ δο έap an έpδδaέτ,
 Nό Mac Con baδ δοέτ a δ-coimlann,
 Léap pγannpαδ clann Oiholl Oluim,
 Ip péan δο δ'allaiδ ná maipib na επeόin pιν.

40 Ip léan δο banba mapbaδ έoγuin,
 Tpéinpεap πά céile don beóδaέτ,
 Nί biaδ neapτ tap έeapτ aip pδδaiδ,
 Aδ na béapaiδ bpeána mόpa.

Όο biaδ neapτ ip ceapτ ip epδδaέτ,
 Όο biaδ pmaέτ ip peaέτ πά pό-έion
 Όο biaδ paέ aip ap 'pan b-pόδmαp
 Όά m-beaδ Όia le epiaέaiδ Pδδla.

Ό'imέiδ Upian na δ-cliap ón m-bóipine,
 Όο bí επréinpe aδ έipinn pόpδa,
 Nί b-puil Mupchaδ cumapae epδδa,
 A δ-Cluain Taipὶ baδ έaca pe coimlann.

50 'S an επάέ πά láipir na επeόin pιν,
 Clann Óápéa 'p an Tál-puil επeόpae,
 Níop pγaoileαδap δaoibὶl δά b-pόδpαδ
 Tap tuinn nó δac láέaip τεόpann.

27-28. R is followed. M is very corrupt.

32. δάρ b-pόδpαδ, sending us abroad: cf. pόδpaim uaim é = 'I dismiss him.'

34. Poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are constantly going

The truth of this tidings is the sighing of my soul,
 The rough beating the foreigners have given us ;
 Well do I know the reason why He ordained it,
 Because of our sins the Father has consented to it.

30 Were Tuathal, the nimble, alive amongst us,
 Or Feidhlim who would disable pursuers,
 Or Conn, a man who could well fight battles,
 The strong ones of the English would not banish us.

Whither has Art gone who loved valour ?
 Or Mac Cu, who pressed close in conflict,
 By whom the children of Oilioll Olum were routed,
 It is well for the English that these strong men are not alive.

A misfortune to Banba is the death of Eoghan,
 A brave man who espoused valour ;
 Else might without right would not give our lands
 40 To the foul gross bears.

We should have strength, and justice, and valour ;
 Authority, and law, would be in high esteem ;
 Corn fields in the harvest would be prosperous ;
 Were God with the leaders of Fodla.

Brian of the hosts has gone from Borumha,
 Who for a season was espoused to Erin ;
 Murchadh the powerful, the valiant, is no more,
 Who was a stay in the conflict at Clontarf.

50 At the time when these brave men were strong,
 The Clan Cartha, and the vigorous stock of Tál,
 They did not permit the Gaels to be banished
 Across the seas, or over every border beside them.

back to heroes like Art, Conn, Conaire, while they scarce mention more modern warriors.

39-40. That is if Eoghan lived.

49. τρᾶς, MS. τρῖας, which seems a mistake.

Ατάῖο na Ὀαναιρ a leabaῖο na leόgan,
 ὅο pearḡair, pám, ὅο pádail, peómpaé,
 ὀρίοḡmar, biaómar, briaépaé, bórhoḡmar,
 Coiméaé, cainteáé, painnteáé, pónaé.

1ρ é pún 1ρ ponn na póirne,
 Ὀά méaó pít ὀο ḡnío pe ap b-póir-ne—
 An ὀponḡ bíor aḡ pígḡbeaé peó aḡuinn—
 60 Sýḡpa cluicéḡe an cluicín épóða.

1ρ tpuag lem' épriḡe 'rap tinn ὀár n-ὀrólanḡ,
 Nuácar Ḳuinn, Ḳríoméain 1ρ Eoḡain,
 Suar ḡaé oíḡce aḡ luiḡe pe deóraiḡib,
 'S ḡan luaḡ air a cloinn ὀο bí aiei pórḡa.

Teaé Tuacuil monuar, ὀο tóirneaḡ,
 1ρ epó Ḳuinn ḡan cuimne air nóraiḡ,
 Ponn Péiḡlime ḡo tpeíḡ-laḡ tóirpneaé,
 Iaé luḡuine ḡo brúḡce brónaé.

70 Acaḡ Airt pá éap ḡan rḡḡcar,
 Críoc Ḳobéaiḡ pá oḡaim aḡ plḡḡtib,
 Clár Ḳopmaic páiḡ poircill na ḡ-cóimḡocal,
 Pán onéoin lán ὀ'póḡrom deópaé.

Mo leun ní h-é tpeíne na plḡḡ rin,
 Ná buipbe na puiḡne ó Ḳḡbuḡ,
 Ná neapḡ naimḡe ὀο éail ar n-ὀḡéap,
 Aét oíoḡalḡap Ὀé tá air Éirinn pḡḡ-ḡlap.

Peacaḡ an t-rínrip, claoine an t-róirip,
 Aicne Ḳríorḡ ḡan puim 'na cómall,
 Éḡion bpuinnḡiol, bripaé pórḡa,
 80 Cpaop 1ρ ḡoiḡ 1ρ iomaḡ mḡiḡe.

53. a leabaῖο is of constant use in Connaught = 'instead of.'

57-60. These lines are by no means clear, but A (two copies) and M agree as to text. R, for 59, has

an ὀpuinḡ ὀο bíor aḡ pígḡpneaé peó aḡuinn.

The meaning seems to be that peace with the foreigners is like a mouse making peace with a cat. Cf. XLVIII. 7-8.

The foreigners are in the place of the heroes,
 In comfort, in quiet, in prosperity, and with many apartments,
 In affluence, well-fed, swearing, meal-consuming,
 With foreign airs, loquacious, greedy, nasal.

It is the resolution and desire of the gang,
 However much the peace they make with our race—
 As many of them as make terms with us—
 60 To play the game of the brave little cat.

It is pitiful to my heart, it pains my entrails,
 That the spouse of Conn, of Crimhthan, and of Eoghan,
 Watches nightly and lies down amid strangers,
 While there is no tidings of her children whom she had in
 marriage.

The mansion of Tuathal, alas! has been pulled down,
 The abode of Conn is without a remembrance of its fashions,
 The land of Feidhlim is in helpless distress and in woe,
 And the country of Iughoine crushed and in sorrow.

The plain of Art lies in grief without comfort,
 70 The land of Cobhthach is put under yoke by armies,
 The plain of Cormac, the strong seer of synonyms,
 Given over to the wolf, full of tearful noise.

My grief! it is not the strength of these hosts,
 Or the pride of the band from Dover,
 Or the power of the enemy, that destroyed our hopes,
 But the vengeance of God upon green-sodded Erin.

The sin of the elder, the corruption of the younger,
 The commandments of Christ—no heed given to their fulfilment;
 The rape of virgins; the violation of marriage;
 80 Intemperance; robbery; and unrestrained swearing.

63. MS. *deópaib.*

72. M *onncač.* R *ončicit.*

74. Dover is here put for England, as in XXI. 8; so also Bristol, II. 33.

Neamh-éion ghnáit ip tár air órbuib,
 Raobað ceall ip feall ip fórra,
 Éigíomh na b-pann gan cabair gan comhrom,
 Að raob-luèt raimnte ip caillete air comharram.

Tréigíon Dé le ppéir a reódaib,
 Gléar le a réantar gaol ip comhgar,
 Géill do neart 'ran lag do leónað,
 Claon að breac 'r an ceart fá éo éur.

90 Cio dá an eang po teann að tórmað,
 Paol lánm leabair na nGall po nuad aguin,
 Áilim Aon-Illac tréan na h-óige,
 Do d-tigíð an ceart 'ran alt 'nar éoir do.

Ip bíoðgað báir liom báp mo comharran,
 Na raoite ráma pápda reóla,
 A d-tír bað ghnátae lan do éobaet,
 Ite, vade, dá páð leó rin.

100 Ip gan aet cáirde ó lá go ló aca,
 Dá g-cup uile a d-tuilleað dócuir,
 Go m-biað pábar dá págáil dóib rin,
 Ip gan ann aet Till further orders.

Galap gan téarnað ip maoetear mór liom,
 Dreannanna daor-báir cé táim glópað,
 Sgaire air an b-péinn dáir géill Clár Fóola,
 Ip eaglaip Dé dá claoclað ar órdaib.

Tá rgeimh na rpeime go neóna
 Pé éclirr ó éirge ló di,
 Táid na ppéarta a ngné dá fógrað,
 Ná fuil téarma ár raoğail ró-pada.

110 Puair an cáirdear ppár a dóitín,
 Le luèt réað ní géar an rgeól rin,
 Ní léir dam aoinneac air m' eólar,
 Noè do béappað paol cum bróğ dam.

96. Observe that *ite* is pl., and *vade* sing.

104. Taking *ar* = *agur*, and *órdaib* = *órda*.

A constant scorn and contempt for the clergy ;
 Plunder of churches ; treachery ; and violence ;
 The cry of the weak, without help, or justice,
 Beneath the false and greedy who forsake their neighbour.

The abandonment of God through love of riches ;
 The manner in which kinsfolk and relatives are denied ;
 The respect for might ; the injury of the weak ;
 Corrupt judgments ; and the obscuring of right.

Although the land be bursting with produce,
 90 Under the nimble hand of these newly-come English ;
 I beseech the Only, the Mighty Son of the Virgin,
 That the right may come into the place in which it is due.

The death of my neighbours is to me a death-start,
 The nobles who were peaceful, contented, nimble,
 In a land which was wont to be full of riches,
Ite, Vade is said to them.

While no respite is allowed them save from day to day,
 To put them all in further hope
 That favour will be shown to them ;
 100 But there is nought in it save '*Till further orders.*'

It is to me a disease without recovery, and great languor ;
 Pains of dire death, voiceful though I be ;
 The scattering of the warriors whom the land of Fodla obeyed,
 And the Church of God and the clergy brought to nought.

The sun's beauty, even to the evening
 From the dawn of the day, is under eclipse ;
 The heavens by their aspect are proclaiming to us
 That the term of our life is not very long.

Friendship has had a long enough turn ;
 110 Nor is this bitter tidings for the wealthy,
 I do not know any one of my acquaintance,
 Who would give me sixpence for shoes.

112. paol = 'sixpence' from the Spanish *rial*; the word is unknown in Connaught.

Քննեմք ընդ ար ար ան Ընդհանրեմ,
 Ան իմաց իմաց իմաց մեղք,
 Ար և Ե-բար ար ի-սու-ծնեմ,
 Ծո Ե-բարեմ ընդ-բար իմաց անհանգ.

120 Իր անհանգ Իմաց ընդ իմաց,
 Մար իմաց ար ար ար ան Ընդհանրեմ,
 Տոլլեմ և ար ար ան Ընդհանրեմ,
 Ծո Ե-բար ան իմաց ար իմաց անհանգ.

ԱՆ ԸՆԴՀԱՆ.

Ծրննեմք անհանգ, և անհանգ ար անհանգ, ար անհանգ
 անհանգ,
 Ծրննեմք ար Ե-բար ան անհանգ և անհանգ, անհանգ
 և անհանգ անհանգ,
 Ծրննեմք ար Ե-բար ան անհանգ անհանգ ար անհանգ անհանգ
 անհանգ,
 Ծո անհանգ-անհանգ և անհանգ անհանգ անհանգ, և անհանգ
 ար անհանգ անհանգ.

118. ար անհանգ, MSS. gen. անհանգ, 'abstinence,' hence piety in general (?). R անհանգ անհանգ. M անհանգ անհանգ, and so one

I leave this to the disposal of the Almighty,
 To the Only Son of the great and bright Virgin,
 In whom we have all our trust,
 That both you and I may obtain justice.

And I beseech Jesus, King of glory—
 As it is true that it is through Him I have profited—
 Who ordered lights for the day and the night,
 120 That this may come to pass for them as I conceive it.

THE BINDING.

The stirring up of sighs, the lessening of strength, the continuation of grievous dole,
 The confirmation of the binding of our men under locks, the publication of their (the foreigners') acts against us,
 The completion of the sending forth of our chieftains upon the face of the waves over the sea
 Have crushed and weakened my withered, languid heart, and moistened my tearful eyes.

MS., R.I.A.; another gives $\tau\rho\acute{\epsilon}\alpha\theta\alpha\nu\alpha\rho\ \dot{\rho}\omicron\theta\eta\nu\alpha\rho$; the line seems parenthetical.
 124. $\epsilon\rho\omicron\iota\theta\epsilon\ \delta\upsilon\rho$: cf. VIII. 1.

XXXV.

ḐON TAOISEAD EOGHAN MAC CORMAIC RIABHACH IHIC
CARĀA.

Cneadh aghur dochar do ghortaigh mo éadpairí,
Iṛ d'páig me a m-brón lem' ló go n-éugrad,
Do bhrí mo éiríde iṛ mé ag caoi gan traoéad,
Do éuir mo raðarc gan peiðm iṛ m'éirteacht,

Baó dem' éig do éuit pairi néulairí,
Laoó meap ceannra, ceann na raop-plairí,
Comlaó óin dom' éloinn an té rin,
Lón ár m-bíó, ár m-brígh 'r ár n-éirteacht.

10 A g-cloḡadh cṛuairí a d-tuaḡ 'r a n-éide,
A rḡiaó corṇairí roim' olpairc na b-paoléon,
A g-cṛann baḡair éum reairí a b-pléirí tú,
A g-cṛuac pairi rḡeiriúoll de ríor gan béim tú.

XXXV.—The subject of this, the finest of all the poet's longer compositions, is the downfall of Eoghan, son of Cormac MacCarthy Riabhach, who held the Lisnagaun and Carrun na Sliogach estate from Lord Kenmare. Lisnagaun is now called Headford, and is in the neighbourhood of Killarney and Glenflesk. The family of MacCarthy, at present residing at Lisnagaun, are not the direct descendants of Cormac Riabhach. In the satire on Cronin, the poet speaks of Cormac Riabhach, as being defrauded by his "receiver ciosa."

In the "Blennerhasset Pedigree," written about the year 1736, we have the following reference to Cormac Riabhach and his descendants:—"Anne Reeves, third daughter of James Reeves, and Alice Spring, married Turlogh O'Connor the proprietor of Ballingowan, before 1641, and had issue one daughter Alice O'Connor, a good-natured, well-bred gentlewoman, who by her husband, Captain Eoghan MacCarthy of Lisnagaun and Carrun na Sliggagh in the County Kerry, left issue one son called Daniel and a daughter Anne MacCarthy. Daniel, only son of Captain Daniel (*recte* Owen) MacCarthy and Alice O'Connor, married Winifred Mac Elligott and left issue, with others, a son by name Justin well entitled to the estate of Lisnagaun, if he do qualify himself by becoming a Protestant, by which means, and no other, he will recover his right, and defeat the secret management of Garret Barry of Dunasloon, father-in-law of Florence MacCarthy, the said Justin's uncle. This youth will be lost in his pretensions to the estate if he do not become a Protestant or be supported by Lord Kenmare, whose ancestor Sir Nicholas Brown (by the name of Nicholas Brown, gent.) did by a small

XXXV.

TO THE CHIEFTAIN EOGHAN SON OF CORMAC
RIABHACH MAC CARTHY.

A sigh and a mishap that have wounded my mind,
And left me in sorrow during my days, till I die,
And broken my heart, while I mourn without ceasing,
And made my sight useless and my hearing.

It was from my house that there fell under a cloud,
A nimble, mild hero, the head of noble-chieftains;
A door of protection for my children was he;
The store of our food, our vigour, and our power;

Their (my children's) helmet of steel, their axe, and their
armour;

- 10 Their shield of defence against the growl of the wolves;
Their threatening staff with which to stand in the contest;
Their rick with a heap for ever without blemish;

deed of Enfeoffment in Latin grant the said estate to Captain MacCarthy's ancestor named Cormac Reagh, at two shillings per annum and suit and service. This Latin Deed of enfeoffment I delivered, anno 1717, to Mr. Francis Enraught, attorney, to serve upon a hearing of Captain MacCarthy's cause, and defence in the Exchequer, where the titles of MacCarthy (*quæ vide*) are set forth. On the death of Alice O'Connor, Captain Owen MacCarthy, married secondly Margaret Lacy of Ballylaghlan, and left a son Florence of Lisnagaun above-mentioned."—*Old Kerry Records*, 1st series, pp. 84-85. Eoghan's kinsmen at Lisnagaun, to quote Miss Hickson, "won and retained the good-will and esteem of men of all creeds and parties."—*Id.*, vol. ii., p. 127, note. Indeed the reputation of this family in our own day for large-hearted generosity makes us enter into the poet's feelings in speaking of Eoghan's benevolence towards his children. I know of but one copy of this poem which is contained in Egerton 94, British Museum.

5. In this and following lines the poet refers to the downfall of Eoghan MacCarthy Riabhach.

6. ceann. MS. cion, but metre requires ceann.

9-16. A in these lines refers to cloinn in 7. In these two stanzas Eoghan is described in various military terms as the defence of the poet's children.

12. cruac paor r̥geimholl, a rick with its heap like a pent-house; the r̥geimholl is the portion jutting out.

A ngleacaiðe tupa a n-uét an baogail,
 A g-Cuèulainn doð' ghuirm cum péiðtigh,
 A g-comairc a m-bearnaim námað go tpeun tú,
 D'é gur tuitir le Muirir an éitigh.

20 A m-barc 'r a m-báb 'r a n-ártað réim tú,
 A leogán 'r a reabac a g-ceann 'ra b-féimnið,
 A lonnrað polair a n-doircioét pléibe,
 'S a d-triað ceapc 'r a meap tap éirinn.

A g-caé-míleað neapc-buiðeanmar, paorða,
 Calma, cáirðeanuil, fáidheanuil, paobrac,
 Cupata, cróða, mórða, maorða,
 Rígeamuil, peaétmair, paétmair, réimeac.

Píor-ðliðéac, porarða, poirtil gan aon luét,
 Soéma, poilbir, pocair 'n a éréigéib
 Chiaéamuil, píontamuil, paioíéamuil, beupaé,
 Duineata, diaða, ciállmair, réim-ghic.

30 Daéamuil, orðarða, cumapaé, tpeunmair,
 D'ráig na b-peap fuair ceannar éirionn;
 De ríleáctair Eógain mór, ir éibir,
 Ir éair iine éoirc, a ngoil nár traoéað.

Eipeamón na peaét, ir Aongur,
 A bráéair Moða, ir Conn na d-tpeun-éac,
 A mac-ran Art fuair ceannar éilge
 Cairbpe, ir Cap, an plaié, ir Néill Dub.

40 A bráéair Peargur calma créaétaé,
 Ir luðome mór an lóitne léanmair,
 Ceallaéán éairil do éapadap tréimpe,
 Ir brian léap tpeapgrað Clanna Turgéirup.

16. It was Maurice got Eoghan's lands, but who he was is uncertain.

22-29. Some of the adjectives in this list may seem to contradict one another, but there is no real contradiction between píontamuil and paioíéamuil, &c. It is not to be expected that such lists are grouped in regular order according to meaning. Assonance and alliteration have more to do with their position than the sense.

Their warrior wert thou in the breast of danger ;
 Their Cuchulainn whom they may call on to restore peace ;
 Their protection in the gap of the enemy with might ;
 Though thou hast fallen by means of Maurice the liar.

Their bark, their boat, their prosperous vessel art thou ;
 Their hero, their warrior, their leader, and their champion ;
 Their blaze of light in the darkness of the mountain ;
 20 And their true lord, and their esteem beyond Erin ;

Their noble warrior of strong companies,
 Gallant, friendly, ingenious, keen,
 Valiant, brave, proud, stately,
 Princely, commanding, fortunate, powerful ;

Of just laws, grave, strong, faultless,
 Quiet, cheerful, steady in his virtues,
 Stout-hearted, fond of carouse, philosophic, polite,
 Manly, pious, sensible, of calm wisdom ;

Handsome, Osgar-like, able, mighty,
 30 Of the stock of the men who obtained the headship of Erin ;
 Of the progeny of Eoghan Mor, and of Eibhear,
 And of Cas, son of Core, who was not subdued in valour.

Eireamhon of the laws and Aongus,
 His kinsmen, Mogha, and Conn of the strong battles,
 Art, his son, who obtained the sovereignty of Eilge,
 Cairbre, and Cas the chieftain, and Niall Dubh.

Fergus was his kinsman, strong, wounding,
 And Iughoine Mor, the afflicting breeze,
 Ceallachan of Cashel, whom they turned back for a time,
 40 And Brian, by whom the children of Turgesius were laid low.

31-40. The kings here mentioned belong to the highways of Irish history.

39. The subject of *éapadap* is *Clanna Turḡériur*, that is, the Danes. For an account of Ceallachan's wars with the Danes, see O'Halloran's *History of Ireland*, vol. iii., pp. 213 *et seq.* For a discussion on the name Turgesius, see Todd's *War of the Gaedhil with the Gaill*, Introd. liii.

brátair gaoil do príomh Uí Laochair,
 Séagáin an díomair píoemair euctaig,
 Aoða míc Coimn nár claoideadh a n-aon dul,
 Do rug a buidean tar coimn a n-aonpéad.

Ir píor le n-aithre a n-annalað Éirionn,
 Dyr tú an ceap de pleactaib déig-ionaid,
 Triað na Mainne an Carrainn 'ran t-Sléibe,
 Ón dá Cíod go píoraib Sléibe Mír.

50 A brátair úir na m-búreadh euctaé,
 Uí Concubair puair clú le daonnaét,
 Uí Dóimnaill nár leonað air aon éor,
 Ir Uí Ruairc élmuil na lúipeadh ngléigead.

brátair gar do lliac Uí Neill tú,
 brátair gairid Uí Ceallaid 'ra éile,
 brátair glún don Píonnpa Séamur,
 Do péir mar cantar a Saltair na paor-plaét.

brátair Dóimnaill érdin ó béara,
 brátair Cloinn t-Suibne do bí 'na laocair,
 Dóimnaill Cáim nár píll ó aon-éad,
 60 Ir Dóimnaill gpoide, ceann díreadh Éirionn.

brátair d'árd-plioét Uí Réagáin,
 brátair píor Céanntoir na g-caolta,
 brátair Duib do plioét na n-gaorta,
 Ir lliac Pínnghin dob' píor-laoc 'n aonar.

41. príomh for ppéam, as often.

56. The Psalter of Cashel is meant; cf. XIV. 71.

57-60. This stanza refers mainly to the O'Sullivans: the principal branches were—O'Sullivan Mor of Dunkerron, the O'Sullivans of Beare, of Capanacoise, of Ardea, and of Tomies. The MacGillicuddys were also a branch of the O'Sullivans. Aodh Dubh was common ancestor to the O'Sullivans and MacCarthys. Domhnall

A kinsman in blood to the stock of O'Leary ;
 Of Seaghan an Díomas, the fierce, the mighty ;
 Of Aodh son of Conn, who was not overcome in any struggle ;
 Who took his troops together with him over the sea.

It is plain to be seen in the annals of Erin,
 That you are the head of the noble generous families ;
 The lord of the Maine, of Corran, of the Sliabh,
 From the Two Paps to the borders of Sliabh Mis.

Noble kinsman of the mighty Burkes ;
 50 Of O'Connor, who got fame through humanity ;
 Of O'Donnell who was not ever wounded ;
 And of O'Rourke, the famous, of the bright armour.

A near kinsman to O'Neill art thou ;
 A near kinsman to O'Kelly and to his wife ;
 A kinsman in blood to Prince James ;
 As is sung in the Psalter of the noble chieftains.

Kinsman of Domhnall the swarthy from Béara ;
 Kinsman of Clan Sweeney who were warriors ;
 Of Domhnall Cam who never retreated from battle ;
 60 And of Domhnall the great, the direct sovereign of Erin.

Kinsman of the high family of O'Regan ;
 Kinsman of the nobleman of Kanturk of the marshy plains ;
 Kinsman of Dubh of the family of the Valley ;
 And of Mac Finneen who was a unique true warrior.

Cam bravely defended his castle of Carrignass against Carew in the reign of Elizabeth. The Domhnall groidhe here mentioned seems to be Domhnall Mor, father of Giolla Mochuda Caoch.

61. For an account of the O'Regans, see O'Donovan's edition of *Topographical Poems*, note (411).

63. It is not certain what Dubh is meant.

brátair fial do Niall na g-caol-eac,
 Iṛ na naoi nḡiall do mīar air Éirinn,
 brátair dian na m-brianaḁ aorḁa,
 Íllic Phiarair iṛ Tiḡearna na n-Ḍéirḁaḁ.

70 brátair fme Íllic Íluirir ón m-béillie,
 Iṛ an Ríḁire ó éoir Sionna na g-caol-baire,
 Íllic Ílaoil buair na ruaḡ baḁ éreunmair,
 Iṛ Uí Ḍonnḁaḁa an Roir fuair tuirim taob mīot.

brátair mór don Róirteaḁ réim tí,
 brátair ḡairib an Ḃarrairḡ 'r a ḡaolta,
 brátair ḡearairte de mairib na nḡreugḁaḁ,
 brátair reabairc ḁunpaitḁ na nḡlé-ḡa.

80 brátair pionn Uí Ḃaoim ḡan aon loḁt,
 Ḍo ruḡ buair ón Ruaḁtaḁ ḡléiḡeal,
 Uí Ḃeallaḁáim uapail Ḃluana an réiḡtḡ,
 Iṛ Clanna ḡuairḁ ḁuairḡ ḁéarḁairḡ.

brátair Ḃonrí fīnnḡil laocḁa,
 Iṛ Íllic Amlaoim na leabair-pḡriob euḁtaḁ,
 Ḃairḡ ḡan éaim do báḁaḁ 'r an tréan t-ppuic,
 Iṛ Ḃairḡ Íllic Capḁa ó Ḃlár luirc Éirib.

Taḁḡ Ó Ceallaḡ ó Eacḁpuim euḁtaḁ,
 Iṛ Taḁḡ an Ímullaḡ fuair uppaim ó éiḡrib.
 ḡaḁ Taḁḡ bí tairḁbreac baḁ ḡaol duit,
 A brátair oirḡre Ḃairḡ mīc Séappa.

90 brátair Ḃúrrairḡ lúbairḡ euḁtaḡ,
 Iṛ tiḡearna Ílúrḡairḡe an éuil buiḁe péaplairḡ,
 Tiḡearna an Ḣlinne, an Ḃuirm fuair péimear,
 Iṛ tiḡearna an Ḃappaimn iṛ Ḃairbriḡ taob leat.

69. The Fitzmaurices of Lixnaw.

70. The Knight of Glin.

71. Dermot MacMorogh, of Norman Invasion celebrity, is sometimes spoken of as Mac Ílaoil na m-bó, because of his ancestor.

72. Uí Ḍonnḁaḁa: MS. Íllic Ḍonnḁaḁa, which is perhaps a mistake; tuirim = 'nursing, fosterage.'

78. Reference is, perhaps, to the Battle of Callan, between the Geraldines and the MacCarthys.

Generous kinsman of Niall of the slender steeds ;
 And of the nine hostages, who ruled Erin ;
 The vehement kinsman of the ancient O'Briens ;
 Of Mac Ferris, and of the Lord of the Decies.

70 Kinsman of the race of Fitzmaurice from the Great Stone ;
 And of the Knight from beside the Shannon of the slender ships ;
 Of the son of Maol na m-bo of the routs, who was valiant ;
 And of O'Donoghue of Ross who was in fosterage with thee ;

Great kinsman of the mild Roche art thou ;
 The near kinsman of Barry and his relatives ;
 Kinsman of Gerald of the Grecian princes ;
 Kinsman of the warrior of Bunratty, of bright spears ;

The fair kinsman of O'Keeffe without a fault ;
 Who came victorious from the bright Roughty ;
 Of noble O'Callaghan of Cluain of the peace-making,
 80 And of the descendants of Guaire the generous and charitable.

Kinsman of Cúrí the fair, the heroic,
 And of MacAuliffe of the limber stretches, the able ;
 Of Tadhg the faultless who was drowned in the strong current,
 And of Tadhg MacCarthy from Clar Luirc of Eibhear.

Tadhg O'Kelly from Aughrim, the mighty,
 And Tadhg of the Mullach who was esteemed by learned men,
 Every Tadhg who was of much account was thy kinsman,
 Thou kinsman of the heir of Tadhg son of Geoffrey.

Kinsman of De Courcey the supple, the mighty,
 90 And of the lord of Muskery of the yellow plaited locks,
 Of the lord of Glin, of the lord of Curm who obtained sway ;
 Of the lords of Corran and Carbery beside thee.

80. Guaire Aidhne, surnamed the hospitable, was King of Connaught in the seventh century.

82. Mac Auliffe of Duballow.

83-84. It is not easy to identify the Tadhgs mentioned here. There are several of that name in the pedigree of the Clancarty family.

88. O'Donoghue of Glenflesk.

Ἰρ τρυαῖθ δο ἑλαμῖ αῖ elanna na ῖ-εαοραῖ,
 Δο πάμιθ εατορρα α n-αιρζε ῖαν εῖριε,
 Στειῖθ ρά n'υιλινν δε αῖ Μυιριρ an ῖρείθε,
 Στειῖθ na τυβαιρτε ὁ Ἰμυιριρ δε αῖ Ἐαμονν.

100 Τύιρ mo ρύιν ἱρ δύβαῖ ῖραρ δέαοραῖ,
 Τρύιθ ἱρ εύιρ τρέαρ ἑιονηρῖηαιρ ευῖ ριρ;
 Τρέ ῖριρεαῖ na ραιοῖτε ῖ-ρῖοῖμαρ ὁ-τρείῖῖεαῖ,
 Κυρριῖθ na εῖιν ριν λῖνν ἱρ βαοῖγαλ δο.

Δο ῖνῖοῖ Σεῖριρε μῖρ-ῖρεαῖ αοαιρ,
 Μαρ Ἰλαε Κυῖαιλλ α ὁ-τύιρ na Ρέιννε,
 Δο ῖνῖοῖ Μυιριρ le ὀιῖῖεῖῖ α ὀαοραῖ,
 Ἰρ ῖλῖρ ῖῖιν ὀά ῖ-κυῖῖρεαῖ αῖ Ἐαμονν.

An μέιῖθ nάρ ριονναῖ le h-μῖριτ na μέιρλεαῖ,
 Δο ῖρεαῖ Mac Cpaiῖ ar ῖμαρ δε'n τρέαῖα,
 le h-ῖρ an διαῖαιλ ὀά ριαρ ῖαν ὀαονναῖετ,
 'S apῖρ ῖο ὀυβαῖτα ὀά εῖλιῖν.

110 An τέ ῖῖ aca α n-υραιῖ α ῖ-εεανναρ na τρέινε,
 Ατῖ α m-ῖλιαῖθna αῖ ιαρραιῖ ὀεῖρρε,
 Δο ρύῖγεαῖ ὀίρ ὀά m-ῖυῖῖν ῖαν αον ῖρεαῖ,
 Ρυῖλ α ῖ-εροιῖε ῖρα ῖ-εῖῖ ὀά ταορῖαῖ.

Cailleamh Seagáin, nár pῖán ὁ ῖρευῖαιῖ,
 Δο εύιρ Εοῖgan ῖο δεῖ ραιοῖ neulaiῖ,
 Na ὀίοβαρῖαιῖ ρῖορ-laῖa τραιοῖετα,
 'S α ὁ-εῖῖε ῖna ρmύῖα ῖρῖῖῖε αιρ αον ῖαιλ.

93-96. Having excited sympathy for Eoghan by recounting his virtues, and tracing his high lineage, the poet turns with bitter scorn to the adventurers—men who dealt in sheep and frieze, who had come in for his lands—and draws a ludicrous picture of Maurice and Eamoun, portioning his estate amongst them as if they were cutting a sheep into chops.

93. ἑλαμῖ: MS. ὀαλα, the sense and metre point to ἑλαμῖ as the true reading.

97-100. In this stanza, which is obscure, κυρριῖθ linn perhaps = κυρριῖθ oppann, 'will injure us.'

101. Σεῖριρε; transcript of MS. has ραιοῖρε. Who George was does not

It is pitiful that thy lands should be possessed by the tribe of the
sheep,

Who came among them without payment, without an eiric ;
A steak of them under his elbow held by Maurice of the frieze ;
An unfortunate steak of them from Maurice held by Eamonn ;

The origin of my story is sad and tearful,
The reason and cause why you began to be jealous of him ;
On account of the breaking of the proud accomplished nobles,
100 These leaders will injure us it is to be feared.

George used to carry out unique plunder
As the son of Cumhall in the front of the warriors ;
Maurice condemned them by laws,
And sweet the voice of Eamonn as he put them in chains.

As many as were not destroyed by the contrivance of the vaga-
bonds,
M'Grath robbed all who survived of the flock,
By means of the devil's gold which he dispensed without
humanity,
While he demanded it again doubly.

He whom they had last year in the authority of power
110 Is this year begging for alms ;
Two of their company were left without any stir of life ;
The blood of their hearts and breasts pouring out.

It was the death of John who was not perverse through lying,
That put Eoghan for ever beneath a cloud ;
And made the banished very weak and subdued ;
And their houses crushed together into soot.

appear ; there was a George Eagar constable of Killarney early in the last century.

108. *apír* : transcript, *a píp* ; in any case the metre of line is defective. The allusion in 107-8 seems to be to usurers, or else to soupers.

113. Who John was is uncertain ; he may have been brother to Eoghan. *Ib.* *páán* = *páaon*, ' who was not perverse from lying ' (?), which does not seem a high compliment.

bað minic 'na dúncaib uðdair aorða,
 Draiéte ip dáin ip báirð ip éigre,
 Fíilde ip cliair dá riap le daonnaét,
 120 Ip Easlaip Óríort do ríort dá n-éilioin.

A Óia cá air neim do éluin na rgeulca,
 A Ríð na b-peapc ip a Acaip naomca,
 Créad pá'r fuilnðip a ionað ađ beupaið,
 A éiop aca, ap é rinðil an' eugmaip.

Do caoið Sol go doét an t-éipleac,
 Luna do ðuil ppocta déapa,
 bopear cpuaið a d-cuaið ađ réideað,
 An pad cá Muirip a đ-cumar 'pan caoð po.

Aip ófipic Eoðain go bpeóigte tpeíct-lađ,
 130 Do ðuilleaðap oét ppoctanna paopa,
 An Máið 'r an leamuin pann ðan paopam,
 An Capéac an t-Sláine 'r an Élaodaé.

Aðainn Éill Cpiað bað éian a caol-rðpeað,
 Ađ ríort-ðul 'r ađ caomeað a céile,
 bpuac na lice air buile 'r an Féile,
 Aðup an Daoil ađ aoil-ðol 'na h-aonap.

An ðaoi go dúbac 'pan t-Siúip ađ ðéimnið,
 Aðup Sionainn Cloinne Loipe na đ-caol-eac,
 An Máið ðan pláinte pá na rgeulaib,
 140 Coip Laoi 'r an ópíveac go leunimap.

Pionna-rpuic 'r an Plearð air eapbaið céille,
 Aðainn Tapðlan paoi rðamall ip Éipne,
 Aðainn Daluaið 'r an Éuanaé tpaocéta,
 'S an Óeapba go pad-cuimac að' óéið-pe.

121. neim, old dat. of neam, is required for metre.

123. a before ionað is lost in pronouncing the line, and is not given in MS.

129-132. The rivers in this stanza have been all mentioned in XXII.

Often were aged authors in his castles,
 Druids and seers, and bards, and learned men,
 Poets and bands of rhymers dispensed to, with humanity ;
 120 And the clergy of Christ ever visiting them.

O God, who art in heaven, who hearest the tidings
 O King of miracles, and Holy Father,
 Why hast thou suffered his place to be held by bears,
 That they should have his rent while he is straightened for want
 of it.

Sol wept bitterly for the ruin,
 Luna wept streams of tears,
 The severe Boreas is blowing from the north,
 As long as Maurice holds sway in this region.

On the banishment of Eoghan, afflicted, and enfeebled,
 130 Eight noble streams wept,
 The Mague, and the Laune, weak without respite
 The Carthach, the Slaney, and the Claodach.

The river of Cillcriadh, long was her slender moan,
 Bitterly weeping and lamenting her lord ;
 The margin stream of Lixnaw, was raging, and the Feale,
 And the Deal sorely crying alone.

The Gaoi was sad, and the Suir screamed,
 And the Shannon of the descendants of Lorc of the slender steeds,
 The Mague without health, because of the tidings
 140 The margin of the Lee and the Bride afflicted.

The Fionn Sruith and the Flesk deprived of their senses ;
 The stream of Targlan under clouds, and the Earne ;
 The river Daluadh and the Cuanach are oppressed ;
 And the Barrow in long mourning for thee.

133. *Abann Cill Criað* seems to be the river flowing beside Headford, the scene of the bog disaster.

135. *bpuac na lice* refers to the River Brick, flowing near Lixnaw.

136. *aoil-şol* for *oil-şoll*. 143. The Cuanach is mentioned also in XXVI.

Níor fáḡ an Cróimpeac deór gan rppreuaḋ,
 Paoi árḃaib bḋéna bóinap déapa,
 An Ruacṫac ḡo buapṫa ip í aḡ ḡéimniḡ.
 Abainn Dá Cíe 'pa daoine tréiṫ-laḡ.

150 Ní paib Síḡ-bean díob a m-béillie,
 Ó Dún Cáoim ḡo h-íocṫap Éirne,
 Ó Inip bó ḡo teópa Éipionn,
 Náp léiḡ deópa mópa aip aon ball.

Aip éeaṫt liliurip éuḡ uile 'na éeipḃ éipṫ,
 Baḋ élor ḡáip aḡ mnáib aip éaob éurpe,
 Ip dá éaob Mainḡe dá ppeaḡairṫ ḡo h-eubniap,
 Ip baḋ élor uaill aip uaṫṫap Sléibe Mip.

160 bean píḡe an Ruip aḡ pileaḋ déapa,
 Ip bean píḡe bán na blárnan taob ríot
 bean píḡe an ḡleanna iona labpaib eunlaṫ
 Ip peaṫṫ mná píḡe aip an ḡ-Cíe gan traoṫaḋ.

Do ḡuil Cluoḋna trío na pḡeulaib,
 Do ḡuil Úna a n-Dáplap Éile,
 Do ḡuil Aoipe a ríog-broḡ P'éirḃlim,
 Ip do ḡuil Aoibill píḡ-bean léiṫ-épaḡ.

Do ḡuil ḡo truaḡ an Ruacṫac caoille,
 Do ḡuil Áine a n-árup ḡréine,
 Do ḡuileadap oṫṫ n-oṫṫaip aip aon loṫ,
 Do ḡuileadap ampe an Cappaínn 'p an ṫ-Sléibe.

170 bean píḡe Dún na nḡall aḡ ḡeup-ḡul,
 bean píḡe a ḃ-Teaḡaip aḡup í ceupḃa,
 bean píḡe a n-Éoṫaill pór gan paopaíḡ,
 Ip bean píḡe a ḡ-Ceapa Cíonn na n-Déirpeaṫ.

145-8. The Croinseach is mentioned also in XXII. The Abainn da Chich seems to be the river flowing westward to Headford, north of the Paps. The other rivers mentioned are well known.

149 *et seq.* After the rivers have been made to lament the ruin of Eoghan, the *mna sighe* or *mna sidhe* take up the doleful cry; see *Intro.*, sect. IV.

150. Dún Cáoim is to the west of Dingle.

The Croinseach did not leave a drop but it scattered
 Throughout the kine-frequented headlands of the sea of Beara ;
 The Roughty is troubled, and moans ;
 The river of the Two Paps and her people are weakened.

There was none of the banshees in the huge rocks
 150 From Dun Caoin, to the lower end of the Earne ;
 From Inisbofin, to the boundaries of Erin ;
 Who did not shed great tears in one place.

On the coming of Maurice who brought everything under his own
 proper trade (?)

A scream was heard from women on the side of Tore ;
 While the two sides of the Maine replied enviously ;
 And wailing was heard on the top of Sliabh Mis.

The banshee of Ross was shedding tears,
 The white banshee of Blarney which is beside you,
 The banshee of the Glen in which birds are vocal,
 160 And the seven banshees on the Paps without pause.

Clíodhna wept because of the tidings ;
 Una wept in Thurles of Eily ;
 Aoife wept in the fairy mansion of Feidhlim ;
 And Aoibhill, the banshee of Carriglea.

The slender Roughty wept piteously
 Aine wept in the dwelling of Grian ;
 Eight eights wept together on the same lake ;
 The fairy maidens of Corran and of the Sliabh wept.

The banshee of Donegal was bitterly weeping ;
 170 A banshee at Tara, who is in torture ;
 A banshee at Youghal also without respite ;
 And a banshee at Cappoquin of the Decies.

153. *cúg uile 'na céirib óiric* is a difficult phrase.

157 *et seq.* *bean píge*: MS. *bean t-píge* throughout. Blarney is said to be beside Eoghan, as it is near the lands that belonged to his ancestors.

162. Eily O'Carroll included some baronies in Co. Tipperary.

165. *caóille*, *sic* MS., and also Hardiman, who gives this stanza. *caóille*, = 'land,' is given in O'R.'s and O'Brien's dictionaries. The line is obscure.

bean ríge fóir go deórac eudmhar
 A m-baile Uí Óairbhe, annuir deo' raor-rluóet;
 baipleacán a g-craeataib báir fáo' rgeulaib
 'S an t-Eun Fionn a b-teanntaib euga.

180 Do glac pannaip bream an deupla,
 Do raileadap go b-pillpeao arír eugainn Séamur,
 An tan do rgeao an leac fáo' rgeulaib,
 An lia Fáil 'na lár ag géimnið.

D'éir gur caoideadap coillte ip caolta,
 Do loirg mo éroide do mull 'r do éur mé,
 An bpaib-geal ó Faidrib na raor-rlaie,
 Do beie ag gól gan por 'na h-aonar,

Ag preaoaó a bar 'r ag ptaeao a céibe,
 'Na g-caor n-deapg a deapca gan ppaóaó,
 A cpoiceann geal air fao 'na éreáeataib,
 Ip folae ríoda a clí-éoirp paobea.

190 D'éir gur éoirgeadap ppoetanna ag géimnið,
 Coillte corp-énoie gorma ip paoléoin,
 Ríogain Fionnrgoet ag ríor-gul 'na h-aonar,
 Do éur m' mteaeat epí na éeile.

Faeatam cáir ip fáe a deapa,
 Den t-poillpeao ó Faidtpeab na raor-rlaie,
 Craeo an báir, an táir, nó an t-éigion,
 Tpe 'n ap mull a baill 'ra h-eudae?

200 D'paeagair Fionnrgoet dúinn go h-eudmhar,
 Le glór doilb go pollur a n-éipeaeat,
 Tá a ráir-píor agat-ra deapb mo rgeulca,
 Ip go b-tið mui 'na ppuie óm éreáeataib,

174. It is here suggested that a family tie exists between the banshee of a great family and the members of that family.

175. baipleacán is the name of a townland in the barony of Iveragh, Co. Kerry; it is marked on Carew's map of Iveragh Barony in the Lambeth Library.

176. an t-Eun Fionn, also called an t-Eun Ceannan, XXII., the home of Mac Finneen.

A banshee, besides, tearful and envious
 In the dwelling of Cairbre, a maiden of thy noble race;
 Baisleacan in the tremors of death at tidings of thee;
 And the Eun Fionn in the grip of death.

The tribe of the English speech fell into a fainting fit;
 They thought that James would return to us again,
 When the Stone screamed at the tidings of thee—
 180 The Lia Fail moaning in its centre.

After the lament of woods and marshy plains,
 It scalded my heart, it ruined and tormented me,
 That the Fair-necked from Firies of the noble chieftains,
 Was weeping without ceasing alone,

Wringing her hands, and tearing her hair,
 Her eyes as red fire, without respite,
 Her bright skin all full of wounds,
 And the silken covering of her bosom rent.

After the streams had ceased to moan
 190 Woods, stately green hills, and wolves,
 The queenly Fionnsgoth, weeping continually alone,
 Has put my mind into confusion.

I ask what misfortune has happened, and the cause of her tears
 Of the brilliant one from Firies of the noble chieftains,
 What was the death, the insult, the violence,
 For which she mangled her limbs, and her garments?

Fionnsgoth replied to me enviously,
 With a mournful voice, as was evident, effectively:
 Thou knowest full well the truth of my tidings,
 200 Seeing that venom comes in streams from my wounds,

194. *Ṗaib̃ṑṑeaḃ* is no doubt the same as *Ṗaib̃ṑiḃ*, of 183 *supra*, it is, perhaps, the modern Firies, in West Kerry; the *ṑoill̃ṑeaḃ* mentioned here is the same as the *bṑaib̃ṑiḃ-ḡeaḃ*, 183; both refer to Fionnsgoth, a mountain in West Kerry mentioned in XXII.

'Sa liaét pluaiḡ de mairib Níill Duib,
 Píaguiḡe ip fáid ip ráp-plaiḡ beupaḡ,
 Mná uairle náir ḡpuamḡa, ip daoine aorḡa,
 Do éuaiḡ do óic an bíḡ 'p an eudaiḡ,

ḡur díbreaiḡ an píḡ ceapḡ ḡo claonmair,
 Earboiḡ, raḡairḡ, abaiḡ, ip cléiriḡ,
 bpaíḡre diaḡa, ip cliap na dírice,
 Aḡur uairle na tuaiḡe pe ééile.

210 O' innriop ḡo píop di bpiḡ mo rḡeulḡa:
 ḡo paiḡ Eoḡan mór pór ḡan baogal;
 A éalaiḡ má bí 'na óic ḡo m-b'féidip
 A paḡáil do apír le linn an peḡ éirḡ.

Táid epeáḡḡa Seaḡáin ḡo h-ápḡ aḡ éiḡeaiḡ air;
 Aḡ lonnpaiḡ pionntap aḡur aḡ rméide,
 Aḡ rḡpeaḡaḡ pór air Eoḡan ḡo h-éiḡneaiḡ,
 Aḡ iappaiḡ pḡla ḡorḡaḡ a n'éiric.

220 Orpinn pór éuḡ léonaiḡ lém air,
 Ruḡpaiḡ ip Seon mic Ómaiḡ éiḡip,
 Seaḡán ip Diaḡmuioḡ piain baḡ bpeuḡaḡ,
 Muipir 'p an díḡ rin éuḡ rḡaoile lém air.

Ip bpiḡnaiḡ anoir le cup a nḡaoḡaiḡe,
 An éupa éuit 'na éioḡ air ḡaoḡalaiḡ,
 Ip air ḡaḡ aieme de élanmaiḡ Milepiur,
 An m'éioḡ díob d'iompaiḡ pe Luther a n'éide.

Map d'imḡiḡ tap ppúill anonn ár ḡ-cléir mairḡ,
 Map do cuipaiḡ air díbirḡ éoiḡḡe Séamur,
 Do cuipaiḡ pá rmaḡḡ ap mair den tpeuḡa,
 Ip do cuipaiḡ Eoḡan pá bpiḡ, mo ḡeup-ḡoin.

213-216. This beautiful stanza reminds one a little of the speech of the Ghost in *Hamlet*. 214. Pionntap, 'struggle, contest': cf. XXX. 2.

217-220. For an interesting account of the Orpen and Eagar families who settled in Kerry, see *Old Kerry Records*, Second Series, pp. 140-212. The Eagers gained great military distinction in the British army, and were not the last to make common cause with the Catholic Celts of Kerry. Francis Eagar, the fifth son of Alexander Eagar, the first settler of his name in Kerry, married a daughter

Seeing the great multitude of the nobles of Niall Dubh,
Huntsmen, seers, and true, courteous chieftains,
Noble ladies, who were not cheerless, and aged persons,
Who have suffered want in food and raiment,

That the rightful king was wickedly banished,
Bishops, priests, abbots, and men of letters,
Pious friars, and the mendicant band,
And the nobles of the country together.

I told her truly the substance of my tidings ;
210 That the great Eoghan was still free from harm ;
If his land was lost to him, that he could
Obtain it again at the coming of the rightful king.

John's wounds are loudly crying out to him ;
They are flashing forth battle, and beckoning,
And also screaming to Eoghan violently,
Entreating him to spill blood as an eirie.

Orpen also inflicted on him a sad wounding,
Rughraoi and Seon son of Amos Eagar,
John and Diarmuid who were ever liars,
220 Maurice and these two brought doleful destruction on him.

Sad now is it to record in Gaelic,
The torture that fell on the Gaels in a shower,
And on every band of the descendants of Milesius,
As many of them as became turncoats with Luther ;

When our good clergy went over across the waves,
When James was sent for ever into banishment,
All that survived of the company were put beneath the yoke,
And Eoghan was afflicted with sorrow—my sharp wounding !

of O'Donoghue Dubh, of Glenflesk, and so identified himself with the resistance to the penal laws made by his brothers-in-law that he is called in more than one despatch "a pretended Protestant." One of the Orpens, Robert, was the hero of Killowen in 1688. But the Eagers referred to in this stanza I am unable to identify. 218. The name Amos is not unknown in Kerry.

221-228. In these two stanzas, the general evils of which Eoghan's expulsion only formed a small part, are dwelt on.

230 Aḡcúinnḡim Íora Críorḡ dom éirḡeaḡt,
 An ceḡ ro air Eoḡan ḡo fḡil a épaḡaḡḡ,
 Airíḡ a beaḡa do éabairḡ do air aon ball,
 Ó Suíḡe Finn ḡo fíopaḡib Sléibe Mír.

Uirḡe na Maíḡe, Leamḡum, Laoi, ir Claḡdaḡ,
 Snaiḡmḡ pe ppaḡaib ḡḡair le linn Léim Tuirc,
 Pionna Spuiḡ, Plearḡ, ir caire an Mḡaoir ḡéimḡ,
 Roiḡ Mḡuirḡ do éeaḡt arḡeaḡ pe Claimḡ Éirḡ.

240 Tuircim na b-plaḡa meapa b-fíor-laoḡda,
 Re nuimḡ na namḡḡ neapḡimḡ nḡuioim-euḡḡaḡ,
 Oirḡḡe na b-peap léap leaḡaḡ Ríḡ Séamur,
 Čuḡ Muirḡ arḡeaḡ ḡan éapḡ le Clomḡ Éirḡ.

Ionḡ mo íean le real a n-Uíḡ Laoḡaire,
 Ir tuircim na b-peap 'ran ḡreap le Ríḡ Séamur,
 Muirḡ do éeaḡt arḡeaḡ le Claimḡ Éirḡ
 ḡré a ḡ-cumilim bar dom namḡḡ fír-euḡḡaḡ.

AN CEANḠAL.

Maíḡ čuipeap ḡaḡ doḡap le roḡap do píoḡap 'na ḡeaḡaḡḡ,
 Pionnaḡ ḡaḡ ḡopaḡ an olann an buille 'ran bláḡ,
 Ní dume ná oḡḡap aḡḡ coḡaḡ na pīḡḡe de ḡnáḡ,
 Čuḡ muileann an Oroiḡḡ do Mḡuirḡ 'ran eoḡair 'na lámḡ.

232. A great many mountains in Ireland are called Suighe Finn. Above, the poet puts the limit as:

Ón dá Čic ḡo pīopaib Sléibe Mír.

233-236. In this stanza the rivers more closely connected with the estate of Eoghan are introduced as a final chorus of grief for the incoming of Maurice with Clan Eagar.

234. Linn Leim Tuirc, the lake of Torc Waterfall.

236. Caire an Mḡaoir. The River Maor or Maire forms part of the boundary between Cork and Kerry, and is referred to by Spenser:—

“There also was the wide embayed Maire.”

Fairy Queen, Canto II., Bk. iv.

I implore of Jesus Christ to hear me ;
 230 To remove this sorrow which is on Eoghan for a while ;
 To make restitution to him of his property at once
 From Suighe Finn to the borders of Sliabh Mis.

The waters of the Maine, the Laune, the Lee, and Claodach,
 Unite with the streams that depart from the lake of Torc Water-
 fall ;

The Fionn Sruth, the Flesk, and the current of Maor moan
 At the coming in of Maurice with Clan Eagar.

The fall of the active, truly heroic chieftains,
 By a number of the enemy who were strong and powerful in deed,
 The laws of the men by whom King James was overthrown,
 240 Brought in Maurice without right with Clan Eagar.

My ancestors' abode for a time in Iveleary,
 And the fall of the men in battle with King James,
 The coming in of Maurice with Clan Eagar,
 Is the reason why I stroke with my hand the truly powerful foe.

THE BINDING.

Woe to him who sows every evil for the profit that flows from it ;
 The proof of every crop is the wool, the leaf, the blossom ;
 It was not one man nor eight, but the war of the kings, that for
 ever

Gave the Mill of the Bridge to Maurice and the key in his hand.

The Fionn Sruth, or Finn Sruth, is perhaps the Finn Abhainn that flows through Drishane into the Blackwater, or it may be the Finniky, which flows into the Roughty at Kenmare.

241. This line is of biographical interest : *le peal* seems to imply that his parents were *then* living in Iveleary.

244. *cúimilim bap* = 'I stroke with the hand,' said ironically of satire. The enemy seems to be Maurice.

245. Transcript of poem reads *map níḡ cúimilim*, which spoils the metre ; lines 245-246 seem to be semi-proverbial sayings, but they are obscure.

248. What bridge is meant is uncertain, but probably the reference is to Lisnagaun, near Headford, where there is a place still called Old Bridge, which had formerly a tucking mill.

XXXVI.

DO MÁC FÍNNEGÍN DUIB UÍ SÚILLEADÁIN.

Fada éid teir an oimigh,
 Dá m-beaó gan é d'iafpairigh,
 D'iúl rean, ip deimhin an dál,
 Fear an oimigh ar iompáó.

Cuid do buaio fip an oimigh
 Beir gac n-aon ar iafpairigh,
 Teacht ar teac go bpairigh air
 D'fear an oimigh ní heagal.

10 D'fear an oimigh ní huamain—
 Cuid eile dá iolbuaóib—
 Ghibé a n-déimtear 'na dochar
 Ní féidir é d'pólmócaó.

Do dpuim oimigh ip anma
 A n-oiðreacht a acharó
 Deimhin ar teac go dtiocfa
 Fear oimigh ip oirbeara.

20 bapp rochar é don oineac
 Gnáit air fuo críoc comairgeac,
 Le luaó a deag-anma ag dul,
 Sean-labpa ruaó ip reanóac.

XXXVI.—The metre of this poem as well as of XXXVII. is *deibhidhe*, each line of the quatrain consisting of seven syllables, the second and fourth ending with a word exceeding in the number of its syllables the words respectively ending the first and third; the first and second lines rhyme together as do the third and fourth; there is frequent alliteration, and a word in the middle of one line generally rhymes with a word in the beginning or middle of the next line. Mac Finneen Dubh was a branch of the O'Sullivan family.

XXXVI.

TO MACFINNEEN DUBH O'SULLIVAN.

Far extends the fame of generosity,
 Even if it were not inquired about,
 In the knowledge of elders—it is a certainty
 That the generous man is spoken of.

One part of the generous man's excellence,
 Everyone is seeking him;
 That you will take advantage of him,
 The generous man is not afraid.

To the generous man it is no cause of fear—
 10 Another of his many privileges—
 What trespass is done to him,
 He cannot be emptied out.

Through generosity and fame
 Into the inheritance of his patrimony
 Certainly will come
 The man of generosity and good deeds.

It is the highest advantage for generosity
 That ever throughout foreign regions
 In celebration of its good name, are going
 20 The ancient sayings of learned men and historians.

3. Perhaps we should read *o'íúil na pean deimhin an dól*. MS. *dól* and *íompaið*.

6. *beiré*. M *bíonn*; perhaps *ḡac uair* for *ḡac n-aon*.

7. *ceacht arcead air*, seems to mean 'an advantage over him.'

10. This line is parenthetical.

11. This line seems corrupt.

20. *pean-laðra*. MS. *polaðrað*.

Sean-nór aca rianí romhe
 'San éiríe-pe róib luğome,
 'Sé ar feadh gac oirip mar rian,
 Fear an oinigh ar iarraid.

Com-luač éuige—céim 'na rač,—
 An pile, an páib, an ceapbač,
 Gac taoib ag triall ar oineac
 Mar aon 'ran éliar comhuigeac.

30

Tig an laiğneac leac air leac
 Tig an miðeac 'ran muimneac,
 A n-dáil ní daiina cuirpe
 Fa gáir anma an Eoğain-pe.

Comluač ó éeann gac críche,
 Lučt rğaoilte rğéal coireríche,
 Gá bríog a méad do meaðair,
 Ag ríom a gáag geinealaiğ?

40

Níor élor aoinfeap aca-ran
 Ag breit oirbere ar Eoğain,
 Ní claon don éeab-rač do éap,
 Aon dá éagnac ní pağčar.

Ní éuala Gaoiðeal ná Gail—
 Maič ioméap an éuig comérom—
 Fór do buain béime air a blač,
 buaid a féile ní hiongnad.

Míre féim mar gac fear díob,
 Ní cuaird iona cóir dimbríog,
 Mo éol go hiomlán ní fuil
 Go dol pá iompád Eoğain.

24. After line 24 the following stanza is given in A. :—

Ní fuil mo ériall cuirip-rin,
 Mac Finnghin Duib, dpeac roilbir,
 Bor tréan tap a n-doihiğ dul,
 Préam an oinigh ar aðnad.

It has been an ancient custom with them up to this time
 Throughout this region of the land of Iughone,
 And it is so all over every district,
 The generous man is sought out.

Equally swift come to him—a high degree in his good
 fortune—

The poet, the seer, the gambler,
 All approach the generous man
 Together with the foreign train.

30 The Leinsterman comes, side by side
 The Meathman and the Munsterman come,
 Their concourse is no cause of sadness
 At the shout of the name of this Eoghan.

Equally swift from the limits of every district
 Foreign story-tellers flock;
 What means the greatness of their enjoyment
 As they enumerate his genealogical branches?

40 No man of them did I hear
 Speaking in reproach of Eoghan.
 It is not a desire for riches he loved;
 No one is found reproaching him.

I have not heard Gael or foreigner—
 Well does he bear the even balance—
 Who ever yet tarnished his fame,
 The renown of his hospitality is not strange.

I too like each one of these—
 It is not a journey which is to be disparaged—
 My wish is not entirely satisfied
 Till I go into social intercourse with Eoghan.

29. The second *leat* is omitted in MS., which leaves a syllable wanting.

39. This line is obscure; does *céad-paet* mean 'riches'?

47. Alliteration requires *ní fúil*; MS. *ní b-puill*.

Saoilim naé fuil ḑiomḑaé ḑe
 50 Clét náma nó fear fearḑe;
 Ḑnúir fáoilḑ ḑan cáil a ḑ-epoḑ,
 báḑ ḑaé aoinḑir le hEoḑan.

Ḑo éannuiḑ fóp, beapḑ ḑá raé,
 Ainm raop naé féidḑir ḑ'ionnlaé,
 Ḑíol clú deḑḑ-peaét ip anáir
 Cpú ḑo rein-flioét Šúilleabáin.

Ní ééḑ caiteam 'na élu ram,
 An plioét airmeaé po Eoḑan,
 A ḑ-caoi buaḑ na ḑ-toirḑeapḑ ḑ-tprom
 60 Fuair a n-oiḑḑeaét a h-altprom.

A n-ḑimbríḑ ní ḑual a ḑul,
 An teipḑ oirḑeapḑ-pa ap Eoḑan,
 An féile ip rein-peaét a ḑean,
 Deḑḑ-flioét na ḑréime ó b-fuil-pean.

'Sé ḑoir uairliḑ fuinn Ḑaoiḑeal
 Ḑo ḑní an t-ainm-pe ḑ'iomḑḑaoileáḑ,
 Reaét pípe na ḑréime ó b-fuil,
 Séime a n-ḑine ḑá n-ḑúḑaiḑ.

Omeaé ḑnáé, ip ḑníom náipe,
 70 Ceannraét, uiḑla, ip aḑnáipe,
 Ḑpuḑ pe hoirḑeapḑ ip ciall cinn
 Tuḑ oiḑḑeaét ḑon píal ḑoirḑill.

lomḑa céim 'na ḑ-tiḑ apḑeaé,
 Máir píop ḑ'ḑuiḑliḑ na bḑileáḑ,
 Fear an oirḑeapḑa op cionn éaiḑ
 A ḑcionn oiḑḑeaéta ḑ'ḑaḑáil.

55-56. Metre corrupt, and translation doubtful. rein-peaét: MS. deḑḑ-peaét.

I think that no one is ill-disposed towards him
50 Save an enemy or a man of choler ;
A joyous face without desire of wealth,
Everyone's good will is possessed by Eoghan.

He purchased besides—a piece of his good fortune—
A noble name that cannot be assailed,
Reward of the fame of good laws and honour,
The blood of the old race of Suilleabhain.

Its fame does not wear out,
That of the renowned race of Eoghan
In the path of victories of the stern struggles
60 Their inheritance got its nurture.

It is not its wont to diminish in strength
This renowned fame of Eoghan—
Hospitality and the old state of his ancestors,
The goodly progeny of the stock whence he sprang.

It is this amongst the nobles of the land of the Gaels
That spreads this name abroad,
The real power of the stock whence he sprung,
The gentleness of the race towards their country.

Constant generosity, with good deeds,
70 Friendship, humility, and modesty,
An approach to noble actions and wisdom of head
Gave inheritance to the strong hospitable man.

Many are the steps by which enters—
If the words of the poet be true—
The man of noble deeds above all
For the obtaining of his inheritance.

86

ḡac bapp inníe dá b-fuair pain,
 Maic ip fiú a éiall 'ra éeapaid,
 Ní nár map éaicéar a épod,
 A maicéar már ḡan inópað.

Ní le tréan táinig a neapc,
 ḡrár Dó le dul a n-oiḡpeacé
 Fuair a éoil do óruim doépa
 Ní cumḡ pain naé po-molta.

Naé beanuid na painn-pe rib
 Ní inéapaim, a líic Finnḡin,
 Réim ḡan foirneapc, ḡan folaid,
 Ar éoirbheapc féin fuarabair.

90

Mac Finnḡin Duib dá ráð rib
 Acá, ní hinníe a n-airḡib ;
 Ar do ḡeall ní ḡairm eile,
 Ip feapp ainm ná airiḡe.

bapp air feapaid féile fuair
 Eochaid ó éac an éeap-uair ;
 Comhlioncar an élu do éuir
 Le crú oirbheapc Eochaid.

100

Ón lá rin ḡur an lá annḡ
 ḡibé iona éeann do éuirpeað,
 Ní deacaid céim ar ḡ-cúlaid
 Ó éréim Eochaid aon-íúlaidḡ.

82. ḡrár: MS. ḡrara, giving an extra syllable.

84. naé: both A and M read ḡan beic, giving an extra syllable, and spoiling alliteration.

80 Whatever distinction in honour he has obtained
 His wisdom and judgment have well deserved ;
 It is not dishonourable how he spends his wealth,
 Great is his goodness without pride.

 Not with human might came his strength
 Which is God's grace to go into his inheritance ;
 He obtained his desire through adversity,
 That is not a yoke which is not praiseworthy.

 That these verses pertain not to thee,
 I do not judge, O Mac Finneen,
 Sway without violence or enmity
 By thy own noble deeds thou hast won.

90 The name Mac Finneen Dubh is applied to thee—
 It is not an empty title—
 For thy pledge no other name ; (?)
 A name is better than chieftainship.

 Supremacy over hospitable men
 Eochaidh obtained at first from all,
 The fame is perpetuated
 Which the noble deed of Eochaidh gave his race.

100 From that day to this day
 Whosoever should add to it,
 It did not retreat one step
 From the race of Eochaidh the one-eyed.

91. ní ḡairm. A an ḡairm.
 giving only six syllables.

93. fēapairb, both MSS. have fīp,

100. The legend the poet alludes to is well known.

XXXVII.

DO ÆORMAC MAC CARÉA ĢUIRT NA Ģ-ÉLOÉ.

Aille, acpuinn naé paicim,
 Cpóðacé aibíġ anaiéill,
 Stuaó ġlan oipópeac ġan oll ó'páir.
 Teapóap Éopmaic Mic Capéa.

Ģríób do póilcéann a péile,
 Naéair ġan dúil oipoiééine,
 Rín aébaoire epé ġlan éáió,
 'Sé ip aébaoir óár n-eaóráin.

10 Aomleanb na banba buame,
 Conclan Con na Cpaoépuaióe,
 Ģríób deaġ-énuip ip teó a ó-épeap,
 Acé-ġuairpe ġleó na n-apó- éleap.

Aiéġin do mac Éibip Ģinn,
 Uppa pluaiġ upiúaiġe Péiólim,
 Laoé ionéuip le h-Opġap oll,
 Pópóa ioméair na n-anópann.

20 Acġ an n-ġairġe air ġéaġ leainna
 Ní b-puil aoióneap oileainna,
 Puair eól an puíó céapóa rin
 Acġ deól eíġ céapóa an éoġaió.

XXXVII.—The Castle of Gortnaglough, which belonged to the MacCarthys of Carbery, stood near where the town of Skibbereen is now situated. This short poem is one of several in the same metre composed to honour the bravery of Major Charles Mac Carthy of Gortnaglough. In the “Blennerhasset Pedigree” we find the following :—“O’Brien, third daughter of Julian O’Ryan and Mac O’Brien of Duharra (*i.e.* Arra), married Brian MacSweeny of Dinisky in the county Corke, and was ancestor of Major Charles Mac Carthy of Gortnaglough.”

XXXVII.

ON CORMAC MACCARTHY OF GORTNAGLOUGH.

Beauty, power such as I see not,
 Ripe restless valour,
 Pure noble chief that grew without hindrance,
 Is the character of Cormac Mac Carthy.

A griffin that conceals his generosity,
 A serpent without desire for evil,
 The beloved of wisdom, pure chaste clay,
 It is he who is wisdom for our defence.

10 Unique child of lasting Banba,
 Peer of the Hound of the Red Branch,
 Griffin of good desire, the warmest in conflict,
 Noble of battle of the high feats.

Such another as the son of Eibhear Fionn,
 Prop of the honoured host of Feidhlim,
 Hero to be compared to great Osgar,
 Sustaining pillar of the bards.

To the hero with an elm branch
 There is not nurturing pastime,
 That tortured champion got wisdom
 20 By sucking the troubled pap of war.

6. MS. an naéap gan dóil a n-droicé-méine, which gives two extra syllables. 7-8. These lines are obscure: eadpáin = 'intercession, defence.'

13. aicéin = 'such another as'; M aicín; A aicne, both omit do.

15. ionéurp; M ionéap; A uméap.

16. andpánn: M and A andpóm; the word may be from andpa = a poet next in rank to an *ollamh*, hence in gen. 'a poet.'

19. eól: MS. ól. an ruib: M a ruib; A ariuib; ariuib, or ruib = 'a hero,' but the line is obscure.

- 21 Ua óg na g-Cormac n-árpaíð,
 Slat éimpra an éuil óir-eapnaíð,
 Géal na d-tpéad aige air áille,
 Géag ir faide pionntáille.

com-éeanḡal.

Óige ir gné map ḡréin 'na ḡríor-ḡruaíð ḡlunn,
 Cródaét, tpéine, air éaét Con Duibe buaíð Mír,
 Mórdaét céille, péile, ir píor-uairle,
 A g-comhair a céile ag laoc ón laoi, ir tuairirḡ.

XXXVIII.

ag preaḡrað air ðoinnall mac donncaíð alias
 na tuille.

beárppað piorḡaiḡe, geárppað ipionna an énápaig pmul-
 caipe éréteapḡaiḡ,
 ḡáḡuig, mullagḡuig, bearpḡa, buimbḡuig, ḡáibḡiḡ mior-
 ḡairig, péanarḡaiḡ,
 Ó apð a mullaig 'nar ḡnátað mucallað, fáite, tulcaigḡe,
 a m-bréan-éapna,
 ḡo tpáét a bonnairpe, bálaig, buinneacaig, áppaiḡ, ḡlu-
 ḡairig, érémuirig;

21. óg comes just before n-árpaíð in MS.

22. an éuil. In an elegy on Justin MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, his father, is called *Donncað an éuil*, and in XXXV. 90, we have *tiḡeapna ñlurcpaiḡe an éuil buíðe péaplaig*.

Ib. óir-eapnaíð: *M oirpearḡlann*, which = 'bright, illustrious.'

26. *Cú Duð* = *Cuchulainn*: *cf.* XXII. 196.

XXXVIII.—This is a reply to a bitter satire on O'Rahilly by Domhnall na Tuille Mac Carthy whose patron was Tadgh an Duna. That chieftain died in 1696, and Mac Carthy wrote an elegy on the occasion. Some time after the sad event O'Rahilly visited the locality, and wrote his poem in praise of Warner (X.) It is

21 Young offspring of the aged Cormacs,
 Fragrant rod of the 'cul' of precious melody,
 He has the pledge of the flock for beauty,
 A branch of long, fair progeny.

THE BINDING.

Youth and beauty like the sun's in his pure ruddy cheek,
 Valour, strength wondrous like the Black Dog's who gained Mis,
 Greatness of wisdom, of hospitality, and of true nobility,
 Are all together possessed by the hero from the Lee, it is well
 known.

XXXVIII.

IN REPLY TO DOMHNALL, SON OF DONOGH, *ALIAS*
 "OF THE FLOOD."

I will crop closely, I will cut the temples of the knobby, nosy
 vagabond,
 Who is chinky, full of protuberances, clipped, querulous, mali-
 cious, blinking,
 From the top of his cliff-head, in which droves of vermin are wont
 to be, covered over, gathered into heaps, in foul lumps,
 To the soles of his feet of large make, full of corns, old, of empty
 noise, scarred.

perhaps on this occasion that he incurred the wrath of Domhnall na Tuille. After the death of his patron, Domhnall, it is said, betook himself to a place called Cool-nasnaghty on the east side of the Bandon river, opposite to the Tocher, and there, from a rocky eminence, never tired of feasting his eyes on that beloved vale.

When he lay on his death-bed, the priest who attended him told him he should never more behold the Tocher. When the priest had left, determined to falsify the prophecy, Domhnall rose from his bed, and, weak as he was, crawled to his favourite rock, whence he could behold it once more, and having taken one last look at the deserted vale expired. On the spot where he died, there is a heap of stones still pointed out called "Leacht Dhomhnaill na Tuille." Every visitor increases it by a stone. This poem suffers severely from any attempt at translation.

Στολφαὸ ἀν ῥῥατα, λοῦαρῆα, θεαλῆ, ἐπορῶα, να ῥαννα ὄο
λέιρ-ῥοντα;

Ῥολαιρε ῥαρταῖ, ἐποῦαιρε cleapaῖ, ῥροῥαιρε meata,
πέιρτ ῥλυῥαιρ;

Σοραιρε ῥῥαμαῖ, ποῦαιρε ῥαῖα, ἐρεαῦαιρε τανα, ἀν
βρέαῥαιρε,

Σλοῥαιρε ῥμεαρῆα, ῥεappaiceaῖ ῥεannaῖ, ῥλοῖῥεap να
h-aίρpe α ῥ-εραορ-ῥοίλε.

Ῥρειμπεαὸ ἐποῖῥῆε ἀν ἐλαῖῶιρε ἐίμε, ῖρ λαῥαῥαῖ βῥιρτε
εῥεαῖετῖῥῆε.

10 Ἰρ αῖρ α ὀά ἐρῡαῖ-ῥάιλ αῖρ α m-bῖῶ ῥuaῖeτáιn, ῥolla αῥῡρ
εῡαρáιn ῥῥιορῥαῖῥῆε;

Ἰnῥne ῥιαῥα ῥinneaῖ ὀon ῖapann, colῖn αῥῡρ eliῥ ὀá
ῖῃeapannaiῖ;

Ῥé να ὀá λορῥαν ῖῶιντε, βῥιρτιῥῆε, ῥῥῶῖτα, ῥῥῥιορῥαῖῥῆε,
mῶιρ-ῥῥῖντε.

Ὅαοῖ ῥαν eῖῡρ, ῥῥῥαοίῖλε ἀν ἐῶρῶα, ἐῥíon-ῥap ὀῶῖῥτε ὀ
ῆaῖῖ ὀappa;

Ῥualán ῥoῥalaῖ, ῥtuacap ῥῖnῥaῖ, cluap-ápῶ cam, ῖρ λέιρ-
amῖῶ;

Ῥῥiocaipe ἀν ἐορcáιn, ὀῥuῖnῥpe ἀν ὀoῖcáιn, ῥῥuῖbῖle
ῥορτáιn ῥεῡρ-amῡῖρ;

Ῥappaῖcán ῥeapbaῖ, ceῖρῥeaῖcán ῥῥaῖeapaῖ, amlán aῖῥipeaῖ,
ῥlaῖῶ ῥalaῖρ.

Ἄ ῥῥῶρῡaῖ ῥῥaοίῖleap τῶιρpe ῥaοῖῆε βῥeῖῶap να mῖῡτε α
n-ὀaορ-ῥeannῡῖῶ,

Ἄ conablaῖ ῥοῖῥiceaῖ ὀ ὀῖῆ βῥορῥtanῡῖρ, ὀῥeῖῥῥap α ἐῶῥanῥaῖ
εῥaορ-ῥapῖ;

Ἄῥ é ῥῖῶ Ὅmῖnall, ῥuaῖ να ῥ-comῖappan ῥuaῖῶ ῥαν ῥῥeῶῖρ
aῖρ aon aῖρτε,

20 Clé-mac Ὅonῖaῖῶ ῥlaορῥaῖῥ ῖnῡῥallaῖ éaῖmῖap ὀoῖῆcῖῖῖῥ
ῆῥéῖῆ-eῥapa.

I will tear the ragged wretch, who is planed, poor, vicious, all
wounded into bits.

The starving miser, the hangman trickster, the powerless cripple,
the serpent of empty noise ;

A stammerer with running eyes, a fugitive vagabond, a gaunt
freebooter, is the liar,

A greasy swallower, a greedy glutton, who swallows the lumps
into his greedy maw.

I will gnaw the feet of the villain caitiff, branching, broken,
wounded,

10 And on his two hard heels on which chilblains are wont to be, are
holes and scorched cavities.

Crooked nails made of iron, the hard covering and stem of his
fingers,

Beneath his two shanks, sprained, bruised, scalded, bared, far
asunder.

An ignorant clown, a stroller deserving of the gallows, an old
burned stalk, from Barry's country.

A plundering wretch, an ill-shaped booby crooked, of tall ears, and
a very fool.

A pincher of the pot, a fiddler about the cabin, a fragment, a crab-
fish of keen onset.

A scabby wretch, a ragged yoke-bearer, a shameful simpleton, a
heap of diseases.

His throat emits a storm of wind which sickens thousands into
dire pain,

His fretful carcass, through defect of chewing, rots his coarse,
voracious tooth-jaws ;

Domhnall is he, the hated by the neighbours, a remnant without
vigour in a single poem,

20 Sinister son of Donogh, large-skulled, husky, jealous, churlish,
nerveless.

Cpangea an rḡroicín, cpanḡa, cair-érfion, cam na
 ḡ-coinniol ḡréirḡ alluir,
 Monḡaḡ, míllḡeaḡ, cleapaḡ, nuḡneaḡ, taodaḡ, bpuirḡneaḡ,
 baoḡ-ḡneaḡa,
 Air ḡealb an monḡeaoi air eitil nuair imḡirḡ, d'oirirḡ nó do
 rirḡ trír ḡaob ḡalla;
 Nó le ppancairḡ a rirḡ ar ḡlaupḡpa ir ḡóir 'na ḡeaḡairḡ aḡ
 tréan-ḡaḡairḡ.

'Pírlíḡe na Muḡhan cuiríḡ-ir cunḡraḡḡ air an ḡ-cpunḡa
 buirḡe-ḡroicinn;
 beolḡán báirḡón ḡoirḡirḡ paor ḡárpḡuirḡ, ir pollur ḡur
 báirḡirḡe rḡrírḡob opuinn;
 Ní cuirḡe d'ḡirḡe ḡoirḡe an ḡirḡeaḡḡ laor ó béal náir íríín
 comḡḡrom,
 Ir náirḡeaḡ d'uaírḡib ál-ḡuirḡ uaírḡirḡ a ḡán na a ḡuairḡ do
 rḡrírḡob-molaḡ.

com-ḡeanḡal.

Pollairḡe dealb, boḡḡ, anacpaḡ, ḡéaḡán cḡion,—
 30 Cpoḡairḡ ḡarḡaḡ a ppaírḡe 'na beul naḡ cḡuinn,
 ḡroḡairḡ peadap a ḡapaḡ air bléin duḡ buirḡe,
 ḡurḡ porḡa dá ḡeanḡain a ḡan íoir air Aḡḡaḡán íínn.

XXXIX.

an bás.

(Aḡallairḡ idir Aḡḡaḡán Ua Rathaille aḡur Saḡarḡ.)

aḡḡaḡán.

ḡaḡpaḡ Seoirrḡ mór-ro árḡ-rírḡ aḡuinn,
 Ir ḡaḡpaḡ Seoirrḡ ó bóirḡ na Máirḡe míne,
 ḡaḡpaḡ Mór 'ḡar bḡón dá páirḡuirḡe rḡn,
 ḡaḡpaḡ Seon bóirḡ ir Cáirḡ Stíḡin.

The head of the lean creature, is withered, twisted with age,
 crooked, with candles of greasy sweat (?),
 Hairy, destructive, tricky, venomous, contentious, fond of fighting,
 spent in folly,
 In the shape of a monkey, when he took to flight he rose, or ran
 through the side of a wall,
 Or like a rat running towards an enclosure (?), pursued by strong
 cats.

Ye poets of Munster, ban ye this decrepid wretch, of yellow
 skin,
 A noisy little bard, who spills his rubbish on papers (?), it is plain
 that it is madness that he has written against me,
 It is not proper for the learned ever to listen to a poem from a
 mouth that never spun an even lay,
 It is a shame for nobles of the fair proud land to write praise of
 his poems or his verse.

THE BINDING.

A poor, empty, awkward miser, a withered branchlet,
 30 Starved hangman of porridge in a mouth unwise,
 An ill-shaped wretch, who would sell his kinsfolk for a black
 yellow hag,
 It was he who made unawares an attack with his tongue on Egan
 the Fair.

XXXIX.

DEATH.

(A DIALOGUE BETWEEN EGAN O'RAHILLY AND A PRIEST.)

EGAN.

Great George, our high king, will die ;
 And George, from the banks of the gentle Mague, will die ;
 Mór will die, and her children will rue it ;
 John Bowen and Kate Stephen will die.

AN SAĞART.

Póil a íle, aip mipe ná bí-re trát,
 Ip ná tabair breið giorraire aip fuirinn ip fíor-
 mairé cáil,
 Má tá go bfuilid real inneall na raoite aip lár,
 Ní cóir a éuigrint iad uile beiré claoite a n-ár.

AODHAĞÁN.

10 Éagfaið an t-eac cé fada leabair a riubal,
 Éagfaið an ceapic an laða an reabac 'r an colúr,
 Éagfaið an fear an bean an élannt 'r a g-clú,
 Ip éagfaið an ragarar feargarar rannrae úð.

AN SAĞART.

A Aodhağán éóir do innir rgeól fá bpiğ úúinn,
 Ó éagfaið an t-óg aip nóir na mná cpíona,
 Cá ngeabéar leó? nó 'bpuil glóipe ón árð-ríğ aca?
 Nó a bpéin go deo beiré Seon ip Cáit Scíbin?

AODHAĞÁN.

20 Luét puinr ip beópac d'ól ip rgarð píonta,
 'S do gni epaor gaé ló go raobað páir aome,
 Má 'rí an glóipe geobair map bárr díolra ann,
 Ní'l baogal go deó aip Seon ná aip Cáit Scíbin.

AN SAĞART.

Póil a úine ná h-iméiğ an t-pliğe éomgar,
 'S go bpuil Jones ip Gibbons 'na d-tiğéib go ríceoilte,
 D'ólað tuille agur iomað don píon épóða,
 Sur rciall a g-cpoite le mipe na caom-beópac.

THE PRIEST.

Stay, O poet, nor be mad for a season ;
Nor judge without consideration persons of truly good repute ;
Though the strongholds of the nobles be for the time pulled
down,
It is not just to infer that they are all worsted in the conflict.

EGAN.

The horse will die, though long and free his stride ;
10 The hen, the duck, the hawk, the dove will die ;
The man, the woman, the children, and their fame will die ;
And that comfortable, covetous priest will die.

THE PRIEST.

O honest Egan, who has told us a meaning tale,
Since the young child will die, no less than the aged woman,
Whither do they go ? Are they in glory with the High King ?
Or will John Bowen and Kate Stephen be in never-ending
torments ?

EGAN.

Those who drink punch, and *beoir*, and wines, even to vomiting,
And daily yield to intemperance, and to the breaking of Friday's
fast,
If these obtain glory, as a reward for these things,
20 Then John Bowen and Kate Stephen need never fear.

THE PRIEST.

Stay, O man, go not the near way ;
See Jones and Gibbons in peace and happiness in their dwellings,
Who would drink more than too much of the strong wine,
So that their hearts were excited by the fury of the pleasant
beoir.

XL.

AN T-ANPAÖ.

(bláipe.)

Dob éagnaö imipt na tuile pe daop-puačar,
 Méad na toinne pe fuirnead na gaot guairnein,
 Taob na loingē 'ra fuirionn air treun-luarğad,
 Ağ éiğead ağ tuitim go ġinniol ġan dáił puarğailt.

XLI.

D' ġEAR DAR ġ'AINM SIONNÁNAÖ.

Uipge ap bairne má ġlacar ón Sionnánaö,
 Ip lem' ġoile-ri air maibin go n-deačaiö go ríotčánta,—
 Dar Muirpe na ġ-plaičear le n-deačar-ra caom-ġáirpteac,
 Le ġliogairpe an ġlağair ní pačaiö mo díoğbáił-ri.

XLII.

AIR ČOILEAC DO ġOIDEAC Ó ŠAĞART ġNAIČ.

Whereas Aongar, ġáičēlipre,
 Šağart epáičteaö, epíoptaiğčteaö,
 Do čáiniğ aniuğ am láitir-pe,
 Le ġearán cáir ip rírinne :

ġur čeannuiğ coileac áipö-ġleačteaö,
 Dá čearpaič ppáide ip tíoğ-baile,
 Baö ġpeáğčta rğpead ip bláčēmaipe,
 Ip baic le rğáił ġac líon-dačta ;

XL.

THE STORM.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Pitiful the playing of the flood with dire destruction !
Great the bulk of the waves, through the fury of the whirlwinds !
The ship's side and her crew were rocked mightily,
Screaming as they sank to the bottom without obtaining relief !

XLI.

ON A MAN WHOSE NAME WAS SYNAN.

Water and milk if I have got milk from Synan,
And that it agreed peacefully with my stomach in the morning,
By Mary of Heaven, with whom I am on terms of fair love,
The babbler of prattle shall not do me harm.

XLII.

ON A COCK WHICH WAS STOLEN FROM A GOOD PRIEST.

Whereas Aongus, the philosophic,
A pious religious priest,
Came to-day into our presence,
Making his complaint, and avouching :

That he bought a cock of high pedigree
For his town and manor hens ;
Whose crow and whose bloom of beauty were of the rarest,
And whose neck was bright with every full colour ;

10

Tug pe caogað mín-rgillinn
 Air an éan do b aoiðinn cúilbrice,
 Dúir rgiub ríobpað draoiðeaðta é
 Ó aonað éinn na dútaige ro.

20

Bað gábað dá íamuil d'áirighe
 Coileac rgreadhighe, ir dúirtighe
 Do beic dá páirpað air íam-éodlað
 A n-am gac earpuirte úrnuighe.

M'órdugað díb, an t-áobap rin,
 A báillighe rtaic mo éurci-re,
 Déimð cuardugað áirð-íligheac,
 Air rin le díograi r dútpaðta ;

Ná págbuð lior na ríoc-énocán,
 Ina g-cluimpeòrib glór ná gliogurnáil,
 Gan dul a n-diaig an t-ríog-éonáin,
 Do rinn' an gníom le plundapáil.

Wheresoever cuampeacán
 Iona bpağaið rib an torpaacán,
 Tuguið éugam-ra é air puamnpaacán,
 Do g-crocað é map dpeóilliocán.

30

For your so doing, d'oibligáin,
 Ag ro uaim dib bur n-uğdarár,
 Map rgríobap mo lám le cleitioacán,
 An lá ro d'aoir an uaətapáin.

He gave fifty fair shillings
10 For this bird of comeliest comb :
But a sprite, of druidical power,
 Stole it from the fair of the county town.

One like him, indeed, much requires
 A cock that crows and wakens,
To watch and keep him from soft slumber
 In the time of vesper devotions.

For this reason I command you,
 Ye state bailiffs of my court,
Search ye the highways,
20 And do it with zeal and earnestness :

Do not leave a *lios* or a fairy hillock,
 In which you hear noise or cackling,
Without searching for the fairy urchin,
 Who did the deed through plunder.

Wheresoever, in whatever hiding-place,
 Ye find the little crab,
Bring him to me by a slender hair,
 That I may hang him as a silly oaf.

For your so doing, as is due,
30 We hereby give you authority ;
Given under or hand with a quillet
 This day of our era.

XLIII.

sean-éúinnne aodhaḡáin uí rathaille.

Óí bile bpeáḡ buaḡaḡ ḡlaip-ḡeáḡaḡ aḡ fáir ó na cianṡaib, lánin le cill noḡ a cpeaḡaḡ le Cpomuell claon, op cionn ṡobair ṡuilde le fuar-uirḡe fionn, ap fíearann fód-ḡlaip noḡ raob ropair minipḡir ó úine uapal do élanṡaib ḡaoḡal, noḡ a puaiḡeáḡ ṡap na fairpḡiḡe fíaḡana amaḡ ṡrí fíill aḡur ní le raobap claiḡíne. Buḡ inait leip an m-bpoinn-inḡop, m-bolḡ-ṡṡocaḡ minipḡir malluiḡṡe peo ḡeug ḡlaip leaḡair de'n épann do ḡeappáḡ éum ṡpiorṡáin ṡiḡe do úéanaḡ de. Ní bainṡeáḡ aon de na raopáib épann, nó do luḡṡ oibpe fíir an ḡeug áluinn, óir buḡ fḡiaḡaḡ a fḡáḡ 'ḡa bpolaḡ an ṡan do bíḡír aḡ caoineáḡ ḡo cpáíḡṡe ḡeup fá na nḡairḡiḡib ḡlé-ḡeala noḡ a bí fíinte fá an bpóḡ. "ḡeáirṡeáḡ-ra é," ap epóḡair cam-ḡopaḡ lom-loipḡneaḡ mic do bí aḡ an minipḡir méiḡ peo, "Aḡur faḡaḡ ṡuaḡ ḡam do láṡair."

Do éuaḡ an fṡalṡair ṡlaob-éiallaḡ fuar air an ḡ-épann map éat aḡ fḡeinn, aḡ ṡeíṡeáḡ ó éonairṡ ḡaḡap, ḡup éáṡla úá ḡéaḡáin aḡ fáir ṡpárna a ééile air. Do éug fí iarraḡṡ a ḡ-cup ó ééile le neapṡ a éupleanaib, ḡup fṡeabaḡap ap a lánáib le

XLIII.—In a MS. in the Royal Irish Academy (23 G., 21), the title of the stanzas about the tree is given as follows:—

Air faḡáil Saḡranaḡ éirín epóḡa ap épann a ḡ-coil éill áḡarne.

"On finding some Protestant (or Englishman) hanging from a tree in the wood of Killarney."

The last word is misspelled, but no doubt it is Killarney that is meant. If we accept the description given of the place as accurate, it is probable that the tree in question is none other than the venerable yew tree which grows in the middle of the cloister of Muckross Abbey, or, as our poet elsewhere calls it. "Mainistir Locha Léin." There is no doubt that the Mainistir has ever been regarded with peculiar veneration by the natives, so many generations of

XLIII.

A REMINISCENCE OF EGAN O'RAHILLY.

A beautiful, precious, green-boughed tree had been growing for ages beside a church which the wicked Cromwell had despoiled, above a well overflowing with cold bright water on a green-swarded plain, which a rapacious minister had torn from a nobleman of the Gaels, who was sent over the wild raging sea through treachery and not at the edge of the sword. This lubberly, stocking-stomached, wicked minister was desirous to cut down a green, limber limb of this tree to make house furniture of it. But none of the carpenters or other workmen would meddle with the beautiful bough, since it lent them a lovely shade to hide them while they mourned in heart-broken sorrow over their fair champions who lay beneath the sod. "I will cut it down," exclaimed a gawky, bandy-legged, thin-thighed son of this sleek minister's, "and get a hatchet for me at once."

The thick-witted churl climbed up the tree, as a cat steals up when fleeing from a cry of hounds, and reached a point where two small branches crossed one another. He tried to separate them by the strength of his arms; but, in the twinkling of an eye, they

whom are buried beside it; and the yew tree that overshadows their graves is itself looked upon as almost sacred. There seems no doubt that the yew tree is as old as the abbey itself, and many are the legends concerning it that are widely circulated. It was long regarded as impious to touch a leaf or branch of this tree; and if we believe the legends, all such desecrations have been visited with signal vengeance. See one of these legends in "Ireland: its Scenery and Antiquities," pp. 23 *et seq.* In view of this mass of popular tradition, the story here recorded is quite intelligible, but still there is a heartlessness about some of the details that makes one suspect that many of them have been invented. The story as given here is taken from O'Kearney's MS. in the Royal Irish Academy. I have not seen any other version of it in this form. There is no well in the neighbourhood of this tree; but the well and other details are probably invented by the writer.

ppab na rúl tappa a céile apír, aḡ bpeit aip a píb aḡur aḡa
 épočað ḡo h-árð idir aodap ap iprionn. Annpin a bí an
 riapač Sappanaiz aḡ epačað a čop le painḡce an ḡaid, aḡur é
 'na pēapain aip "nothing." Aḡur a ðub-liaḡ teanḡan amac
 pað bata aḡ maḡað paoi na ačair.

Do pḡpeað ap do béie an minipðir map ihuic a mala nó map
 ḡéað a nḡpeim paoi ḡeata (ní nár b' ionḡnað) pað a bí an
 ločt oibpe aḡ paḡáil ðpémipðie cum é ḡeappað anuap. Do bí
 Aodhagán Ua Rathaille ó Šliað luačpa na laoepað ann aḡ
 peičioin aip épočairpe na enáibe, aḡur do čan an laoið peo:—

“Ip mač do čopað a čpaimn,
 Rač do čopað aip ḡac aon čpaioib,
 Mo čpeac! ḡan čpaimn Inpi Páil
 Lán doð' čopað ḡac aon la.”

“What is the poor wild Irish devil saying?” ap an minipðir.

“He is lamenting your darling son,” ap ḡaiḡe bí laim leip.

“Here is two pence for you to buy tobacco,” ap an méičbpor
 minipðpe.

“Thank 'ee, a minipðir an lilič Mallačtam” (*i.e.* an ðiačal),
 ap Aodhagán, ap do čan an laoið:—

“hupú, a minipðir a čuḡ do óá pinḡinn ðam
 A ð-čaoð do leimð a čaoineað!
 Oide an leimð pin aip an ḡ-cuið eile aca
 Siap ḡo hearball čimčiol.”

slipped from his grasp, and closing on his neck held him suspended high between heaven and hell. Then was the confounded Sassenach dangling his feet in the dance of the bough, while he stood on "nothing," and his black-bladed tongue protruded a stick's length, as if in mockery of his father.

The minister screamed and bawled like a pig in a bag or as a goose gripped beneath a gate (and no wonder) while the workmen were getting ladders to take him down. Egan O'Rahilly from Sliabh Luachra of the heroes was present, attending on the villain of the hemp, and he chanted this song :—

“ Good is thy fruit, O tree,
May every branch bear such good fruit.
Alas ! that the trees of Innisfail
Are not full of thy fruit each day.”

“ What is the poor wild Irish devil saying ? ” said the minister.

“ He is lamenting your darling son,” replied a wag who stood beside him.

“ Here is two pence for you to buy tobacco,” said the sleek badger of a minister.

“ Thank 'ee, Minister of the Son of Malediction ” (*i. e.* the devil), replied Egan ; and he chanted this ode :—

“ Huroo ! O minister, who didst give me thy two pence
For chanting a lament for thy child ;
May the fate of this child attend the rest of them
Back to the tail and all round.”

XLIV.

CLANN TOMÁIS.

(Tógáta ar “Eaceta Clainne Tomás.”)

Ar í rin trát aghur aimrip éainig pádpais go h-Éirinn ag
 ríoléur epábaíð aghur epeidiú. . . . Ro éionóil pádpais naoim
 aghur raoite Éirionn éum aon baill, aghur ar í comairle do
 rónrao, na heaceta-éiméil aghur na hil-éiméil diabluide uile do
 víoetéur ar Éirinn aet Tomás ainián. Níor b'péidip an epeidiom
 do éeangal le Tomás—ainail ip deapbétá ag a ríioet gur andiu,
 óir ní péidip teagarda Críorðaisge ná móð paioirneac ná aithe
 paepaimente do inúnað dóib—aghur óir náir b'péidip, ar iao ro
 págbála aghur geara do págaib pádpais ag Tomás aghur ag a
 ríioet .i. buað liorðacéta ludapétacéta aghur lán-iníocara; buað
 béicíde, bpuighe, bpéige, buailte, aghur batapála. Aghur go
 m-bað é buð biað dóib péíteacéta cinn aghur cora na m-beacáda
 n-éigcaillaide, fuil aghur pollpaet aghur ionaceta na n-aimhíge
 eile aghur fóir go m-bað é buir apán aghur annlann dóib .i. apán
 aini anbpiorac éorpa, aghur ppaipeacéta ppíompailla ppacáir, aghur
 bun-bainne aghur bpém-im con-puibeaé cuar-gorm gabar aghur
 caopaé; aghur go mbað é buir ceól aghur oirpíde dóib .i. rpreacéta
 aghur gól-gárpéta cailleac, gáplaé, aghur con-inádpáda, aghur
 gpaiinne ceape, muc, aghur mionnán; . . . gan gárá ag neac
 aca dá éile; aghur a m-bpíg aghur a m-beacéta do éaiéain le
 raoeta aghur le tpeabaipeaet aghur le torpáin, do éoéugaó an
 aora uapail pá iolteuacetaib na g-epíoc; aghur an éuib ar pécir
 dá g-euib lóin do éairgeaó aghur do éomeaó pá éómaip éaié;
 aghur fóir, an té do ééanpaó maié aghur móir-éorpaib dóib, go
 m-bað é buð luğa oppa, aghur an té do buailpeaó aghur do

XLIV.

CLAN THOMAS.

(TAKEN FROM "EACHTRA CHLOINNE THOMÁIS.")

THIS was the time and season in which Patrick came to Erin, to sow the seed of piety and faith. . . . Patrick assembled the saints and wise men of Erin to one place; and the resolution they came to was, to banish all the foreign races and the diabolical races out of Erin except Thomas alone. It was impossible to give the faith to Thomas—as is evident in his progeny to this day—since it is impossible to teach them the catechism, or the manner of confession, or the knowledge of the sacraments; and since that was impossible, these are the bequests and restrictions that Patrick left to Thomas and his descendants: superiority in sloth, in slovenliness, in awkwardness; superiority in screaming, in fighting, in lying, in beating, and in club-fighting; and their food was to be the sinews, the heads, and the legs of the brute beasts; the blood and gore and entrails of the other animals, and also their bread and sauce were to be strange bread of barley and primitive porridge of oatmeal, skim-milk, and rancid butter of goats and sheep, interspersed with hairs of hounds, and with blue interstices; and their music and melody were to be the screaming and the crying of old women, children, and dog-hounds, and the noise of hens, of pigs, and of kids; . . . while none of them should love the other; and they were to spend their vigour and their lives in labour and ploughing, and in attendance, to support the nobles in the various districts of the lands; and they were to save and keep the best of their food for others; and also whoever should do good to them and defend them greatly, him they should dislike the most; and whoever should strike them and

satire "Eachtra Chloinne Thomais." They are given here as specimens of his prose style and of his satirical genius.

éaiṫpeaḁ aḡur do éapnṫpaḁ iad ḡo m-baḁ é buṫ annṫa leḁ aṫail
aḁeip an ṫile—

Rustica gens est optima flens et pessima gaudens,
Ungentem pungit, pungentem rusticus ungit.

.

Do éaiṫeabap an Ólann ṫan Ţomáir aḡur a ṫlioḁṫ dá n-eip
a n-aimṫip ḡo ṫúḡaḁ ṫo-beaṫaiḡṫe aṫail d'órḁaiḡ ṫáḁṫaiḡ ḁóibḁ,
óip níoṫ éleaḁṫabap biaḁa ṫaopa ṫo-éaiṫṫe, ná ḁeoḁa mṫṫe
meipḡeaṫla, ná éaḁaiḡe ḡlana ḁaṫaṫla, aḁṫ léinṫeaḁa ear-
ḡeaoinṫeaḁa earcapṫaiḡ, aḡur ṫlaṫ-éḁṫaḁa ṫlíme ṫnáiṫ-peaṫṫa
do ḁréan-élúṫ ṫocán aḡur ainṫiḡṫe eile, aḡur ḁróḡa ḁréana
úip-leaṫaip aḡur ḁipéib ṫiaṫa ṫaḁ-éluapaḁa ḡan éuma ḡan
éearṫuḡaḁ, aḡur úipéionna maola meipḡeaḁa mṫṫḡiaṫaḁa; aḡur
iad, maṫ d'órḁaiḡ ṫáṫḁaiḡ ḁóibḁ, aḡ ṫaipe aḡur aḡ ṫóḡnaṫ, aḡ
ṫpeaḁaṫeaḁṫ aḡur aḡ ḁṫiaḁaḁaḁṫ do ṫiaṫib ná ḡ-cṫioḁ le
ṫéimioṫ ḡaḁa ṫiḡ le h-aimṫip ṫṫéian aḡ oipeaṫṫuṫ ḁon ṫeaḁṫ
ṫioḡḁa aṫail baḁ éleaḁṫ ḁóibḁ.

XLV.

AN cLEAÍNNAS.

(Ţóḡṫa ap “Éaḁṫa Óloimne Ţomáir.”)

Do ḁí ṫaoipeaḁ do ḁeáṫṫḡnaiḡ do na cineaḁaib ṫin do
ṫíolṫaiḡ ó Ţomáir .i. Muṫeḁ Maoléluapaḁ Ua Mulṫuaṫḡaiṫ,
aḡur ap é baile iona n-aṫpeaḁaḁ an Muṫeḁ ṫin a ḡ-Cluain
ṫiic Nóir, aḡur ṫe línṫ ṫéíḁlíme a éabaiṫ a éuaṫa ṫiméioil na
h-Éipionn, d'ṫár ṫaiḁḁpeap aḁḁal-ṫóṫ ṫip an Muṫeḁ ṫin, aḡur
do éuip an ṫeap ṫin ṫeaḁṫa ṫá éeipṫe h-ollḁóḡib Éipionn do
éionól ḡaḁ a ṫaib do luḁṫ eḁlaih aḡur uḡḁapáir ap Ólann
Ţomáir ḡo Cluain ṫiic Nóir. Ţánḡaḁap ḡo h-aṫ aon baile
aḡur do ṫeapaḁ ṫáilṫe ó ṫṫuṫeḁaḁ ṫeompa aḡur ap é aḁuḁaiṫ:
“A ḁṫáipṫe ionṫṫuime,” ap ṫé, “ap uime do éuipṫeap ṫéin ṫioṫ
oppaib éum coṫaiṫle do éabaiṫ ḁam-ṫia an ḁean ḁionḡṫiála
do ḁéapṫainn, óip ip mṫib ḁaṫ-ṫa ḁean do éabaiṫ iap n-éaḡ

beat them violently, him they should love the most, as the poet says:—

The rustic race is best when weeping, and worst when rejoicing ;
The rustic stabs him who anoints him, and anoints him who stabs
him.

.

Clan Thomas, and their progeny after them, passed their time merrily, and with good cheer, as Patrick ordained for them, for they did not use luxurious savoury food, or sweet, intoxicating beverages, or clean, beautiful clothes, but rough shirts of tow, and thin thick-threaded rod-coats of the putrid hair of the he-goats and other animals, and putrid boots of fresh leather, and crooked long-eared caps without form or shape, and pointless, unsightly, rusty clogs, while, as Patrick ordered them, they waited on, and served and ploughed and harrowed for the nobles of the country during the reign of every king from time immemorial, obeying the kingly laws as was their duty.

XLV.

THE MATCH.

(TAKEN FROM "EACHTRA CHLOINNE THOMÁIS.")

THERE was a chieftain who was distinguished among those races that sprang from Thomas, namely Murchadh Maolchluasach O Multuasgairt, and the town in which this Murchadh lived was Clonmacnoise. And when Feidhlim was making the round of Erin, exceeding great riches grew to this Murchadh ; and this man sent messengers to the four great provinces of Erin to assemble all that were learned, or had authority, of Clan Thomas to Clonmacnois. They came to one place, and Murchadh bade them welcome, and spoke thus:—"My dear kinsmen," he said, "the reason why I sent for you is that you may advise me what worthy woman I may take to wife, for it is time for me to take a wife after the death of my spouse. There is a noble

mo bain-éile, agus atá taoipead aithra a g-cúige áluinn Connaéct .i. Maḡnup Ua Maḡadám, agus ní beaḡ linn a fáo atámaoibh gan ár bfuil d'uaireluḡad, agus rinne fá ḡaoipre ag fáḡnaim do éad gur anois. Agus atá mḡion áluinn ag an Maḡnup rin, agus cuirpead-ra, lé buir g-comaiple, teaécta dá h-iarraibh fop a h-aéair." Aduibhadar ead uile gur ḡlic agus gur ééillidhe an rmuaineaibh rin ap a d-táinig, agus gur éoir rin do déanaim, agus ap iad ro dpeam do cuirpead ann .i. ceaépar filiúe fallraimanta fáop-ḡlic ró-foglama do Éloinn Tomáir, map atá Maéḡamuin Mór, beapnaibh bpoimn-peaim, Conéubap Croim-éaannaé agus Niall O Neannzanám. Do ḡabhadar ap a g-ceann, agus adubairt Niall an laibh ḡo h-ealaḡanta annro:—

Slán aḡad a lliupéad llióir,
A éinn éomaiple an plub ó plib,
Ar iomda ad' dún pónaibe, oipnéir,
Fuil, toipcéir ip ḡlioḡram ḡliḡ.

Slán d'fuirinn na g-corrán nḡear,
D' iéad bpuéct le buaindéir,
Ná bfoḡ dian dúp dpanntánaé,
ḡruamda ḡarb-fálaé ná ḡear.

Slán do ḡrian ó ḡriollán fuaibe,
Peap éronám a g-cluair a mhe,
Slán do lliupaim ap do lliuibh,
Nár fupé a paimnt ap nár ié min.

Mo plán duic a beapnáibh buirb,
'S a loélaimn ḡuipm, nár épeim enám
An dponḡ ḡlic nár eadpéipead
Sluaḡ aimléipead na g-cpoir lán.

Do mól Mupéad agus uile ap éana an dún rin, agus éuḡadap muinḡear agus maite a éaḡlaig mionna agus móir-bpíáepa naé beapnaibh piam paimhe rin a éom-maite rin d'éigpe ná d'ealaḡan 'ran doimn, ap mlipeaéct ap binnioir ná ap fuaip-cioir. Agus eáinig peap fáipeólaé foglaméa Éloimne Tomáir do láéair .i. brian O blunḡaibe, agus baḡ mór epa fop, foglum, agus fáir-eólar an fáir rin, agus adubairt ḡupab é ppoim-

chieftain in the beautiful province of Connaught, that is Maghnus O Madagáin; and we deem that we have been too long without ennobling our blood, being in slavery, serving others unto this day; and this Maghnus has a beautiful daughter, and I will send messengers with your advice to ask her of her father." All said that it was a clever and sensible idea that he had hit upon; and that it was proper to carry it out. And these are the persons that were sent, namely four philosophic, truly clever, very learned poets of Clan Thomas: that is, Mahon Mór, Bearnard Stout-stomach; Conchubhar Stooping-head, and Niall O Neanntanáin. They went on their way, and Niall spoke this lay learnedly as follows:—

Farewell to thee, O great Murchadh,
Thou counselling head of the plub o plib,
Much tackling and beans in thy stronghold,
Blood, grandeur, and rattle of bells (?).

Farewell to the band of the sharp reaping-hooks,
Who would eat refuse through ear-reaping,(?)
That was not severe, stubborn, grumbling,
Gloomy, rough-heeled, or bitter.

Farewell to Brian O'Briolláin the joyous,
A man who sings *cronan* in the ear of his son,
Farewell to Morrian and to Meadhbh,
Who were not found avaricious, and who ate not meal.

My farewell to thee, O proud Bernard,
And thee, too, blue Lochlann, who didst not gnaw bones,
The wise band, not incoherent in words,
The clumsy host of the full girdles.

Murchadh, and all besides, praised this poem; and the people and nobles of his house vowed and swore that there never before was composed in the world a poem or composition so good as that, in sweetness, in harmony, and in humour. And a truly knowing, learned man, of Clan Thomais, came before them; that is, Brian O'Blungaide; and great, indeed, was the knowledge, learning, and true wisdom of this man; and he said that it was the chief *ollamh* of

ollaim árbórig Éirionn do éeas-éum an aipde rin, agus ip mór do molað map do h-iaðað an dán rin, agus apé ainnm éug brian uirte .i. Ceatraina na cópa.

Gluaipib an bponz pan peompa a n-dípeac gaða conaipe agus gaða caoin-eólaip, nó go ránkabadar láim pe Ceapaiz an Arám, agus do bealaigete na bláitibe nó na m-baithairibe, agus do beapnain élaioe na Meacán, agus do Ráe na Ppaurge, agus do buailtín an Bónaibe, agus do Cúil na Mine, agus do lior na nGarbán, agus do éaoim-áit an Gpráinnig, agus ránkabadar peompa bað éuaib do leitimioi Mlaéaibe Connaet nó go ránkabadar tiz Mlañnair Uí Mlaðagám, agus ap m-beit éóib ag párbáil go painap-bpógaé ap paitéce an dúna, éáimig Mañnur iona g-comháil, agus piauipiaigior éioib cia h-iað péin agus epéad tug iad no cán a d-tángaðap. Oinnpeaðap na teaceta-airibe cia h-iað péin agus epéad tug iad. Abubairt Mañnur “Ip aítne dúinne bup g-cinéal agus pór ip aítuib dúinn gup buine paitibip bup d-tigearna.” Do éuir Mañnur iomorro teaceta ap a épaioitib agus ap a plaitib. Tángaðap an luét feara rin do látaip agus do labair Mañnur riú, agus ap ead abubairt:—“Ip uime do éuipior péin pior opuib .i. ingion épuéac éaoim-áluinna tá agampa, agus éáimig iappaið uirpe ó Mlupéad Mlaolélupacé Ua Multuapgaip, agus ap taoipeac epoméioiceac an fear rin.” “Ap fearac rinn-ne,” ap na épaioitib, “gupab don éine éobroma an t-óglac rin, agus ní oleagtar do neac d’polaib uairle meapgað ap éolaib úip-íple, óip dá mlaéad maénair agus deag-éogluim do geibib an t-aor anuapal, ná onóip ná ugðapár ap éeana, ní bí móð ’na m-béapal ná meapapdaet ionnta, máp pior d’éólaib; agus ap amlaib apbeart an peall-paimuin píp-élic—

Rustica progenies nescit habere modum.

Agus dá péip rin ní cóip buit-pi go deó ná go beipeað an doimam t’puil péin do paléað le puil bodaið ná labpaimn, óip ní mianacé maié iad; agus pór ní b-puil epuét dá aipde iona paéaioip, ná onóip dá mlaéad do geibib, ná oipiz ná ugðapár, naé é bup mian leó na pola uairle d’ípluugað agus do map-lugað dá d-tigead leó a éeanaim.”

Gídeað do bí bean uailpeac iomapeac lán-íannacé ag

the high king of Erin, that first composed this poem ; and the manner in which the poem was wound up was greatly praised ; and the name Brian called it was “ Ceathramha na córa,” the regular quatrain.

This band went on in the straightness of every way, and every fair guidance, until they came near to the Tillage-plot of the Bread, and to the Roads of the Buttermilk or of the Beet-roots, and to the Gap of the Fence of the Parsnips, and to the Rath of the Porridge, and to the Little Field of the Beans, and to the Corner of the Meal, and to the Lios of the Bran, and to the Beautiful Place of the Grain, and they proceeded northwards to the verge of the Plain of Con-naught, until they arrived at the house of Magnus O'Madigáin ; and as they were tramping with their thick boots on the lawn of the stronghold, Magnus came to meet them, and asked them who they were, and what was their business, and whence they came. The messengers told him who they were, and what was their business. Magnus said, “ I know your race ; and, moreover, I know that your lord is a rich man.” Then Magnus sent for his druids and his chief men. These wise men came before him, and Magnus spoke to them, and this is what he said :—“ This is the reason why I sent for you : I have a comely, very beautiful daughter, and Murchadh Maolcluasach O Multuasgairt has sent to ask her hand, and that man is an exceeding rich nobleman.” “ We know,” said the druids, “ that that young man is of the rustic race, and it is not permitted for any of noble blood to unite with blood of a low degree ; for, however great prosperity and good education the low-born obtain, however, great honour and authority, there is no polish in their manners, they observe no moderation, if the learned say true ; and thus spake the very clever philosopher—

The rustic race know not how to observe moderation.

And for that reason it is not right for thee for ever, nor till the end of the world, to soil thy own blood with the blood of churl or robber, seeing that they are not a good breed ; and, moreover, there is no position, however high, they would attain to ; there is no honour, however great, or office, or authority, they would obtain, that would prevent them from desiring to humiliate the noble families, and to insult them if they could do so.”

However, Magnus had a proud, arrogant, most avaricious wife,

Maġnup, aġur ap eað adubairt ġur b'péarpp léi féin raiðbpear aġur roðpaæt aġ a h-inġin an peað do beað beð, ná fuil ná poġlum dá pēabur aġur beit ap dīt raiðbpir. Do épíoēnaiġ an bean lán-řanntaē rin Maġnup an cleamnar d'aiñðeōin na n-dpaoiēte.

XLVI.

AN COIMHAIRLE GLIC.

(Tóġēta ap “Eaētpa Ōloinne Ōomáir.”)

Do báðap Clann Ōomáir map rin pá ēuing, nár léiġeað dōið a ġ-cínn do ēōġbáil, aēt beit pá ðaoirpe do péir an t-peanpeaēta ġo h-aimpir Ōaiðġ mic Mupēað mic Ōarēta ip Ōoirðealbairġ mic Ōiarmaba mic Ōoirðealbairġ mic Ōaiðġ mic Ūriam bōiriñne do beit a ġ-coimēlaiēear; aġur do bí pear-ōġlaē řior-mōr don Ōloinn rin Ōomáir ap Māēairpe Ōairil aġ áitpeað, aġur do bí inġion ēpuētaē ēaom-áluinn aġ an d-taoirpeaē rin, aġur Cairbpe Cpom Ua Céirín ainn an óġlairġ rin, aġur Seilġeán ainn na h-inġine, aġur do ēuaið teirp na h-inġine rin ap řġaiñmaēt aġur ap áilleaēt ap peað na epíēē ġo com-ēoiēēeann, aġur do bí mōrán do mairið Ōloinne Ōomáir d'iappaíð na h-inġine rin ap ġaē aon óōiġe á n-ēirínn. Do bí Maēairpe Ōairil uile pá ēpuiēneaēt aġ řinnġin mac Aoða Ōuið aġur aġ a braiēpib .i. řáilbe aġur řlann, aġur ní paib a řior aca cionnup do řábálpaiðir an leap cpuiēneaēta rin, aġur ap í coimairpe ap a d-táñġaðap, řior do ēup ap Ōairbpe Ōpom Ua Céirín, óir do bí teirp raiðbpir aġur ġliocair air an ġ-Cairbpe rin tap Ōloinn Ōomáir uile. Ōárlaðap dá mae Aoða Ōuið do .i. řinnġin aġur řáilbe, aġur ap eað adubpaðap řip :—“ Cpēað an ġliocap do ðeánpamaoir le a mbainřimír a bfuil do ēpuiēneaēt air Māēairpe Ōairil?” “Aēá inġion áluinn aġam-řa,” ap Cairbpe, “do ðeárpġnaiġ ap áilleaēt ap inġion-aib Ōloinne Ōomáir uile ap peað an doimain, aġur do ēuaið a teirp aġur a tuapapġbáil pá ēeipte h-ōllēōiġib ēiríonn, aġur ap mōr do mairið Ōloinne Ōomáir ēáinōġ dá toēmairpe aġur dá

and what she said was, that she would prefer her daughter to have riches and prosperity while she lived, than either blood or learning, however good, without riches. This most avaricious wife of Magnus concluded the match in spite of the druids.

XLVI.

THE WISE COUNSEL.

(TAKEN FROM "EACHTRA CHLOINNE THOMÁIS.")

The Clan Thomas were thus under the yoke, so that it was not permitted them to lift their heads, but they were kept in servitude to the time that Tadhg, son of Murchadh Mac Cartha and Toirdhealbach, son of Diarmuid, son of Toirdhealbach, son of Tadhg, son of Brian Boru, were rulers of equal authority. Now, there was a young man truly great of Clan Thomas, dwelling in the Plain of Cashel, and that chieftain had a well-shaped, very beautiful daughter; and Cairbre Crom O Céirín was this young man's name, and Seilgean was the daughter's name; and the fame of this daughter for beauty and loveliness spread throughout the entire country; and there were many of Clan Thomas who sought the hand of this daughter from every province of Erin. The whole Plain of Cashel was growing wheat for Finneen, son of Aodh Dubh, and for his brothers, that is, Fáilbhe and Flann; and they knew not how to save that large sea of wheat; and the plan they adopted was to send for Cairbre Crom O'Céirín, since this Cairbre had a reputation for riches and wisdom beyond all the Clan Thomas. The two sons of Aodh Dubh met him, that is Finneen and Fáilbhe, and this is what they said to him: "What plan are we to adopt, so that we may get all the wheat on the Plain of Cashel cut?" "I have a beautiful daughter," said Cairbre, "who has surpassed in beauty all the daughters of Clan Thomas throughout the world, and her fame and reputation have spread through the four great provinces of Erin, and many are the chief men of Clan Thomas who have come to the house ere this to woo her, and to ask her hand; and none of them got from her anything save refusal to this day. She is now at

h-iappaidh don tìg riamh, agus nì bfuair neach dìobh uaire aèit eiteach gur anòiu, agus aca pì anoir ar buir g-cup-ra, agus cuiridh-rì teachta fà Ìirinn uile dà foillpìughadh do Òloinn Tomáir, gach neach dìobh le n-ap mian teachta do òemairpe Seilgeán inime Cairbhe, beit a g-ceann epì reachtmume d'pòghmar ar Mlaèaire Cairil do buam na cruinneachta rin, agus ghibh dìobh buanaidhe ar peárr, go b-fuighidh an inghion rin air feir lánne agus leaptha." Agus adubhadar Clann Aoða Duibh gur mair agus gur ìlic an òmhairle rin ar a d-táinig pé, ir do rinneadh amlaidh aca, ir do òionóladh ar Clann Tomáir lán do bhuir ir do bhorraadh ar gach áit a rabhadar, an méadh do bí calma re feidh agus re foprádh d'imirt, go d-táinghadar uile go Mlaèaire Cairil. . . .

An tan táinig am na buana éuca, táinghadar cum aonbailh, agus a n-airm áig agus iorghoile leó .i. a púirtíde colp-paípa crainn-piùgne, agus a g-corráin faobair-géara ppar-piaclaéa agus a n-uiréionna rnar-garba taobh-pmeaptha páil-leachta, agus meanaidhe biopaéa bláitcheaptha air fuprain gach pìr dìobh. Do puiùgeadh a iomairpe féin a lánne gach aom dìobh, agus do cuireadh Seilgeán na puiùge air ghuaidh iomairpe ór a g-cómhair. Ir annsin do éromadh go cíopaé ciarránaé, agus tughadar na pìr calma rin pìde pannaéa pápluamneadh pán mhuing mairpigh mion-épuirneachta rin do bí pútha. Adélor go h-iméian uachta pìormarhaé agus peopdán na lán-dopnán reachtóin na muinghe mion-pgochaidhe do gach leat. Baò pollup tra do luét a bpeitinn go h-eidipéian uachta cairmirt agus coimpgleó a b-piacal b-ppairpeamhar b-paòpónaé le pìuchadh agus le ppaoc fupráin ag buam pparainn agus pìop-éopais dā céile. Baò òopéa tra an t-aodhar go h-eidipéian uachta ó duibhnéala agus ó bpuéctais duibheachta agus ó boladh anála na b-peap-òglach pan, ag leagadh agus ag lán-cupnaidh na lán-dopnán do gach leat. Do bíodhar uile a g-comópadh go clìpde calma a g-coimpgleó go h-airmip dhinnéir dōibh, agus ar é baò ptiobhar agus baò deag-ponnairpe oppa .i. Cairbhe féin, agus adubhairt leó uile puiùge cum bídh agus do puiùgeadh go h-ollainn, agus do cuip rpubán úr imiol-cam aih-puirtte opoépuaithe ppaáir agus giorba bunata bun-paíhar bláitcheaptha agus paíhar-bainne a b-piaónairpe gach dēipe dìobh. agus mair do mheacánab ceann-éaochéa

your disposal, and do ye send messengers throughout all Erin to announce to Clan Thomas, that all of them who were desirous to woo Seilgean, daughter of Cairbre, should be, at the end of three weeks of autumn, on the Plain of Cashel to reap that wheat, and that whichever is the best reaper of them will get that daughter in marriage." And the sons of Aodh Dubh said that was a good and wise counsel on which he had hit, and they acted accordingly. And Clan Thomas assembled full of vigour and pride from every place in which they were, as many of them as were bold in displaying action and force, until they all came to the Plain of Cashel. . . .

When the time for reaping arrived, they came to one place, having with them their weapons of battle and strife; that is, their thick-wattled flails of tough wood and their keen-edged, fine-toothed reaping-hooks, and their rough-grained, side-smeared, wide-heeled clogs, and pointed awls of true beauty at the girdle of each man of them. His own ridge was appointed for each of them. Seilgean was made to sit on the verge of a ridge in front of them; and then they began eagerly and with buzzing: and these stout men made a greedy, very vigorous attack on the beautiful plain of fine wheat on which they stood. Far from them was heard the hissing and the rustling of the full handfuls throughout the fair-flowered plain on every side. Manifest, in sooth, to the onlookers at a distance from them was the struggle of their long-beaked, thick, and frequent teeth, through their boiling-up and rage of fury to gain ground and the foremost place of one another. In sooth, the air was dark for a long distance from them, on account of the black clouds of horrid belching and the breath of the young men, as they brought down and overthrew the full handfuls on every side. They were all contending cleverly and stoutly in the contest until dinner time. And their steward and organizer was Cairbre himself; and he told them all to sit down to food, and they sat down willingly; and he placed a fresh, crooked-centred, ill-baked, ill-kneaded cake of oatmeal, and a can of heavy sediment of butter-milk and thick milk before every pair of them, and a dish of parsnips, exotic-headed, half-boiled, and a kitchen of grey lumps, with blue cavities and crooked hairs, of the putrid butter of goats and sheep. They proceeded to gulph down and cut in fragments that food, with relish and with fierce biting; and like to a drove of biting, snorting, starved pigs, grunting at a refuse

leat-*b*pui \dot{g} te agur annlann do ñlair-*m*ill \dot{m} ib cuar- \dot{g} orma cam-puibea \dot{c} a, do *b*peim-*m* ñabap agur caopa \dot{c} . Do ñababadar ag ploga \dot{d} agur ag pl \dot{m} - \dot{g} eappa \dot{d} na bea \dot{c} a ran go blap \dot{d} a bopb- \dot{g} reamanna \dot{c} , agur ba \dot{d} ña \dot{m} ail le p \dot{g} ao \dot{c} do *m*ucaib \dot{g} reama \dot{m} la \dot{g} earána \dot{c} a \dot{g} op \dot{t} a \dot{c} a, ag \dot{g} earán um *o*píodap ppa \dot{r} ge agur an*b*pui \dot{c} an \dot{g} liorma \dot{p} na \dot{c} agur an blap \dot{m} apna \dot{c} do ñnóir dá péa \dot{c} ain cia aca ba \dot{d} *t*úr \dot{g} a pá \dot{c} a \dot{c} . Annpin iap \dot{g} -cop \dot{g} a íota agur a ocpair adubair \dot{c} Ca \dot{c} al Clú \dot{m} a \dot{c} Ua bpi \dot{r} gleim na \dot{c} paib peap a òiong \dot{m} iala péin a m-buam a m-buala \dot{d} ná a m-buan-poi \dot{m} ap, ná a n-oi**p**ea \dot{c} a pea \dot{d} ma \dot{m} la purpán \dot{t} a eile pá *t*uinn tal \dot{m} ian, a \dot{c} t muna b-pa \dot{g} \dot{c} a \dot{c} oi deapb \dot{p} á \dot{c} air eile do péin do pá \dot{g} aib 'pan m-baile ap luá \dot{c} air lea \dot{c} an- \dot{g} lair Dea \dot{g} a \dot{d} .i. lo \dot{c} lann lea \dot{c} an. Ad \dot{c} lop an cómpa \dot{d} pin eatop \dot{p} a uile go póiplea \dot{c} an, agur do p \dot{p} ea \dot{g} air \dot{G} iolla Pá \dot{d} pa \dot{g} agur adubair \dot{c} : “*T*u \dot{g} ap péin *c*ú \dot{g} *c*éa \dot{d} peap liom a h-Ul \dot{t} aib agur ní b*p*uil aon díob na \dot{c} pop \dot{t} a \dot{m} la ann \dot{g} a \dot{c} pei \dot{d} m dá n-bu**p**air.” “Ar p*í*op pin,” ap Conall ená \dot{m} -pea \dot{m} ap, “óir ní paib lea \dot{c} lílo \dot{g} a p*a*í \dot{m} ion \dot{c} omó \dot{r} pair le lea \dot{c} é \dot{p} ó \dot{d} a *c*opanta \dot{c} *C*uinn, agur ip deapb a m-béaluib ruá \dot{d} agur pean \dot{c} a \dot{d} \dot{g} ur *t*uic Eo \dot{g} an Mór linn-ne air líla \dot{g} Léana, agur \dot{g} ur *t*uic Cú \dot{p} í mac *D*áipe le Com \dot{c} ulainn agur ap deapb le h-iol-*c*a \dot{c} aib eile pe h-iom-*c*opna \dot{m} *E*ipionn \dot{g} ur pinn-ne p*p*ir ba \dot{d} é \dot{p} ó \dot{d} a agur ba \dot{d} *c*alma an \dot{g} a \dot{c} pei \dot{d} m díob pin, agur an méa \dot{d} *c*án \dot{g} amap-ne annpo ó lea \dot{c} *C*uinn ní b*p*uil comó \dot{p} a \dot{d} a \dot{g} aib-pe pinn an*o*iu.” “*T*u \dot{g} air do \dot{g} uair ap do *d*eip \dot{g} -éi \dot{c} ea \dot{c} ,” ap Ca \dot{c} al, “agur má do *t*uic Eo \dot{g} an Mór air líla \dot{g} Léana, ní do lá \dot{m} *C*uinn do *t*uic, a \dot{c} t le h-ioma \dot{d} an*p*oila \dot{m} n. Agur má *t*uic Cú \dot{p} í do lá \dot{m} *C*on \dot{c} ulainn, ní le \dot{g} aip \dot{g} e do *t*uic pé a \dot{c} t *t*pé péall do *d*einea \dot{d} air a lop a *m*ná péin.” Agur do *e*ó \dot{g} a lá \dot{m} lu**d**ap \dot{t} a lán- \dot{g} apb *c*airip, ap *t*u \dot{g} amup an-bpiora \dot{c} air *C*onall do *c*oppán *e*pom *e*p*o*irp*í*acla \dot{c} do bí ioná lá \dot{m} , agur do buail bpa \dot{c} -buille ba \dot{d} ala \dot{c} báip a b*p*íop-*m*ulla \dot{c} na h-in \dot{c} inne air, \dot{g} ur ba \dot{d} lán an *t*-iomaip \dot{e} dá *c*uio p*o*la. Ar annpin *t*pa *d*'éip \dot{g} ea**d**ap na p*p*ir purpán \dot{t} a pop \dot{g} a \dot{c} lea \dot{c} agur do *c*ua**d**ap a n-op**d**u \dot{g} a \dot{d} map do pa \dot{c} a \dot{d} Conn agur Eo \dot{g} an, agur do pónpa \dot{d} dá lea \dot{c} díob .i. lai \dot{g} ni \dot{g} agur Mu \dot{m} ni \dot{g} do *c*aob, Ul \dot{t} aip Conna \dot{c} taip agur p*p*ir líl*í*de do *c*aob eile, agur do ñabpa \dot{d} na p*p*íom-*c*aopip \dot{g} do bí op*p*a ag op**d**u \dot{g} a \dot{d} a *d*-topa \dot{c} an *c*a \dot{c} a pin do \dot{g} a \dot{c} lea \dot{c} . Ip annpin tu \dot{g} a**d**ap p*í*de panna \dot{c} páip-nei \dot{m} nea \dot{c}

of porridge and broth, was the noise they made in swallowing and tasting, in emulation as to which of them would first have had his fill. Then, after his hunger and thirst had been allayed, Cathal Clúmhach O'Briglein said that there was no man a match for himself in reaping, in threshing, or constant-digging, or in other works of vigour and strength, on the surface of the land, unless a brother of his own might be procured, whom he had left at home on the wide green rushes of Deaghadh, namely, Lochlann the broad. This saying was widely heard among them all, and Giolla Patrick answered and said : " I myself brought with me from Ulster five hundred men, and there is not one of them who is not abler in every feat you have mentioned." " That is true," said Conall the thick-boned ; " since Leath Mhogha was never to be compared with the brave, defensive Leath Chuinn, and it is certain, from the sayings of learned men and historians, that Eoghan Mor fell at our hands on Magh Leana, and that Cúrí Mac Daire fell at the hand of Cuchulainn ; and it is clear, from many other battles for the defence of Erin, that it is we who are the bravest and stoutest men in each of these feats ; and you can bear no comparison to-day with as many of us as came here from Leath Chuinn." " You are a confounded liar," said Cathal ; " and if Eoghan Mor fell at Magh Leana, it was not at the hand of Conn he fell, but through too overwhelming a force ; and if Cúrí fell by the hand of Cuchulainn, it was not through valour he fell, but through the treachery practised on him by his own wife." And he raised his slovenly, very rough hand above him, and aimed at Cathal a violent blow of a crooked, cross-toothed, reaping-hook which he held in hand, and gave him a destructive, dangerous death-stroke on the very top of his head, so that the ridge was full of his blood. Then, indeed, the strong men arose on every side, and they got into array as would Conn and Eoghan ; and they made two divisions of themselves ; that is, the Leinstermen and the Munstermen on one side, and the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen and the Meathmen on the other side ; and their leaders proceeded to give command in the front of that battle on each side. Then they made an eager, very venomous attack on one another, and raised their lusty, strong-waved bellowing on high, and their noise was heard to the vault of heaven. Terrible and very horrible was the response of the echoes in the caves, and in the islands, in the hills, in the woods, in the cavities, and in the deep-hollowed rocks of the land.

D'ionnraige a éile aḡur tuḡadap a d-ṡpombúíṡpeac éeanu
 ṡpeaṡan-láibip ór ápò, aḡur baò élor a b-poḡap ḡo cleiṡib
 neime. Baò h-uaṡmāp úp-ḡpánna coim-ṡpeaḡpaò na mac
 alla a n-uamāib, aḡur a n-oileánāib, a ḡ-enocāib, a ḡ-coill-
 ṡib, a ḡ-cuapánāib, aḡur a ḡ-caipṡḡeaṡāib cuapṡoimne na
 ḡ-ṡpíoc.

ὅántα λε φίλιόν̄ εἰλε.

POEMS BY OTHER POETS.

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XLVII.

THE LAY OF TADHG O'DUINNÍN.

(LAMENTING THE NOBLES WHO ROSE IN THE LATE WAR, 1691).

Sorrowful to me is the overthrow of the princes and the true
nobles,
The festive, the generous, of wreathed goblets, of the wine-cups,
Who would bestow land on one like me as a right,
Free from taxes, and without my giving rents.

It is this that has troubled and vexed and truly afflicted me,
That James is unlawfully routed out of Britain and sent on the
seas,
His flock scattered, tortured, continually banished,
And his surviving leaders in dire hardships.

The death of the mighty valiant MacCarthy has afflicted me,
10 Of the royal blood of Cashel who were not seldom in true
supremacy,
The Geraldine champions dead, without vigour, decaying,
And the heroes of famous deeds from Bunratty, and the tribe of
Cruachan.

I am grieved at the loss of the warriors from the cold bright Lee,
Who did not make peace with the foreigners but withdrew from
them across the sea,
While the only bird that survives of that noble comely high-
spirited flock
Is for some time at Hamburg, my hardship! without the means
of subsistence.

Elbe. He purchased a little island at the mouth of the river, and spent his time in affording relief to shipwrecked vessels. He had been immensely wealthy before the war broke out, but all his property was confiscated. He died in exile in

- 20 Iṛ é do mearaig me—balta gaḁ Ríog-éuaine,
 baḁ ṛaopḁa ainm 'ṛ a mbeartaib do bíoḁ buaiḁ aige,
 Phoenix farḁa na banba a ngníom ḡuapaḁt—
 Iṛ d' Éirinn maíḁim, óṛ deapḁb 'na luiḁe a d-tuama.

Dá n-déanfaínn deapmaḁ, mearaim ḡur baoir uaim-pe,
 Air ṛaop-ṛlíocḁ Eochaiḁ ḡo ceannuib Ṽuirt baor an uair po,
 Daonnaḁt, fairrinḡe, iṛ taḁairḁ air fíon uaḁa,
 Iṛ é do éleaḁtaḁ an ḡarra ḡníoim-ḁuapaḁ.

Léir-ṛḡriop fairrinḡ Uib Ḃairbpe iṛ tṛí tṛuaḡ liom,
 An ḡeug ran Ḃaḁail coir fairrinḡe iṛ laor luaidim-pe,
 Shíocḁt Éim, do ḁaiteaḁ gaḁ maítear le fíor-ṛuaḁaib,
 Ar Séarra an Ḃleanna ruḡ barra an gaḁ rliḡe ruaircior.

- Ní'l ḡéilleaḁ a n-Callaib d'ṛear Ḃeanna Tuirc faor buan-
 naḁt,
 30 Ná air aon ḁop aca don aicme rin Ḃaoim ṛluaḡaig,
 Do ḡléirib ḡarḁa ḡlínm mearḁa mím Ḃluana,
 Ná d'aon don maicne ó Ḃeamair ḡluir mím luacra.

Ṽṛeám na Spaḁa iṛ Dúin Ḃeanainn iṛ díḁ buan liom,
 Iṛ béal Áḁa Seannuig ḡan pacaṛeaḁt fíor-ḁuanta,
 Raḡallaig, Seaḁnapuig, Ceallaig, iṛ caom-Ruapcaig,
 Iṛ cpaḁb Uí Mleaḁair ḡur pladaḁ a cpoide uaíte.

1734. The following stanzas from an elegy on this Earl by Eoghan Mac Carthy an méirín, may be of interest:—

Do ḁongḁaib a nḡlaraib 'ran aigne céaḁna
 Cé ḡur tarrainḡeaḁ paḁtmur iṛ réim do,
 Áḁa a éṛeidíom ḡo meirb do ṛeunaḁ,
 Iṛ dṛuim a ḡlaice do taḁairḁ pe Séamur.

Níor ḁogair an Cáṛḁac cáib ḡan claon-toil.
 An ḁarraig rin Ṽeabair air ḡainm do éṛeigíon,
 Áḁa d'íomḁair cṛora ḡo roilbir paḁṛaḁ,
 Air aíteṛiṛ a lliagṛiṛiṛ ḡṛáḁaig do ṛaop rinm.

For an interesting account of this Earl and of his descendants, see O'Callaghan's *History of the Irish Brigade*, pp. 9 *et seq.*

20. d'Éirinn maíḁim, 'I forgive Erin: I give up hope in her.'

It has confused me—the nursling of every princely family,
 Whose name was noble and who excelled in action,
 The guardian Phoenix of Banba in feats of danger—
 20 And I have lost hope in Erin, since they in sooth lie in the tomb.

It were folly on my part did I forget at this time
 The noble race of Eochaidh extending to the headlands of Port
 Baoi,
 Kindness, generosity, liberality in bestowing wines,
 These were the virtues practised by that tribe who gave genuine
 gifts.

The wide ruin of Ibh Carbery is a threefold distress to me,
 That race of Cathal beside the sea and the Lee I refer to,
 The descendants of Cian who bestowed all their wealth on
 genuine bards
 And Geoffrey of the Glen who excelled in every kind of humour.

Obedience is not paid in Ealla to the chieftain of Kanturk with
 military service,
 30 Nor by any means to the race of Caoimh of the hosts,
 Nor to the skilful, sprightly, impetuous, gentle chieftain of Cluain,
 Nor to any of the tribe from green, smooth Tara Luachra.

It is lasting ruin to me, the loss of the race from Strabane and
 Dungannon,
 And Ballyshannon without the enjoyment of genuine songs,
 The O'Reillys, the O'Shaughnessys, and the noble O'Rorkes,
 And the branch of O'Meagher, whose heart was stolen from it.

22–23. The O'Sullivans: see XXXVI.

26. The O'Donovans resided in a district of Carbery called Clan Cahill.

28. For some account of Geoffrey O'Donoghue, see *Introd.*

29. The Mac Carthys of Kanturk.

30. The O'Keeffes were lords of Pobul O'Keeffe, a district in Duhallow, comprising some 9000 acres.

32. Teamhair Luachra, an ancient royal residence in North Kerry, not far from Castleisland. It must have been near Bealatha na Teamhrach, in the parish of Dysart. It is also called Teamhair Luachra Deaghaidh, and sometimes Teamhair Earna.

An p'éaiñ ó'n n-ḡappa Óoill, b'panaig ip Uíb Tuatail,
 Éile ip Alína ip deaḡ-éine Óuinn dualaig,
 Réið-óoill Manacè, ip Pallaig, ip Laiḡip uaine,
 40 Ip ḡan céile aḡ Eaiñain do élannaib mne Íp uaiḡpīg.

Ní'l éirḡ aḡ tairḡoiol coip calaið ná aip linn ḡpuamðá,
 Aip éaob na banna, coip Maingé ná aip mín-Ruaétarḡ;
 Ní'l epéiḡpe meala dá ð-tappainḡ a ḡ-coill buacaiḡ,
 'S ní'l p'éan aip épannaib pe pealað ná puínn énuaraiḡ.

Ní'l céip aip lapað an ḡac mainipḡip, bíð uaiḡneacè,
 'S ní'l cléip aḡ canḡam a palm ná aḡ ḡuiðe aip uaimib,
 Ní'l aon aḡ aipḡionn Earḡuiḡ a ḡ-cill tuata,
 'S ní'l léiḡeann dá éaḡarḡ do leanib ná ð'aor uapal.

Cé ḡup maénað map málairḡ an ðliḡe nuad ro,
 50 Ní'l p'éile mapḡain ná capḡanaét epí ḡpuatḡ aip bíḡ,
 Ó'éinneacè b'raétar a n-earḡbaið nó aip ðíḡ éuallaét,
 Ó léiḡeað paḡað na ḡ-cealḡ a b-píor-uabap.

Cé ḡup b'paða map eaétar a ḡ-epuínn-tuairipḡ,
 'S naé p'éadain laḡairḡ aip mairḡear na n-ḡaoiðeal n-uapal,
 Éiḡpe p'earaða ḡlacaið map ðíol uaim-pe,
 ḡup maol an ḡ-arm ná cleaétann a píor-éuarḡain.

A Óé na n-appḡal puair peannuið dáḡ b-píor-puarḡlað,
 Map aon leð' banalḡrain beannuiḡḡe bí aip buaiðpíom,
 Ó'r ḡéar ḡup éeannaéair m'anam a Ópíorḡ éuana,
 60 Léiḡ me a b-plairḡear na n-amḡiol ḡo b'puiḡeao puaiminear.

37. an p'éaiñ: MS. an éaim, which breaks the assonance; lines 37-40 are only in some MSS. The tribe of Laighis gave its name to Leix, in the Queen's County; it was descended from Laeighseach Ceann Mor, son of Conall Cearnach; Pallaig, the descendant of Ros Failghe, eldest son of Cathaer Mor, who inhabited east and west Ofaly; Cill Managh perhaps = Kill na Managh in Tipperary; Eamhain, or Eamhain Macha, about two miles from Armagh, was the ancient

The tribe from Garra Choill, the O'Byrnes, and the O'Tooles,
 Eile, and Allen, and the goodly race of ringleted Conn,
 The Smooth Kilmanagh, the Fallachs, and green Leix, are no
 more,

40 While Navan has no spouse of the descendants of the son of
 proud Ir.

Fishes are not frequenting harbour or gloomy lake,
 The verge of the Bann or the Maine or the smooth Roughty;
 Honeycombs are not brought from gladsome woods,
 The trees have not prospered for a season and scant is their fruit.

There is no wax-light burned in the monasteries—they are lonely,
 And the clergy do not chant their psalms or recite their hours.
 None attend a Pontifical Mass in a country church,
 And the child and the noble are not being trained in learning,

Though this new law was planned for an improvement,
 50 Hospitality is not alive nor charity moved by pity
 For anyone who is thought to be in want or in loneliness,
 Since the thrusts of treachery were made in real pride.

Since a full account of the noble Gaels would be a long story,
 And since I am unable to unfold their virtues,
 Do ye, O wise bards, accept as a compensation from me,
 That blunt is the weapon that is not used to dire slaughter.

O God of Apostles, who suffered torments in fully redeeming us,
 Together with thy beloved mother-nurse who was sorrowing,
 Since, O noble Christ, Thou hast with bitterness purchased my
 soul,

60 Admit me into the heaven of the saints that I may obtain rest.

residence of the kings of Ulster. Ir was son of Milesius, and from his son
 Eibhear descended the races of Ulaidh, such as Magenis, &c.

49. an ðlīġe. MS. ʒo ðlīġe.

57–60. This stanza is not in all the copies.

ԱՆ ՇԵԱՆՃԱԼ.

- 61 Մձ լճ շըր ձա՛ւթար քալ ծոմ'աօր աօրձ,
 'Տ ծօ ռ-ճրձօթարոն րթար ար քա՛ւտ ռա Խթօր ռճաօձալ րօ,
 Մօ ձճրձ օ մե՛ւթ ԼԵ մալարտ ծղճԵ ա ռ-ձիրոն,
 Մօ ձրձ ծօ րա՛ւ ճառ րթաձ ԼԵ Խրթեթքա՛ւտ.

ԱՆ ՔՐԵԱՃՐԱԾ ԺԱԼԼ.

Օ ճեթիմ շըր ԵալԼԵձ ռա քա՛ւտա քիօ՛ւտ Միթլիրար,
 Լր քոնոտ ա ծ-տալմ աճ ճալԼաթ ան Խոն-ԽճարԼա,
 Ա Ժառճ օ Խրճալմ ծօ րա՛ւար ԼԵ Խրթեթքա՛ւտ,
 Րաճաձ-րա քալաձ աճ Խարրաձ ճա՛ւ Ելճարա.

XLVIII.

ԱՐ ՕՒՇ ՆԱ ՆՃԱՕՁԱԼ.

ԼԵ Տճարրա Սա Տոնճաձա ան ճԼԵանա.

Որ քալոնճո ճալԼ ծոմոն քիօ՛ւնճաձ ա ռ-ձիրոն քալ,
 Ար ճ-քրօձԵ ճառ ճիմնիւնճաձ Լր իրնիւնճաձ քճ ռ-ա քա՛ւտ,
 Ար ճ-Եար Ծօ ԼաճԵաձնճաձ Լր ծի՛ւնճաձ ար ճ-ԵլթրԵ
 ար քաձ,
 Լր քարմ ա մի-քնոն քրիօ՛ւնճաձ ար քաճալ ար.

64. րա՛ւ for րաձաձ.

68. He says he will become a 'cooper.' Ելթր, 'ceeler,' is a broad, shallow vessel for milk to cream in.

XLVIII.—The author of this poem and the following was Geoffrey O'Donoghue of Glenflesk. He married in 1665, and was not living at the end of the century.

THE BINDING.

- 61 Although I spent a portion of my life in folly,
 And loved a story on the supremacy of the true Gaels.
 Since my occupation is gone, because of the change of laws in
 Erin,
 My torture! I must without delay take to brewing.

THE COUNTER REPLY.

Since I find that the chieftains of the race of Milesius have
 perished,
 And that the foreigners of the smooth English have the
 dividing of their lands,
 As I understand, O Tadhg, that you will take to brewing,
 I, for a season, will turn to the planing of *ceelers*.

XLVIII.

ON THE RUIN OF THE GAELS.

BY GEOFFREY O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLEN.

The foreigners will not suffer us ever in peace in Erin,
 Without enslaving our hearts, and humbling them under their
 sway,
 To reduce our power, and destroy our clergy altogether,
 The aim of their evil plan is to expel us from it entirely.

In 1679, he wrote a poem on O'Keeffe; and in the same year, an elegy of 260 lines on Edmund Fitzgerald of Lisheen Castle, which O'Curry ranks high. The same authority says that O'Donoghue was one of the deepest read of his day in the Irish language. His poems breathe the spirit of independence characteristic of his race. See Introduction.

Níor fliḡte dár n-ídiúḡað líomnúḡað bréaḡað beapτ,
 ḡan cumap an dliḡe riú a n-aoin éúir d'éiliom éeapτ,
 Tuḡim ḡup ríor-ḡuḡair ríóéúḡað raoḡ na ḡeap
 Le a ḡ-cuirid a ḡ-epíé dúinn ḡníomnúḡað léir a ḡ-ceapτ.

Dár d-cubuirτ ḡo laoiéeamuil luḡe dúinn pé n-a rmaét,
 10 Mo éuirpe! 'r naé díon dúinn aoin éúil d' éirinn Airτ,
 Ár ḡ-cumap ir díóé-éúmainḡ, ní riú rméap ár ḡ-ceapτ,
 Muna d-ḡiḡe ḡan móill éúḡainn míniúḡað éiḡin ap.

Do éonnape na ḡaoiḡil úḡ ríodamail, réadaé, real,
 Cumapaé, cíopaḡail, epíóénumail, céadpaḡað, ceapτ,
 Soilḡir, raoiéeamail, míon-úr, maorḡa, meap,
 Píliota, ríopaḡail, ríonḡamail, réapḡað, peaét.

Cuirite caoineamuil, dpaoiéeamuil, daonnaétaé,
 biopaite bíḡamail, ḡaoipeamuil, ḡaoḡalaé, ḡlan,
 ḡo tuirim a b-ppíorún daoirpeamail lae na m-bpeaé,
 20 Náḡ éuilleadap mío-éú, ir díóéúḡað déapaé deapτ.

ḡoirim ir ḡuiḡim rúnḡ Críorτ éúḡailḡ, caom an flaié,
 D'púilḡ a éaoim-éprú a ḡ-epaoib éúmainḡ éeapḡa éeaét,
 ḡo ḡ-cuirpeḡ ḡan moill éúḡainn raoi éú ḡaoḡail 'na
 ḡ-ceapτ,
 'S ḡo rḡriopaḡ na ḡaill úḡ bí riú a ḡ-céim tap leap.

It was not crafty enough for our ruin—the false glozing of facts,
Without the power of the law on their side in any case of a just
claim,

I know that the foolish peace these men make is endless woe,
By which they put in practice on us the manifest design of their
race.

It is our daily misfortune to lie down beneath their yoke,
10 My grief, no corner of Art's Erin is a protection for us ;
Our power is feeble, our right is not worth a blackberry,
Unless some relief come to us in our distress without delay.

I have seen these Gaels in silks and jewels at one time,
Powerful, with good rentals, industrious, intelligent, just,
Pleasant, wise, finely-noble, stately, active,
Poetical, truthful, fond of wine, festive, formerly.

Knights, noble, skilled in magic, humane,
Young scions, vigorous, accomplished, heroic, pure,
Until they fell into the enslaving prison of their day of judgment,
20 They did not deserve disgrace, and the tearful ruin of darts.

I beseech and entreat here for you, Christ, noble is the prince,
Who suffered his gentle blood to flow on a narrow tree of cruci-
fixion,
That he would send without delay to us the Gaels restored to
their rights and fame,
And sweep those foreigners who were against them afar over the
sea.

XLIX.

AN REACÉT TAR TUINN.

Le Séappa Ua Donnchaða.

Ir bappa air an g-clear an peacét do éacét tar tuinn,
 Léar leaḡað pá plait an tpeab rin éibir ĩinn,
 Cama na m-beart do plab ḡo claon ár ḡ-cuing,
 Léar ḡeappað amac ár ḡ-ceart ar éirinn uíll.

Ir deacair a mear ḡo raib a ḡ-céill don bpoínḡ,
 Cearað na n-aét do éabairt d'aon mac ḡaill,
 ḡo b-peacadar bpeac na b-peap air Séaplar Ríḡ,
 ḡur rḡarabadar neart ḡan éeart le éile a baill.

Do peannað air pad an peacét ro a n-éirinn ḡaoiðil,
 10 Ir deapḡéar fearḡa fearḡ ḡac aoinḡir díob,
 Nó ḡlacaid a b-par ḡan rḡad ir téid tar tuinn,
 Ir ḡeallaid tar air ḡan teacét ḡo h-euḡ arír.

Cioð neartmair an tan ro air élanmaib ḡaoðal na ḡaill,
 'S cioð paémair a rḡaid le real a b-préamhaib ĩlainn,
 Do deapḡaib a ḡ-carḡ ní ḡabaid ḡéilleað an ĩoinn,
 Peappaib 'na pparaid fearḡ Dé 'na n-bpuim.

A dḡair na b-peart bod' éead ir déanta ḡuide,
 Cearḡaib 'na leap air pad a n-éirinn ḡaoiðil,
 Ir leapaib 'na ḡ-ceart ḡan éeap ḡac aon don bpuimḡ,
 20 Ir airiḡ a peacét 'r a paé don éléir a ḡ-cíll.

5-8. From these lines it seems that the poem was composed shortly after the Cromwellian Plantations.

XLIX.

THE LAWS FROM BEYOND THE SEA.

BY GEOFFREY O'DONOGHUE.

It is the crowning of knavery—the coming of the law from
beyond the sea,
Through which the race of Eibhear Fionn were brought low into
bondage,
The cunning of the deeds that unjustly stole our allegiance,
By which our right in great Erin was entirely cut off.

It is hard to think that the people understood
What it was to give the framing of the laws to any foreigner,
Till they saw these men's judgment on King Charles,
That with might without right, they tore his limbs asunder.

The Gaels are flayed entirely in Erin now,
10 And the grave of each one of them is prepared,
Or they take their "pass" without delay and go beyond the sea,
And promise not to come back again until death.

Strong though the foreigners be now above the Gaels,
And though their stay amongst the descendants of Flann has
been prosperous for a time,
Through the faults of their race they shall not obtain sway of
the land,
The anger of God shall rain down in showers upon their backs.

O Father of miracles, by thy leave we must pray ;
Restore to their rights in prosperity the Gaels in Erin,
And make prosperous in their rights without sorrow every one
of the race,
20 And restore their law and their success to the clergy in the
church.

- 21 Ué ír aéðaoi ! ír laḡ í an uairle anoir,
 Cúpa ír callaíðe air éailíðib tuaparðail,
 boduig pá hataíðe, ír aircíðe rúapaé rin,
 Ír luét oirðearc peaḡuðe a ḡ-cairíb cluapaca.

L.

ÍAR ḡ-CUR easbuiḡ éORCUIḡE AIR IONNARBAÓ AS
 ÉIRINN.

le Uilliam Mac Captaim an Dúna.

Mo b́rón mo deacair an éealḡ ro am ŕíor-épráð-ra,
 Eoin ḡo daingion a nḡlapaib na b-tíopánaé,
 An reól aḡ bagar air éarraing tar tuínn báiðte
 b́eir bpeóigṑte a ḡ-cpeaéaib ár ḡ-cealla 'r ár b-príom-
 éáirðe.

A ĺlór-ĺllic beannuiḡéte éeannuiḡ 'ran ḡ-cpaob épráiðte
 Na plóigṑte pearra do ŕleaéaib éirṑ ríl Ádaim,
 Deónuiḡ realaḡ ḡo tairéneamháé caom-ráiðtead,
 Eoin ḡan barḡaḡ 'ran talam ro ŕíotéánta.

- ṑpeóruig, aitéim orṑ, Aéair 'r a Ríḡ neámha,
 10 Tar b́éna a baile ár marṑpa laoié láidir,
 A ḡ-cóir 'r a ḡ-calma 'r a n-acfuinn ḡan díé pláinte,
 'S air éóir tar rairrḡe rḡaipeaḡ ḡan puínn cáirðe.

23. boduig. The word *bodach* is much used by speakers of English. It implies a churlish, ill-mannered upstart; churlishness is an essential element in the character.

24. peaḡuðe: MS. peacuðe.

L.—See Introductory note to IX.

- 21 Oh woe, alas! weak is nobility now,
 Cuffs and frills on servant maids!
Bodachs wearing hats—trifling is the improvement—
 And the noble and honourable in caps with ears.

L.

WHEN THE BISHOP OF CORK WAS BANISHED
 FROM ERIN.

BY WILLIAM MAC CARTAIN AN DÚNA.

My grief, my hardship, this thorn that 'ever wounds me,
 John fast bound by tyrants' locks!
 The flapping sail, prepared to take him over the drowning waves,
 Sickens, and causes to tremble, our churches and our dearest
 friends.

O great, holy Son of God, who on the tree of torture didst
 purchase
 Hosts of individuals of Adam's true descendants,
 Grant that once again, in affection and noble speech,
 John be unscathed and this land in peace.

- Conduct, I beseech thee, O Father and King of Heaven,
 10 Home across the main our cavalcade of strong heroes,
 In justice and valour and vigour without loss of health,
 And scatter without much respite the army beyond the sea.

3. The poem seems to have been composed while the boat was still waiting for the bishop to go on board.

11. *calma*: MS. *calam*, which perhaps = *calb*, 'hardness,' hence 'bravery.'

Ní'l beó 'na m-beaéuib dár n-eapbuiḡ aét pmuinte árho,
 A n-ḡleó-bpuib paḡa aḡ ḡallaib dá ríor-éáblaó,
 ḡan cómall na nḡalap cé calma a n-blíḡe an ḡára
 Aét Seon 'na ríearaib ó maibin 'na príom-ḡárho.

Ṫiḡ deópa m'aindeipe óm deapcaib 'na línna báibte,
 'Na róó aḡ tpeabao mo leacan ḡo díogbálaó,
 Ón ḡ-ceó 'r ón rḡamal 'r ó ríearéuinn ḡo ríor-ḡnáéac,
 20 Ir cóip na Saḡran dár n-arḡuin paoi luiḡe an bráca.

Ṫriall an eapbuiḡ éneapḡa éaoim ḡan éaim,
 Diaḡa ḡárho ir maípeac ḡnaoi ar cáil,
 A ḡ-cian dá éeapaó a m-bape a ḡ-epíé éum páin,
 Ir ciaé 'r ir cneao 'r ir ceap a ḡ-epíócaib Páil.

LI.

PAOISIÖIN ŠEAḡAIN UÍ ÖONAILL.

Admum féin le deápaib, deapbaim,
 ḡur canao liom bréiḡpe baóca malluḡé,
 Éuir brón deapóil aip Aḡair na ḡ-coimact;
 An tan ḡeappar an éléip le paóbar palcanuip,
 Fuair ceannar ir céim map aon le Peabar ḡlic,
 A ḡ-copóinn ḡlóipe aḡ ríearaib 'ran Róin;

13. árho: M and A árho. Another MS. gives reading in text.

15. This line is obscure. cómall = 'confederation, acting together' (?)

16. Seon seems = Coin, the Bishop's name.

LI.—The author of this and the following poem, John O'Connell, has been made by some writers Bishop of Kerry somewhere about 1700. But the evidence is overwhelming against his ever having been Bishop of Kerry. Dr. Comerford, Archbishop of Cashel, writing to Rome, in the year 1699, states that there had been no bishop in the sees of Ardferit and Aghadoe for forty years, and after that date it is quite certain that Dr. Moriarty was the first Bishop. We think it is even

There is not left to our bishops in life but high aspirations,
 Long in the bondage of strife, sorely oppressed by the English,
 Without acting together in their distress as they stand bravely
 for the Papal law,
 But John standing since morning as chief guard.

The tears of my distress rush from my eyes like a drowning
 flood,
 And plough my cheeks in tracks injuriously,
 Because of the ever-during mist and cloud and rain,
 20 While the Saxon horde are plundering us beneath the press of
 the harrow.

The departure of the bishop, mild, gentle, faultless,
 Pious, skilful, fair in face and fame,
 To a distance, in a ship, to a land of exile, which is resolved on,
 Is a cause of distress and groaning and sorrow in the regions of
 Fál.

LI.

JOHN O'CONNELL'S CONFESSION.

I confess with tears, I swear,
 That words of folly and evil have been spoken by me,
 Which have brought afflicting sorrow on the Father of Powers ;
 When I lacerated with the edge of enmity the clergy
 Who obtained sway and dignity together with wise Peter
 Standing in Rome in a crown of glory ;

abundantly evident that O'Connell never took Holy Orders. The two poems which we give here seem to have been written by a layman. Confessions such as these must not be interpreted too strictly. The violations of the Commandments and of the Seven Deadly Sins, he charges himself with, are to be understood in a general sense. O'Connell is best known for his "Dirge of Ireland." It would be difficult to find in any literature a more splendid torrent of language than is commanded by O'Connell. In some passages he rises to sublime poetry, as in the simile of the snow in this poem, and the description of the Last Judgment in the next.

An anppioraib baoḡail am béal go labapað,
 Iṛ anḡpaur ðréaæt náṛ m̃éin liom d'ait̃p̃ir,
 Iṛ éĩtioc̃ aĩtiopað—pl̃éaæt̃aim ppalp̃aim-pe ;
 10 P̃éaæt̃ an Eaḡluir naom̃ta beannuiḡte,
 Oð oðón ! ðo beir ðamaint̃ ðom̃ óm̃aṛ.

Aṛ pin bappa air ḡaæt̃ baoḡaæt̃ paog̃ail d'ár̃ c̃ait̃ear,
 ðeiz̃ tapcuir̃neað̃ taodaæt̃ p̃paom̃aṛ p̃earb̃,
 Le com̃aṛta c̃óir na b̃plait̃ear, m̃ó b̃rón ;
 ðo b'earmaṛteað̃ éad̃m̃aṛ méapað̃ maṛlaḡteað̃,
 ðo p̃ḡaṛtaṛnn-pe p̃ep̃éaæt̃ go p̃ḡléipeað̃ p̃ḡannalaæt̃,
 Le ḡeóin ḡlóir mõ t̃eang̃an ap̃ peðbal ;
 Aḡ ait̃p̃ir a m-béar ḡup̃ ep̃aor̃ iṛ cap̃baṛ
 20 C̃léaæt̃að̃ an t̃peuð-ro léiḡte an ait̃p̃irinn,
 Luæt̃ d̃éanta t̃eaḡaṛḡ iṛ p̃éitioc̃ anm̃naæt̃,
 Saor̃ ó̃ p̃eana-b̃p̃uib̃ b̃réantaṛ Acheron,
 Stoc̃ ḡan ḡó ðo m̃aṛp̃ear ḡo ðeð.

bað̃ meab̃laæt̃ mé-pi am' m̃éin 'r̃ am' aḡne,
 ðo luæt̃ c̃ait̃te na h-éiðe iṛ t̃p̃éan ðo p̃ṛac̃aṛnn-pe
 ḡaæt̃ p̃óba leó ḡo talaiñ ḡan c̃óir ;
 Le meap̃ op̃m̃ p̃éin tap̃ éiḡp̃ib̃ p̃eand̃aṛ
 P̃peab̃aim am' p̃éal̃tan ḡléineaæt̃ t̃ait̃niom̃iaæt̃,
 Tóḡb̃aim t̃óirpe lap̃aim iṛ d̃óḡim̃.
 Iṛ meapa mẽ t̃éaæt̃ a p̃éim ná Mahomet̃,
 30 Cap̃taṛ liom̃ c̃éað̃ p̃ear c̃éille air meap̃ball ;
 P̃euð̃ c̃áṛ ḡaḡaṛ and̃ae ñí̃l aḡam̃ aæt̃
 Rae beaḡ ḡeapp̃aib̃ ðom' p̃aoḡal pe c̃ait̃iom̃,
 Siñ ceó̃ anoir̃ p̃óim̃am̃ iṛ c̃á h-ionab̃ 'na ñḡeob̃að̃ ?

Mõ beap̃ta ḡo léir, iṛ éaæt̃ 'r̃ iṛ ait̃p̃ir pin,
 Le h-am̃ape am'éadan ; léaḡpaṛ, ḡeall̃aim-pe,
 Mõ ḡnóḡa pp̃óir̃t̃ air mullaæt̃ énoic̃ p̃ór ;
 C̃ioð̃ meallað̃ mẽ p̃éin a ḡ-c̃éill náṛ b'eaḡal liom̃
 Cealḡ óñ éaḡ, c̃ioð̃ léir ḡo leac̃paṛ me,

9. ppalp̃aim, 'I swear'; cf. aḡ ppalpað̃ leab̃ap̃ = 'swearing recklessly.'
 19. léiḡte: MS. leaḡaḡte. 24. luæt̃ c̃ait̃te na h-éiðe = the clergy.
 28. This line as translated reads like bathos; perhaps t̃óirpe = t̃uip̃pe, and

- That the evil spirit of danger spoke in my mouth,
 And profane songs I should not wish to repeat,
 And shameful lies—I bow down and swear ;
 10 Behold the holy blessed Church,
 Alas ! alas ! threatens damnation for me.
- Here is the crowning of the life of folly which I have led ;
 That I was contemptuous, violent, wrathful, bitter,
 To the true symbol of heaven, my grief ;
 Reproachfully, enviously, sharply, insultingly,
 Did I give forth bantering in wantonness and scandal,
 With the sound of the speech of my tongue running on ;
 I related their habits, saying that it was gluttony and intemperance
 That the tribe who celebrate Mass practised,
 20 That tribe who teach and save souls
 From the torments of the foul bondage of Acheron :
 A race that, without falsehood, will live for ever.
- Deceitful was I in my disposition and in my mind ;
 Forcibly did I tear from those who wear the vestments
 Every robe they had, to the ground, unjustly ;
 Esteeming myself above the bards of history
 I spring up as a star brilliant and shining, '
 I lift a torch, kindle, and burn ;
 It were worse I came into power than Mahomet,
 30 Give me but a hundred men of fanatical minds ;
 Whither did I go yesterday ? There remains to me
 But a short space of my life to spend ;
 Lo the mists are before me and whither shall I go ?
- All my actions—it is a wonder and disgrace—
 Can be seen on my forehead. There will be read, I aver,
 My deeds of pastime hereafter on a mountain's top ;
 Though so deceived was I in my reason that I feared not
 A sting from death, albeit it be certain that I shall be entombed

that *lapaím* and *óóigim* have a neuter sense.

30. *céille* *aip meapball* = *aip meapball céille*.

31. *a n-dae*, the part of his life already spent (?).

Ա ճ-օմքսսն Եարօւ ճան տաք ճան տրօք,
 40 Ճան Լախրտ ճան Լէմ ճան Քէմ ճան Քաքաձ,
 Ճան Եալիր Իոնա Քրէր ա ռ-աօն Ծօմ' ԼեանԲա,
 Աժտ Ծօսլ ամ ըքեաւաժ ըլեւծ Ծա ճարքաձ,
 Նաք Բ'քէւքիր քարան ամ' ճարք ԼԵ ԲալալժԵ,
 'Տ ա Շօմաժէտալ Քօր ար մ'անամ 'րան ՔօԾ.

Շիօժ ըալէար մօ իաօճալ ճօ Բրէաճաժ Բարճուլճիօժ,
 Իք ճար ըլեաժէտար-րա ըլաօնա ըլե նաք ըարաւծ Ծամ,
 ՏրօԾ Ծա իօրտ Ծօ ճլաքար մար մեօն,
 Ճան Քճամալ մար էլլիօր էլլիքեաժ ալլիքեաժ,
 Նօ Բրանար աճ Ծեանան ԲէլԵ ար աԼաժ,
 50 Քօլտ քօժա ըարալ աճ Ծրօճաժ ;
 Նօ քամա Բրէան ա մ-Բէլլիք քարալլիք,
 Տրարճարժա քաօն քա ճրէմ ան տ-րալիքալ,
 Ճար Քճէլլար մօ քքեաքաժ քրէաժէտաժ քալաճաժ,
 ՇէարԾա քաժարԾա ա ռ-էաԾան Եաճալլիք,
 Ամ' ճուլլիք քքօրտ աճ մաճաժ քան ՕրԾ.

Եալլիքսն ճօ Լէր ԼԵ ըլԵ քարան
 Ար իլարաւծ ան տ-Տլէլլիք ան տան ճլաօքարաժ ան տ-ալլիքալ,
 ԼԵ քօժ ա ըլլիք ԼԵ մարք ԲԵլծ ԲԵժ ;
 Լարքաւծ ռա քքարժա Իք իլարճարաժ ճարԲ-ընօլք,
 60 Կարալլիքաժ' քաօքարաժ Իք ճէմքաժ ան Լէաժան-մարք,
 Ան տօլլիքաժ Ծօլլիքաժ քարալլիք Իք քօլծ ;
 ԲԵլծ քլալէար ռա ռաօլ ճօ Լէր ար Բալլիք-ըրիժ,
 Տճալլիքաժ ռա քալաժ Իք ռէալաժ քարժար,
 ԲԵլծ ճնէ ռա քաանա Իք ճրէմ Իք ճալալաժ,
 Մար քմէր ճան տալլիքսն ԼԵ Խ-էլլիքսն Եաճալ,
 Ար իլլիքալլիք քճօն քալլիք ԼեանԲ ռա Խ-ճ.

ԲԵլծ տալլիքսն ռա ռաօլ մար իլլիքսն ան տ-քրէաժէտա,
 Աճ քանտան քալալլիք քէլլիք, ճօ քէմ աճ քալալլիքաժէտ,
 ԼԵ ճարքալլիք օրԾա աճար Կանտիքսն ըլլիք ;
 70 Նա Խ-արքալ աճ ըլաժէտ աճ Ծեանան ալլիք,

59 *et seq.* Cf. the following description of the Day of Judgment:—

Լա Ծալ Ծօքա Բրօնաժ Բաօճալաժ,
 Կրիքաժ ռա քլալիք Իք Լարքալ ռա քքարքա,
 ԲԵլծ քալլիք քօժա քօժ 'ճար քալա
 Անար Ծա ճ-Եալլիքսն ռա ճ-քալալլիքսն քրէանա. *Anonymous.*

In a miserable coffin without vigour or life,
 40 Without speech, without motion, without sway, without sportive-
 ness,
 Without love or regard for any of my children ;
 But chafers within my breast, cutting it,
 While it will be impossible to stand beside me because of the
 stench,
 And O Thou Mighty One, relieve my soul in its path.

Though I spent my life in falsehood and injury,
 And practised evil, sinister deeds that were not good for me,
 An extravagance of this kind did I take up as a notion,
 Lighting with fury, like a sharp, shameless satirist,
 Or like ravens making a meal on a dead carcass—
 50 The putrid decaying flesh of a horse—
 Or a foul sewer in a huge rock,
 Open and exposed to the summer's sun,
 I belched forth my injurious, stinging vomit,
 Annoying, vilifying, in the face of the Church ;
 A fool in my diversion throwing ridicule on the clergy !

We must all take our stand together
 On the sides of the mountain, when the angel shall summon ;
 By means of his music the dead shall live ;
 The heavens shall be ablaze, and rugged hills shall burst asunder,
 60 Rocks shall be rent, and the wide ocean shall roar,
 Thunder shall burn up plains and fields,
 Heaven of the saints shall tremble in every part,
 The stars and the clouds of Paradise shall scatter,
 The appearance of the heavenly bodies, both sun and moon, shall
 be
 As blackberries, without brightness, through the force of terror,
 Hosts shall be affrighted before the Son of the Virgin.

The brightness of the saints will be as the beauty of snow,
 As they sing pleasant songs with freedom and delightfully chant
 psalms,
 With beautiful melodies and canticles of music ;
 70 The apostles will come and make jubilation,

Ιρ θανατρεα αν Αοιμ na παλτεαν βαρρα ορρα,
 Αδ ταβαιρε εόλαιρ δόριβ̄ ζο πλαϊτεαρ-βροζ ρόζαιλ ;
 Ζαέ anam βοέτ ελαον do παοb na h-αιτεαντα,
 Αδ ρζρεαδαιζ 'ρ αζ έιζιοῑν 'ρ αζ έιλιον παρ̄ταιρ,
 Ζο leun̄mar leacuiζte δaop-δub δamanτα,
 Ρaon, ζan meabair ná p̄eim air έapaδ aco,
 Όά n-δóιζεαδ ζο δεó ιθιρ lapapaib̄ τεó.

Α bpeappain iar δτεάετ don Αon l̄ilac ceannair rin,
 beiō p̄earaīn an' p̄eucainτ, p̄paoc̄ ip̄ p̄earζ n̄īne,
 80 Le com̄aεta a ζl̄oipe labappaiδ leó :
 Deapc̄aiδ na cp̄eaεta ζέapa ζp̄eadiuizte
 Do paδaδ ζο h-aeib̄ cp̄im' έaob̄ do byp n-deapζa-pa,
 Map do p̄cp̄ocaδ m'p̄eoiλ ó baεap ζο p̄eop̄ ;
 Ζaέ taipēnζε am' pl̄aopζ do pl̄eapζ mo nam̄aib̄-pe,
 'S an τ-p̄earib̄-δeoδ̄ byn̄eizpe byp̄ein do έaδairτ δam,
 Tap̄ eip̄ me εeanζal le teuδ ζο δainζεan,
 'S mo ζέaζa air p̄para m̄p̄ an δaop-ε̄p̄oiρ τp̄earna,
 Ip̄ me am' p̄op̄o p̄p̄oiρτ αζ maiεib̄ na pl̄oζ.

Αεair ip̄ Αon l̄īic, eizim ip̄ aiε̄cim p̄ib̄,
 90 Σζp̄eadiam an Naoīn Spiopaδ, map aon, an Eazl̄air,
 Tpeoζ c̄ep̄ īiop̄ mo p̄paipe-pe leó,
 Maiεioīn dom paop̄ ó'p̄ léip̄ ζup̄ aiε̄p̄iζteac̄,
 Ip̄ ζupab̄ an̄b̄p̄ann mé pá leun le paδtauip̄e,
 Ip̄ deop̄a τεó 'na p̄paεaib̄ lem' p̄p̄oīn ;
 Na h-anamna ζéill̄ do p̄cp̄ae na n̄zaδap,
 Do ε̄appain̄ζ air ep̄eac̄ na ζ-caopaε aεp̄aim,
 Gl̄aoδaim-pe air εaδair ζο h-eup̄ζ' na n-ain̄ziol,
 Map aon pe θanaltpea p̄eap̄l̄aiζ p̄ap̄εair,
 Eóim̄ ζeal op̄oδa p̄eadiap ip̄ p̄ol.

91. τpeóζ(?).

95 *et seq.* The order seems to be gl̄aoδaim air εaδair na n-ain̄ziol, &c. ;
 na h-anamna do ε̄appain̄ζ, &c.

And the nurse-mother of the Only Son will be a supreme star
over them,

Showing them the way to delightful heavenly mansions.
Every poor perverse soul that broke the commandments,
Shrieking, and crying, and claiming Paradise,
Sorrowfully entombed, black-guilty, damned,
Feeble, without understanding, or power to return,
Will be burned for ever amid hot flames.

When the meek Only Son shall come in person ;
Force, anger, and venomous wrath shall be in his looks,
80 He will speak to them by the power of his glory :
Behold the sharp, piercing wounds
That were made in my side to the heart for your sakes,
How my flesh was rent from head to foot ;
Each nail which my enemy drove into my head,
And the bitter drink of foul vinegar they gave me,
After they had tied me firmly with a rope,
And my arms were nailed sideways on the guilty cross,
While I was mocked at by the leaders of the hosts.

O Father, and Thou Only Son, I cry out and beseech you.
90 I call upon the Holy Spirit and on the clergy also—
Great though my struggle with them has been—
To forgive me and set me free, since I am plainly repentant,
Since I am feeble and afflicted through sorrow,
While hot tears come in streams from along my nostrils ;
The souls who yielded to the waywardness of the goats
To bring back to the flock of the sheep,
I call swiftly upon the help of the angels,
Together with the jewelled mother-nurse of Paradise,
John the Baptist the illustrious, Peter and Paul.

96. *do tappareinō* : MS. *do tapanac*, as pronounced.

LII.

DARA PAOISIÓIN ŠEAĞAIN UÍ ÉONAILL.

Aomúim mo bearta anoir go déapaé dúbhaé,
Cé eagal dam, oé! m'anaépaó! gup déağnaé dúinn,
Tré leanamain na ġ-cama-fliğče ġ-claon gan éúir,
Lappaé do ġreabaó liom ip baoğal am' éionn.

Aomúim duit Ađair iulip aonba air d-túir,
Do leanb díl a ppappa cpuire céarba brúíğeaó,
Capbar gup éleađtar-ra, ip cpaop ip ġrúir,
Ip peallaireađt ip palcanap ip taob ip tñúč.

Aomúim duit Araib-Spiopaió ip naomta ġnúir,
10 Gup éealğae le cealğaireađt mo beul air riuəal,
Fár pparraineaé do ppalpainn-pe na pppéača mionn,
'S nář b'peappa liom ceapc ağam-ra ná an t-éiđeae trú.

A banalcpa ġeal ġeanamnaé lñic Dé na n-dúl,
Aomúim duit malluiğčeađt mo řaoğail ó éúir,
Ğup ġabap-ra leaó' leanb-ra ip leat féin bun-op-cionn,
'S an mađpa duə talcpaiğče 'na peipc am' élúó.

Aingil ġil baó éeannapaé peoé aon doo' ġrúing
Do řearaió inř na plaiđeapaió gan řcaon don tñúč,
Aomúim duit bapbareađt mo beil nář búíó
20 'S ġae peaca uile do éapap-ra lem' aeíó go olúč.

Aomúim anoir m'anacpa ip mo épéađta dúba,
Am' ġalapaé bočt peannuiđeae a b-pein 'ř a b-puəair,
Don lñlac baiřciğčeae le'ř teağairğeaó hépođ dúř,
Ip tré an teağarğ řin gup cailleaó leip an plaopğ dá
éionn.

4. It is best to take ip baoğal with am' éionn.

7. We must not take such self-accusations too literally; they imply a pious spirit, but cover all the ground of the moral law in a stereotyped fashion.

15. ġabap bun op cionn le = 'I walked in opposition to.'

LII.

ANOTHER CONFESSION BY JOHN O'CONNELL.

I confess, now, my deeds tearfully and sadly—
 Though I fear, alas, my misery! that it is too late for me—
 Through following perverse evil ways, without cause,
 The danger hangs over me of flames being stirred up for me.

I confess to Thee, first, O sweet, only Father,
 Whose beloved Son was bruised, tortured, extended on a cross,
 That I practised intemperance, and gluttony, and lust,
 And deceit, and envy, and stubbornness, and jealousy.

10 I confess to Thee, O noble Spirit of holy countenance,
 That my mouth kept speaking deceitfully through knavery;
 So that I gave forth in bitterness showers of oath-curses;
 Nor did I prefer to be in the right rather than miserably to lie.

O loving, bright nurse-mother of the Son of God of the
 elements,

I confess to thee the wickedness of my life from the beginning,
 That I have walked in opposition to thy Child and thee,
 While the black dog was fondled, a monster, in my breast.

O bright angel, who held sway beyond any of thy company,
 Who stood in the heavens without yielding to envy,
 I confess to thee the profanity of my impious mouth,
 20 And every wicked crime I fondly cherished in my heart.

I confess now my miserable state and my black wounds
 Poor, diseased creature that I am, in pain and misery,
 To the Baptist by whom the obdurate Herod was admonished,
 And who lost his head through that admonition.

16. an maḡpa dub = 'the devil.'

17-18. St. Michael the Archangel; envy is said to have given rise to the rebellion of the angels.

Αὐνῆυμ δο na h-apptalaiḃ, ní ééigim aip pún,
 Δο þeaðap ip don apptal-pan naç pේidip liom
 Αἰnm eipt am' pannaib ÷up a n-éipeaçt ÷ugam,
 Map mādpa ʒo ʒ-capainn-pe fá pʒéiʒ na m-bpúçt.

Αὐνῆυμ δο na h-aingiolaiḃ ip δο ʒaç aon 'r an dún
 30 þapçaiḃ, ip d'Áçaiḃ-oide an Oigpe élníuul,
 Çpé ðeapmað na n-aíçeanca ʒup çpéiʒ mo þúil,
 'S an mapçpa dom' leaʒað-pa ap léiçte am' ÷úl.

Δο ʒlanað me 'r an m-baiḃte map pʒéim na ʒ-colúp,
 Nó taiçneam çpioḃdail pneaçta ʒil δο pේideap ÷ugainn
 Çap pleapaib ÷noic lá eappaig ðuib 'na þlaodaiḃ çiuʒa,
 Cio pʒapap pip an pʒabal pin, mo méeala dúbac!

Sealað dam paoi an pʒabal pin, δο þléipʒ çiʒ ÷ugam,
 Laðpann ip çappainʒeann me a m-baoʒalaiḃ ponʒç,
 Map mādpa fá'r leanap leiḃ aip éill ÷um piubail,
 40 'Sap taiçnioḃaç δο lapainn le na pේideað þúm.

Δο b' anam ÷um an aippinn aʒ téaçt le ponn,
 Δο ðeapmadainn na palma δο léiʒeað aip mo ʒlúin,
 Salçaiḃ Muipe ðeannuiʒçte ÷um Óé ní duðaiḃ,
 'S çpé çapeuiḃne don Çaʒlaiḃ níop éipçioḃ piú.

Ní ðeacpa aip an ʒlaprað ʒaç bpaon don ðpúçt,
 Ná ʒainim çiʒ na çapnaiḃ le çaoḃað çonn,
 Α n-ðeapḃ-uimip, ʒeallaim, ÷up a ʒ-cléipceap dúinn,
 Ná peaca çpuinne aʒam-pa coiḃ cléiḃe am' ÷úm.

25. ní ééigim : MS. ní n-ðeiʒim.

26. St. Paul. Þól, with its long ó sound, could not find a place in this metre.

30. Áçaiḃ-oide = St. Joseph.

31-32. If þúil be taken = 'eye,' we might translate, 'my eye hath waned.' It is possible that we should read na h-aíçeanca, and take çpé ðeapmað absolutely, 'through forgetfulness my eye (i.e. myself) abandoned the commandments.'

I confess to the Apostles—I keep it not secret—
 To Peter, and to that apostle whose proper name
 I cannot bring into my verse effectively,
 That like a dog I used to return to the overflow of vomitings.

30 I confess to the angels and to each one in the stronghold
 Of Paradise, and to the Foster-Father of the renowned Heir,
 That through forgetfulness of the commandments my hope
 has abandoned me
 While I totter in decrepitude and my head is grey.

I was cleansed in baptism pure as the beauty of doves,
 Or the crystal brightness of the white snow which blows
 upon us
 Over the slopes of a hill on a black spring day in frequent
 flakes,
 Although, my doleful loss! I parted with that robe.

When I was for a time in that robe suddenly there comes
 to me
 A robber who draws me into occasions of danger,
 I followed him on like a dog led by a thong,
 40 And pleased did I light up at all that he suggested to me.

Seldom did I go to Mass with desire,
 I forgot to read the psalms on my knees.
 I did not recite the Psalter of Holy Mary to God,
 And through contempt for the clergy I listened not to them.

It is not more difficult, every drop of dew on the green herbage,
 Or the sand that comes in heaps with the flowing tide,
 To count in exact numbers, I aver,
 Then the full number of the sins in my breast beside my
 heart.

33. This line slightly halts in metre; perhaps we should read *Do glanað annr an m-bairte me*, &c.

37. *do pléirð* = *do ðeir*, 'suddenly.'

40. *cf.* 'tá re að réirðeað fúm,' 'he is urging me on, he is tempting me':
 MS. *fúgam*.

48. *peaca* = *peac̃ta*, older plural.

Ծօ մաւբար-բա ԼԵ Խրանաւբաճէ Թար քաօլճօւն ճիւսն,
 50 Աջ ալբաւբաճէ ճաճ ալաւջ Բաժ Խրէմե ամ Խրնո՛ւ;
 Ածմսւն յա Խ-աւճեանտա Ծօ քաօԲաժ Լիօմ,
 Ծրէ ար Բ'եաջալ Ծամ Խեւճ Ծամանտա 'ծիր ԾաօլաւԹ ԾնԲա.

Ուի Խ-եաջալ Խեւճ Ծամանտա իծիր ԾաօլաւԹ ԾնԲա,
 Ուա յաւճնօմ Ծօ յա քլաւճօրաւԹ իր քրէմն Ծօմ' ճւիր,
 Աճէ աւսիրք Ծօ ճլաւար-բա աջար Լէր-քճրօր ԾնԲաճ,
 քարջ ճւր ար Եաճնաճէ Լիլի Ծէ ճան քրնիջ.

Ծիժ Թարա ԹԵ ար յծամանտաճէ յա աօն Ծար քննԲալ,
 Մաւճեաճար Ծօ ճեաԲանն-քԵ աջար էրքեաճէ սնալ,
 Աճէ քճքեաԲաժ ճւիրք ԼԵ ճարճա ճօլ իր էրճնի քր Լիւճ,
 60 Ծւմ Ծանալքան ան Ծալտա ճիլ յար էրմիջ քրն.

Ար ան աժԲար քան օրք աճքաւմ ա Բէւճ ճան քմնիւք,
 Ար անճիօլաւԹ ար արքալաւԹ 'ք ար յաօմաւԹ նիրժ,
 Մար ճարքմսն էրք տաճարճա ճօ քքեւն ամ' ճւիր
 Լք մաւճեաճար Ծօ ճեաԲաժ-բա մա յէմնօ քնն.

Աճար-օւճ Խեաննիջճէ Ծօն ճլէր 'քա ճքն,
 Ծարճանաճ Խիր քեաճարջ Ծամ Ծա յճէլլեանն ճն,
 Ան ճաճ արքրօնն Ծա յ-աԲար քօ Խ-էաջ ճւնժ Լիօմ,
 Լք ճեալլաւմ-քԵ մա քքեաճար քաճ Բաօջալ Ծօմ քւժար.

65. As in the usual formula, he addresses himself to the Confessor.

I lived by prowling like a quiet wolf,
50 Gorging the most putrid carrion, brute as I was ;
I confess the commandments were violated by me,
Because of which I fear I may be damned among black
chafers.

It is not the fear of being damned among black chafers,
Or love for the heavens that is the root of my trouble,
But sorrow I have conceived and doleful tribulation
At having enraged the wisdom of the Son of God, without
cause.

Though I be deeper in damnation than any man that ever
walked,
I would get pardon and a willing hearing,
Let me but cry bitterly, with tearful screams, and shrieks, and
moans.
60 To the Mother-Nurse of the Bright Child, who has not refused
a wretch.

For that reason I cry out to thee, O woman without blemish,
To the angels, to the apostles, and to the saints of the Orders,
As a true protection of powerful intercession in my cause ;
And if they be that, I will obtain forgiveness.

O Father, holy teacher to the clergy and their tribe,
In charity teach me all that Thou believest,
In every Mass which thou wilt say until death pray for me,
And, I aver, if thou respondest, I need not fear hurt.

LIII.

μαῶτῆναιῖ α ᾄ-οἰλλ τυατα.

Le Conchubhar Ua Ríordáin.

Peuc a peacais, a pearra na príom-uaille,
 Óráactais, éalḡais, éacartais, éroiðe-éuapais,
 Íaoḃrais, íearḡais, íaltanais, ííll-íuaḃrais,
 Čaodais, čaḡartais, čarcuirnis, čínn-čuaipḡirt.

Peuc ḡo deapḃča a nḡeata ḡac cíll τυατα,
 Air ílaopḡaib capn ḡo bpearalač buiðe air puapað,
 A rḡéin ḡo rḡamalač, mapḃ air oíč luaḃaille,
 A nḡné ḡan taitníom, ḡan anam, ḡan díon duapḡain,

ḡan léim, ḡan labairt, ḡan deallḃ, ḡan dḡaoi ḡpuaisḡe,
 10 ḡan éipeačt eačḡra d'áičḡir ḡo ḡrín-éluanač,
 ḡan éeim ḡan éannar ḡan čapaib ḡan čaoin-čuaillačt,
 Dá n-éir ḡan d'aḃḃar 'na leaḃaib ačt mín-luaíčḡeač.

Le h-eipeačt deapḃča ip deacair a príom uainne,
 Cía do íealḃais anam ḡac críon-ḡpuaille ?
 Céadḡta d'ainḡiolais ílaíčḡir an Ríḡ uačḡrais,
 Seac rḡaoč do deainnaib malluḡčḡe míoð-íuanínir.

LIII.—The author of this, and the following poem was a native of West Muskery, and lived for a time in the neighbourhood of Macroom. He was known as Conchubhar Maighistir, as he taught classics and their native tongue, as well as English, to the youths of his day. His literary life lay chiefly between 1735 and 1755. His name has continued for a century and a half a household word, not only in Muskery, but in Kerry, where there are many closely related to him to the present day. He is remarkable for the sweetness as well as grace and finish of his verse, and has written some excellent specimens of contemplate poetry. The meditation on human life which we give here reminds one forcibly of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"; both were written about the same time. The metre, with its solemn endings, is admirably adapted to serious poetry; and it is

LIII.

A MEDITATION IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

BY CONCHUBHAR O'RIORDAN.

Look, O sinner, thou offspring (lit. person) of the first pride,
 Who art wounding, deceitful, soiled, hollow-hearted,
 Spiteful, wrathful, contentious, disposed to treachery,
 Inconstant, impertinent, offensive, most stubborn.

Look, indeed, at the entrance to any country churchyard,
 On the skulls of the graves, of greasy red and yellow, as they
 moulder,
 Their beauty obscured, and dead without motion,
 Their countenance without loveliness, without life, without
 defence from the rain,

Without spring, without speech, without shape, without a lock
 of hair,

10 Without the power of rehearsing a tale with witty flattery,
 Without sway, without rule, without a friend, without pleasant
 companions,
 Without any substance left behind them where they lay but fine
 ashes.

It is truly difficult for us to tell precisely
 Who has taken possession of the souls of each withered carcass :
 The hundreds of angels in the heaven of the Supreme King,
 Or a host of evil, restless demons ?

hardly too much to say that there are few finer pieces of its kind in any language. The Address to the Blessed Virgin Mary, which forms the binding of LIV. for loftiness of thought and imagery, deserves a high place among the productions of the lyric muse.

8. δῖον θυάρταιν refers probably to the hair of the head.

15. πῶϊμ-πῶαβαῖς = 'wealth-snatching' or 'wealth-sweeping' (?).

A éiléirig éleáctar a leabhair laoi-ðuana,
 Saoctar teagairig na n-appcal 'r an nío luadabap,
 Séamur, Deabap, ir Marcur do rǵríob rzuana,
 20 Ir ná déanfað capbar beađa ná fíonra uaiþpeaé.

A íaoǵalraig éarcuirrig, ílabaiǵéig, rǵím-rǵuabaiǵ,
 Do raobap aiþeanta beannuiǵte an Ríǵ uaétpaig,
 Muna n-dénfir aiþpeaéar faðcuirpeaé croidé-buapéa,
 Ir baoǵal ǵurab eaǵal buic bpeađanna laoi an uaiðam.

Mo leun! mo laǵar! mo leaǵað! ir mo líon-luarǵað!
 Feué cá rǵababap ðraǵuin na m-bruiðean-τ-pluaiǵte,
 Laoéra maiþ a ǵ-cađannaiþ ǵníoim-uaiþle
 béir ir aiþig ir nađapaé nime a buapairiþ.

Feué cá nǵabann an papairpe fíor-éuapdaé,
 30 Saorap meapda meacanta míon-ǵruaǵaé,
 Do íaoépaig peall ǵaé cađair ir cíor cuanta,
 Ir do raobað ðamǵneáð' bailte le buiðean τ-pluaǵaé.

Na laoéra leabair-rǵríor leabair-mac íríom uapail,
 Do éréaéraig Aicill¹épé meabail ǵé'í mío-éuairim,
 An bé éuǵ tpearǵairτ dá ðearǵaiþ 'ran Tpaoi ir tua p-
 ǵam,
 A rǵéim naé aiþnío peáé ainiim na mío-rnuaðaé.

Feué air beađa na b-peapaéon b-fíor-íuaircír,
 Feué na cađanna calma bí a m-buannaéτ,
 Laoǵairpe Cairbpe Cađal ir Cuimn uame,
 40 Ir Aonǵur airimǵeal ainmeap, ðraoi cuapdaé.

24. MS. luaiðam; the Day of Judgment, it used to be thought, would fall on a Monday. (luaiðam = luain ?), which is otherwise believed to be an unlucky day.

Ib. After line 24 A. has the following additional stanza:—

Ir tpean bíar peaca buð malluiǵte an élaoin-uabair,
 Ir méim cum maiþeap na ǵ-capad do ílíobað uaéa,
 Aonraéτ aighe aǵ meallað ǵaé ríóǵ-rzuairpe,
 'San epaor 'na h-aice ǵo peapaðnaé paiǵeab-éuapdaé.

- Thou cleric, familiar, in books of verse-poems,
With the labours of teaching of the apostles and the things they
said,
James, Peter, and Mark, who wrote texts,
20 And who were not intemperate in their living or in proud wines.

Thou worldling, contemptuous, rapacious, wealth-snatching,
Who breakest the holy commandments of the Supreme King,
If thou dost not repent in sorrow and trouble of heart,
It is to be feared that thou hast to dread the judgments of the
day of terror.

My woe! my weakness! my overthrowing! and my full agita-
tion!
See whither they have gone—the warriors of hosted bands,
Champions who slew in noble feats of chivalry,
Bears and giants and snakes in their dens.

- See whither goes the valiant man of much marching,
30 Cæsar, the active, the gentle, of smooth hair,
Who won the possession of every city and the tribute of harbours,
And who sacked towns and strongholds with warlike companies.

The heroes whom the nimble son of noble Priam mangled and
destroyed,
He whom Achilles wounded through treachery though unex-
pectedly,
The lady who by her deeds brought on Troy ruin and chastise-
ment—
Their beauty is not known from the blemish of the ill-visaged.

- Look at the lives of the truly-pleasant warriors,
Look at the steadfast battalions who were engaged in service,
Laoghaire, Cairbre, Cathal, and Conn the green,
40 And Aongus of bright arms, the swift magician of much marching ;

Քեւե՛ նա՛ւ ա՛ւնո՛ւն ա b-բարրա՛ նա՛ ա n-նօջար քսամո՛ւն,
 Լե՛ լեաճա՛ծ նա՛ լեական՛ նա՛ լարար՛ ա ի՛նչ լսամքեա՛ծ,
 Եւլ՛ նա՛ ծարա՛ւ նա՛ մալա՛ նա՛ բօր-ժնարա,
 Ա՛ւտ քլա՛ծ ծօ՛ ճարն-ճնսո՛ւն ծեա՛ւտա՛ 'նա n-նօջ-սանհանա՛ւն.

Մա՛ ծեանտար քա՛ւն նա՛ b-բարեար՛ լե՛ Բաօր՛ սալլաճ,
 Շար՛ ճան մարարծա՛ւտ, ծրամանա՛ ար՛ ծի՛նչ քսանո՛ւն,
 Եւլ՛ ա՛ն Բաժարե՛ աճ Բարեա՛ծ ճա՛ւ Բի՛ծ Բաճաճ,
 Իր՛ Բաժ՛ ծօ՛ ճարեաժար արքա՛ւն ա՛ն Րիճ՛ ա ճ-ճարծա,

Ո՛ւն ծեմեա՛ծ տարքե՛ ծա՛ ճղաճա՛ծ նա՛ ճիօ՛ւն ճնարաճ,
 50 Ո՛ւն ճիճեա՛ծ 'նա՛ քաճա՛ւն ար՛ ճարա՛ ճրօժե՛ ճրաճա՛ւ,
 Ա՛ւտ ճեաժոնճա՛ծ քաժա՛ լե՛ ճարարճ ճա՛ւ ծրաճ ճաճա՛ւ
 Ար՛ ճան ծ'ճարա՛ւ ա՛ւտ ա՛ւտ Բրաճա՛ւ քին-քսանո՛ւն.

ծօ՛ քինն ա՛ն ճ-ճար՛ ա b-բարճար՛ ծինն Բանա՛ծ,
 Ա՛ն ճեաժ-քար՛ աճսո՛ւն ծօ՛ ճաճաճ քօր-ճնա՛ ար,
 Ճնչ քքարճա՛ մարա՛ ար՛ ճաճա՛ն ա՛ն ճ-քարիճ թար՛ ծօ,
 Ա՛ւտ լիճոն ծ'ճա՛ւն նա՛ ի-ճիճե՛ ար՛ ճրա՛ւն թարաճ.

Տճի՛նն նա՛ n-նոճոլ ծ՛ Բար՛ ա ճինն ծ'քսաճաճ ար,
 Աճ՛ ճեա՛ւտ ճօ՛ քարիճա՛ւն 'նա՛ քճաճա՛ մար՛ ծօն քսա՛ւտ,
 ծօ՛ քինն լար՛ մարճա, իարքեա՛ծ ճօ՛ ծ-ճի՛նն ա՛ն սար՛ քօ,
 60 Ո՛ւն n-նեմեա՛ծ լանո՛ւնն ծ'ճարեանտա՛ն ա՛ն Րիճ՛ ճսնարք լար.

Ա՛ն ծի՛ծ ա՛ն քարա՛ ծօ՛ ճաճ ա՛ն ճօն-ճաճա՛ւտ,
 Ա՛ն քիճեա՛ւ ճարտա՛ ծօ՛ թարա՛ն ա՛ն Րիճ՛ մարծա,
 Ա՛ն ծօ՛ քարանա՛ւն Բանոճա՛ւտ ա՛ն Ճի՛նն սարա՛ւ,
 Աճ՛ քարա՛ծ քեա՛ւտա՛ նա՛ ի-քարսո՛ւն Բի՛նն ա՛ն ճարեա՛ւտ.

Ար՛ լիճեա՛ծ նա՛ Բարճա՛ ծօ՛ ար՛ քարա՛ւն ա՛ն ճինն սաճար,
 Բար՛ ճի՛նն նա՛ n-նարքա՛ ա ճ-քարա՛ւն ճօ՛ ճրօժե՛-Բարճա,
 Մար՛ ճաճա՛ւն ճա՛ւն նա՛ n-նոճոլ՛ ա՛ն մի՛նն Բարքա,
 Ա՛ն ճ-քար՛ ար՛ լարա՛ծ 'նա՛ն ա՛ն ճաճա՛ն 'նա՛ քինն քսա՛ւտ.

44. MS. սաճարա՛ւն, the 'cavities' where their eyes and ears and mouths should be. 48. a ճ-ճարծա, 'the journey of their lives, their lives.'

53. քինն = քինն; perhaps Բանա՛ծ = 'place of abode,' and ծինն = ծինն = ծինն.

62. ծօ՛ թարա՛ւ = 'he trod' *the earth as man*.

See how their person or their beautiful figure cannot be
recognised

By scanning of their cheeks, or by the blaze of their vivid hue ;
They have no mouth, or eyes, or eyebrows, or real ears,
But a layer of clotted maggots pressed into their trenchéd cavities.

If the possession of the heavens be obtained by proud vanity,
Gluttony without moderation, drinks with discord,
By the mouth of the flatterer tasting every pleasing food,
In folly did the apostles of the King spend their course of life,

Who did not treasure or hoard up what they received,
50 Who did not gallop on troops of strong horses with flowing
manes ;
But kept long fasts and taught each erring tribe,
With no dress save coarse and bristling garments.

The Father made subjects of us in Paradise ;
The first man of our race—He raised a great multitude from him,
He gave up to him the air, the seas, the lands of the worlds,
Let him but leave untouched the forbidden apple on one small tree.

From the crown of his head he clothed him with angelic beauty
Which came down to his feet in a robe as a protection from the cold ;
He made a compact with him—he would have lived to this day
60 Had he but obeyed the commandments of the King which he
gave him.

After the sin that had stung our ancient race,
The Majestic King trod the earth for the release of our difficulty,
One of the Blessed Persons of the noble Trinity,
To save the people under a curse who were in trouble.

While He shall pronounce judgment on the sides of the vale of
terror,
The clergy of the Apostles will tremble in affliction of heart,
The angels will be in form like chafers through sheer mourning,
The air will be ablaze, and the earth all upturn.

70 Iṛ faobrac fpeara na bpearg zo fíor-luaimneac,
 Iṛ é le tairbe earðar an ḡaol-éuallaet,
 Méinn leirg cparaiḡte éeangail ḡac elíð buain-rin,
 Ḥan déire do éabairt ná aéairt air Óríort éuana.

A Óé na b-plaitear a b-peannaib do éuill cpuaið rinn
 Saor-pe m'anam ó éealḡaib paíḡead uaeta :
 An daor Spiorað damanta, deamian an píll uaetmair,
 An paogal 'r an capn-éorp cleapuiḡteac claoim-éuarðac.

Iṛ téiḡeam le maetnaim na meanmna a b-príoiñ-uaighear,
 Aḡ déanaim tapcairne air éairbe an t-paíḡil íuapairḡ,
 Aḡ péitioð eapraide an Aetar 'r an t-Saol d'íuarḡail
 80 Na céadta a b-peannaib-bpuid Acheron fíor-uaetmair.

LIV.

FAOISI'DIN CONCUDBAIR UÍ RÍORDÁIN.

Admunn féin zo déapac, dítreórac,
 A n-aitreacar ḡéar tap éir mo ḡníoiñ ḡnóta,
 D'aitéanta Óé ná déinninn tin-treóra,
 Iṛ ḡup b'airte liom claoanta clé na elíð-peóla.

Bað éealḡac cpaopaé cpeáctac cpoide-époíuid
 Me aḡ rḡeanað ḡac rḡéil zo h-éiteac íoḡeórac;
 A nḡeallunn níor m'éin liom é do fíor-éomall,
 'S ír mairḡ don bé do déanpað lín coḡairle.

Do b'anaim me aḡ pléactað aḡ taob na ḡ-cill-bóirpe,
 10 Aḡ maetnaim zo m-béinn map aon don épuinn-éóirioim,
 Aḡ amarc na d-tréim-peap tréimpe bí peomaimne
 A ḡ-ceannar an t-paogail, ḡléarða, ḡpoide-éóirṡiḡ.

70-72. These lines are obscure: MS. ceangail; buan = 'holding out, resisting' (?). The general sense is in accordance with the text—"Depart from Me ye cursed, &c., for I was hungry, and ye gave me not to eat, &c."

- Keen are the showers of wrath with true activity ;
 70 And this is what the afflicted band profess for their advantage—
 A slothful, stingy clemency that restrained every resisting heart
 of these
 From giving alms or from entreating the noble Christ.
- O God of Heaven, who hast dearly purchased us in pain,
 Deliver my soul from the deceitful darts of these—
 The guilty damned spirit, the demon of dread treachery,
 The world, and the lumpish body, cunning, of perverse ways.
- And let us go by the meditation of our minds into deep solitude,
 To condemn the goods of the miserable world,
 And to free ourselves from the anger of the Father, and of the
 Noble One who liberated
 80 Hundreds from the painful bondage of much dreaded Acheron.

LIV.

CONCHUBHAR O'RIORDAN'S CONFESSION.

- I confess tearfully, and devoid of strength,
 In bitter repentance after my misdoings,
 That I was not mildly led by the commandments of God ;
 And that I preferred the sinister, perverse ways of the flesh.
- Deceitfully, eagerly, wound-inflicting, in agony of heart,
 Did I pour out every gossip in falsehood and injustice ;
 What I promised, I did not wish to fulfil,
 And woe to the woman who gave me her confidence.
- Seldom did I bow beside churchyard gates,
 10 Pondering that I should be as one of that vast multitude ;
 Looking upon the great men who lived some time before us,
 In the sovereignty of the adorned, mighty, coach-loving world.

76. For capn-éopp, *cf.* capn-énum, line 44 *supra*.

78. řuaparıg: MS. řuapac.

An τ-anañ do éeíðinn, níor b'é mo pmaoinτεóipeaét :
 Ξup balb an béal bað b'péaγaé bínn-pγéolaé,
 Ξan balaiτε aγ céaðpaið claon na ppiom-í'póna,
 'S ξup pmaétuiγéte paon deape pmeíde an pmipteópa.

Ní deacpa paelte an aeip do épuinn-éóipiom,
 Ná γlapapa aip γέαγαιb epaob, ná coill éno'paé,
 Ná γainim do éeíð le tapoγað tuinn bóena,
 20 'Ná a γ-cleaétuinn γaé lae do paobað olíge an Cómaétaiγ;

Na ceačanna bpaon aip p'éap γlap p'ip-neona,
 Nó maibion poiñ γpéin aip o-τέaét don im-éóγim'ap,
 'Ná peaca map éeile céipde am élí éomnuig;
 'S a maičiom leð' ðaonnaét Aenimic aoið deónuig.

A leaðap na o-τέx p'é léiγteap linn oóc'ap :
 Oá malluiγéteaét aon má γlaooann o epoiðe-ðéopaé,
 Ξup a mai'teaét'ap paop a éeíð don γníoim tóppa,
 Aét panmum o p'eíð tap 'éip aip p'liγe p'óγanta.

Aétuimγim p'éin ip éiγim o γlín-γlópaé,
 30 Aétap na naom ip Réx na Tpiónoide,
 An p'earpa le p'éin a éléib do í'ap p'lóiγte
 'S an A'paið Spio'pað Naom'eta p'eíðeap γaé míoðó'ap,

O neaptauig an éléip aip m-beit déapaé oit'peópaé,
 Leaγaiτε o'éip a paeltean p'íγ-eólaip,
 Léip laðai'p 'na m-béal na b'p'eíte paop'γeó'eta,
 Aγ teaγap'γ ξan p'péip γaé aon don naiaib-éomappa'm.

bé aγuib-pe, a í'aoγail, í'laobaig, í'lim-í'lóγaiγ,
 Ná'p éeanγim'aiγ map mépi a m-baoγalaib míoðó'cup
 Ip deapb'eta an p'γéal do p'éip na naom-eolaé
 40 O p'laiteap o p'eíð o paγaib ξan millteoi'peaét.

On the few occasions I went thither, my reflections were not :
That silent is the mouth that was lying, tuneful in gossip ;
That there is no smelling in the perverse sense of what was once
the nose ;

And that subdued and weak is the smiling eye of the smiter.

It is not more difficult to count exactly the stars of the heavens,
Or the green leaves on the branches of a tree, or a wood of nuts,
Or the sand that goes with the flowing of the waves of ocean,
20 Than the violations of the law of the Almighty that I daily
practised.

Nor more difficult to count the showers of drops on the green
grass at eventide,

Or at morning before sunrise, when mild autumn comes on,
Than the sins that abided in my breast as companions of my
work ;

And do thou, O High Only Son, deign to forgive them in thy
clemency.

In the Book of texts we read of hope :
How wicked soever one may be, if he cry out with heart-tears,
That he obtains free forgiveness of his past deeds
Let him only remain freely afterwards in the way of righteousness.

I beseech and entreat with a loud voice
30 The Father of the saints, and King of the Trinity ;
The Person who by the sufferings of his heart saved multitudes,
And the noble Holy Spirit who removes every want of hope,

Who strengthened the clergy, on their being tearful, devoid of
vigour,

Prostrate, after the loss of their star of kingly guidance,
So that He spoke by their mouths words of gospel,
Teaching without conceit every hostile neighbour.

Whoever of thy people, O slippery, crowded world,
Has not fallen like me into the dangers of despair,
It is a true story, according to the holy sages,
40 That he will easily go to heaven without injury.

ԱՆ ՇԵԱՆՃԱԼ.

Ա ծաւրիօջան na m-Բաւրիօջան, 'րա մաւրք na m-Բէ,
 Իր անքրիստեանց le a ճ-շարքրիստեանց Եւանգելիստ,
 Ա ըրան քրիստ, Իր ճրքան Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ,
 Ա n-am ճիւծ ար n-ան-քրիստ Եւանգելիստ ճիւծ.

Ճրքան Քրիստ na քան Ի, 'na Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ,
 Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ;
 Տաւալուիստ ճրքան Եւանգելիստ 'na Եւանգելիստ an Տրիստ
 Նաւ;
 Մո շարքան Ի an ճիւծ անքրիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ.

Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ,
 50 Իր Եւանգելիստ-Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ,
 Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ,
 Ա Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ.

Ա ճ-Եւանգելիստ na Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ,
 Ա n-am Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ,
 Ա ճ-Եւանգելիստ na Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ a m-Եւանգելիստ,
 Մո Եւանգելիստ Ի 'na Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ, ու Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ.

Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ na Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ,
 Իր an Եւանգելիստ-Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ,
 Ան Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ 'na Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ na
 m-Եւանգելիստ,
 60 Իր Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ an Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ a n-Եւանգելիստ ճիւծ.

Քրիստ Քրիստ an Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ an Եւանգելիստ,
 Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ a Եւանգելիստ, Եւանգելիստ na Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ,
 Իր Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ an Եւանգելիստ,
 Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ 'na Եւանգելիստ-Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ Եւանգելիստ.

THE BINDING.

O Queen of queens, and loveliness of woman,
And affection by which the resentment of God is restrained,
O staff of light, and steadfast, zealous love to the clergy,
Pray in time that our evil pride may be all forgiven.

The beloved is she of the King of the Stars, as a stainless child,
Christ chose her for his mother-nurse without fault ;
I imagine that there in his bed the Holy Spirit reposes,
She is my stay in every difficulty, to answer for me in my conflict.

The sword-spear, as I deem, is she of feeble souls,
50 And a limber tree without deceit is she from fruit to root ;
Passionate though I be, shattered by disease or sickness,
To the fringes of her skirted, fair mantle will I go for shelter.

To the camps of the polished, mangling, keen swords,
In the time of hostile vengeance did it happen that I should go,
Amid fleets on the wave tides of the sea in danger,
My help is she in their rapine—I fear no one.

Strong though the hostile demons come from wicked Acheron,
While the perverse, slippery, smooth world daily allures me,
While evil desire puts forth falsehood in flashes,
60 To helplessness does the modest fair one reduce all their strength.

The choice of the king of the wet, wide world is the woman ;
Her speech is full of forgiveness by calling on her name ;
It is my desire to invoke her friendship until death shall come,
That Christ may take in his wide net all our souls.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND VARIANTS.

- I. 11. For *baipppionn* most MSS. have *peapann*.
- III. A very inaccurate version of this poem has been printed by O'Daly, who ascribes it to Mac Donnell.
- IV. 14. The prevailing MS. reading is that given in text, *am éime aḡ an ḡ-cime*. MS. 23, I 13 (R.I.A.), gives *dom éimeað aḡ an ḡeimio*; O'Curry's MS., *am éimeað 'ḡan ḡ-cime ḡup*, etc.
- XI. 24. A poem by O'Brudar, welcoming Sir James Cotter, begins, *Páilte Uí Céalla*, which O'Curry translates without comment, "The welcome of O'Kelly."
- XII. A MS. in the O'Curry Collection has the following variants:—
13. *cpeíll for cpeíóill*; so also a R.I.A. copy.
 20. *a leaḡionda for a m-bpeíḡpe*.
 25. *píopcluir for coluir*.
 30. *Ṫrí h-aoinbuir a naoinn-uip Ṫrí clí cumpra bíó*.
(A MS. R.I.A. :
Ṫrí h-aoin-buḡaiḡ a naoinn-uip Ṫrí clí cumpra bí.)
 31. *píob éuḡḡa for pḡpíob éuḡað*.
- XIII. 33. O'Curry's MS. gives *néal for réalta*.
45. *ḡo bun Raite do Ṫaipbíl na pḡeóлта*.
 101. *cóirp* is, no doubt, the true reading, and not *cómaip-pí*.
- XV. A MS. in the O'Curry Collection gives the following variants:—
2. *Saod for 'S ḡaod*.
 12. *do ḡpuim for do bḡpíḡ*.
 27. *ḡo for ḡan*.
 28. *ḡo for ná*.
 35. *deḡpac for teḡpa*.
 39. *mín-bḡoḡ móna for Ríóḡ-bḡoḡ óóirpne*.
 44. *a píḡe Maíḡḡe baiḡḡe a bḡón-ḡol*.
 48. *a nḡleḡ-ḡnuic for a pḡ-ḡlaiḡ*.
 61. *píop na pḡeóлта for píop a pḡeóлта*.
 68. *na pḡirpne for ḡo ḡlópac*.
 72. *aip mḡirṪear for aip bḡrḡaib*.

73. *ḃá for don.*
 88. *τράḡλαέτ for τράḡαḃ αιρ λαέτ.*
 92. *ḃ'αιριḡεαḃ ρό-ḡlan for αιρḡιḃ ρο-ḡlan.*
 96. *ιρ for αρ.*
 97. *αρḡειμιν for αḡ ḡειμνιν ; λυέτ for λοινν.*
 123. *lom for caoin ; éam for éoim.*
 125. *ḡine for cine.*
 126. *ḡleó-ḡaḃ for ḡleócuḡ.*
 144. *οḡραḡaḃ for ἀρḡαέ.*
 160. *ταḃm nḡor ḡóḡuiḡ, the last word is not given in the other MSS.*
 208. *Θεαḡaḃ for ḃall.*
 212. *ρó-ḡlic for ρó-ḡlan.*

XVI. The following variants are from O'Curry's MS. :—

6. *τλαέτ for τ-plaέτ.* No doubt *τλαέτ* is the true reading, "their own garment."
 7. *Ρίḡ éapτ for ρίḡ éιρτ ;* the aspiration of *c* is strange.
 15. *Aeton for Phaeton.*
 17. *αιρ a ρίḡ-lic for αιρ an ρίḡ-lic.*
 37. *αιρ Éeallaḃ na móρ-ḡrúιḡ for αιρ Eallaḃ lá an épuacain.*
 45. *an ḡeil-ιnḡe a éaiḡιḡ ḡpεáḡ ḡlóρmḡ.* Perhaps *caiḡιḡ* is in apposition to *ḡeil-ιnḡe*. Translate, "The fair Island, his beauteous, splendid abode, gave him, etc."
 48. *Ιρ ḡeappa ḡá ḃó ḃo na an ḡaoiḡeal.*
 51. *Ταḃαιρ ḡpeaḡna ḡḡar ná ḡan ḡo ḡaḃa ḡáḃ ḡḡéal.*

XXI. 24. *ḃo ḡḡuiḡeap for ḃo ḡileap.*

XXII. 21. *Úḡ iona leacain τḡí ḡḡáil an ρóρ luiḃ.*

22. *na lóḡ n-ḡeal for 'na lóḃuiḃ ;* another variant, *na loḡḃḡuiḃ.*

84. After this line the following stanza is in O'Curry's MS. (and in some others with variations) :—

*Úe ḡnιḡmḡaḃ luḡmḡara a émeaḃ 'ra éomḡuiḡ,
 ḡḡioéaḃ ρíḡḡe ḃo ḡuiḡeabap éóh-laḡ,
 Mḡar ḡḡioḃap ḃḡonḡa luéḡ ḡuiḡḡionna an eoluiḡ,
 'San éḡioé ḃá nḡoiḡḡeap muiḡ Mucḡuime ḡóρ ḃi.*

88. *ιρ móρ for ιρ ḡíor.*
 114. *ḃo ρuḡ τḡúḡ τḡí Ovid, for ḃo éuiḡ éιḡḡe αιρ Ovid.*
 120. *map mēaḃḡaiḡ for ḃo mēaḃḡaiḡ (R.I.A. 23, E. 16).*
 171. *An Éuiḡean ιḡ ḃiomḃaḃaé ḡo móρ-muiḡ.*
 175. *an ḡleannúḡaé.*
 184. *na éóhḃail for 'na éóḃiḃ.*
 224. *ḡaoiḃ' élab for ḡaoiḃ' éliaḃ.*

XXVI. 13. Castlemartyr is meant. Thomas, fourteenth Knight of Glin married Mary, daughter of Edward Fitzgerald of Castlemartyr.

76. mná loma, the women of Imokilly. The Irish form of Imokilly is Aoibh mac Caille, but, as in the case of Magonihy, a corrupted form was employed.

XXVII. A stanza in the body of this poem was inadvertently omitted ; it begins :—

Céile lliúipe cé ip rí do ip mátaip.

XXXIV. 13-14. Mór an rḡéal, ní peibip d'ḡolainḡ
Méad an n-díct do pìom lem' lo-ra.

26. póipne *for* óipinne.

118. tḡpḡ rín d'ḡḡḡnap, which has been introduced into text instead of tḡeaḡanap ḡḡḡnap, etc., of the other MSS.

XL. This stanza is quoted by Edward O'Reilly in his account of O'Rahilly in his "Irish Writers" under the year 1726. He says it is taken from a poem on a shipwreck off the Kerry coast, which the poet witnessed. Of this poem he had an imperfect copy. We greatly regret that we have been unable to find this poem, which, if we may judge from the specimen here given, must be a piece of great merit.

XLI. J. O'Longan, who indexed O'Curry's Catalogue in the Royal Irish Academy, seems to have understood the word Sionánaḡ = "Fox." It no doubt = Synan. On the same page of the MS. where this stanza is to be found (23, m. 45, p. 259) is a short poem of four stanzas, which O'Curry passes over, and which is thus described by O'Longan: "A satirical low poem by Aodhagan O'Rahilly (?) dispraising a man named Fox and his family. It begins with *A peataibḡe mhic pìonnaḡ.* (J.L.)" The piece is too vulgar for insertion here.

In xxxv. 19 read an cúipm = 'of the ale.' Tonn Toime mentioned in vii. is said by some to be in Dingle Bay.

GLOSSARY.

[In this Glossary, as a rule, only the rarer meanings of words occurring in the text are given. The poems abound in compounds of great interest, but it would take up too much space to give anything like a full list of them here. A complete analysis of all the words and idioms used in this volume would furnish matter for a good-sized Dictionary. The Roman numerals refer to the poems; the Arabic figures to the lines of the poems, respectively.]

Ἀάαιρε, interceding, LIII. 72.
 ἀάλανν, a prop, a hero (?), XIV. 80.
 ἀάβαρ, substance, LIII. 12.
 ἀάαινε, burning; ἀά ἀάαινε, aflame, used metaphorically, XIII. 90.
 ἀάναδ, kindling, arousing; α. τούριρε, xv. 3.
 ἀάαιτε, holding a parley; ἀά α. πάν ράέαλ, xvi. 51.
 αἰβίδ, 3rd sing perf., ripened, sprang to maturity; of the descent of persons, xi. 17.
 αἰάιβ, misfortune, *lit.* disease, III. 6, 13.
 αἰάιλ, an Achilles, a hero, vi. 8.
 αἰάιλιν, I vex, vi. 1; O'R. αἰάιλιν.
 αἰν-βῑοραά, strange, extraordinary, XLIV.
 αἰνιή, a blemish, LIII. 36.
 αἰρι, esteem; ρῑοταλ ᾄαν α., a reckless or dishonourable word, xxiv. 11.
 αἰρι-ῑλεάαα, of high pedigree, XLII. 5.
 αἰριῑῑῑῑῑῑῑῑ, cuarbaá α., a search of the highways, XLII. 19.
 αἰριόδ, restoration, II. 60-64; xxii. 203.
 αἰρεά, accommodating; from αἰρε, a convenience, xiv. 7.

αἰρε, a gift; in phrase, α n-αἰρε, in vain, for nothing, xxxv. 94; xxxvi. 94.
 αἰρεῑῑῑῑῑ, I change; of shape, viii. 9.
 αἰ-ḡαιρε, gen. of αἰ-ḡορε, the noble land, Erin, xxxviii. 28. The word is written αἰḡαιρε in mss.
 αἰραιεάα, devouring ravenously, LII. 50.
 αἰλάν, a foolish person, xxxviii. 16.
 αἰνυρ, a wild, desperate man, a mercenary, II. 16; xvii. 25.
 ανααα, misery, LII. 21.
 αναἰτε, terror, xxii. 7.
 αναῑαα, love; α. anma, xiv. 39.
 ανῑμαα, great tyranny, II. 6.
 αολῑαα, a lime quarry (?), II. 41; beautiful, xxvi. 94.
 αον, one; frequently it appears = 'own,' as αον αἰνῑῑῑ, αον α-ῑνῑῑ, αον leanb, though sometimes 'unique' seems a good rendering; before adjectives it is intensitive as αον-ḡαῑῑα, xii. 18.
 άριῑ, high; ὀ'άριῑ, publicly, xxiv. 14; noble, xxx. 17.
 αρḡναῑ, going, marching; βῑααα αρḡναῑ, vi. 6, where ms. has αἰῑνῑῑ.
 αάβαοῑρ, wisdom (?), xxxvii. 7.

αἰῶνος, an exclamation of sorrow,
XLIX. 21.

αἰῶμαρ, near; ὅο h-a., quickly,
v. 17.

αἰ-ḡuairpe, a chief, a noble, XXXVII. 12.

βαῖς, the neck, XLII. 8.

baille-ḡpīc, a trembling of the limbs,
LI. 62.

báillige, bailiffs, XLII. 18.

bámige, madness, XXXVIII. 26.

balbairḡim, I grow dumb, or dis-
cordant; of the harp, XXVI. 96.

balpam, the lips, XXIX. 21.

báltaḡ, large, awkward; of the feet,
XXXVIII. 4.

banna = bann, censure, reproach;
the Pretender is called mapp ḡan
banna, VI. 5; cf. pánuide ḡan
aon loḡc, XX. 37.

bappa, = bapp, a crowning, I. 9.

beann, a horn; of cattle, VII. 2; of an
owl, XX. 29.

beapḡaim, I say, XV. 45; XXVI. 39.

béilleac, a great stone, a tombstone,
passim.

beḡ-ḡpuiḡ, mortal shape, XV. 260.

beḡḡaḡc, vivacity, XV. 132, *et passim*.

beḡlḡán, a gabbler, XXXVIII. 26.

bí, pl. of beḡ, living, XII. 30; a ms.
in O'Curry's Collection reads—ḡpí
h-aon-búirḡ a naon-úirḡ ḡpí
clí cúmpa bíḡ.

biaḡḡairpide, beet-roots, XLV.

bíḡḡḡaḡ, a start; b. baoḡalaḡ,
XXVI. 82; báḡ bíḡḡḡḡa, XVII. 10.

bóḡḡḡmar, enjoying good tables, well
fed, XXXIV. 55.

borḡḡpaḡ, pride, XLVI.

boḡ, a shieling, XXII. 150.

boḡḡḡ, a tent, XXXII. 62.

bḡairḡḡ-ḡeal, fair-necked, used nomi-
nally, XXXV. 183.

bḡanaipḡaḡc, prowling for prey,
LII. 49.

bḡaonaḡ, wet or tearful, commonly
applied to the world, LIV. 61.

bḡanap, ravens, LI. 49.

bḡaḡaḡ, standard, colours; b. coḡaḡḡ,
XV. 58; b. aḡḡnaim, VI. 6.

bḡéaḡairpe, a liar, XXXVIII. 7.

bḡéaḡnaḡ, falsehood, XXIX. 5, 29.

bḡearalaḡ, of a dirty red colour,
LIII. 6.

bḡíḡéipeaḡc, brewing, XLVII. 64.

buacaḡ, swelling, proud; bḡuinn b.
IV. 5.

buamḡeip, ear-reaping (?), XLV.

buannaḡ, servants, subjects collec-
tively (?), LIII. 53.

buimbḡeaḡ, querulous (?), XXXVIII. 2.

buinne, a branch, a twig; a binding
layer in wickerwork; b. cúil, the
topmost layer; used metaph. of
family descent, XIII. 112; bḡáḡair
b., XXII. 68.

buinneacaḡ, full of corns; of the
foot-soles, XXXVIII. 4.

buinneán, dim. of buinne, XXVI. 178.

bḡppaḡ, or bḡppaḡ, proud, noble (?),
XXVI. 160; from bḡpp, pride.

Caḡḡpeaim, company, association, XXVI.
151.

caḡḡpéipeaḡ, rhapsodical, XLV.; cf.
caḡḡpéip, rhapsodical nonsense.

caíle = cáil, fame, virtue, XVIII. 73.

caipe, plaiting; of hair, IV. 5.

call, loss, misfortune, VII. 6.

callaḡḡe, finery of dress, frills, XLIX. 22.

cam, crookedness, XXII. 118.

camḡa, a sewer, LI. 51.

canán, an urchin; pḡḡḡ-ḡanán, a
fairy urchin, XLII. 23.

cannḡlaḡ, cantankerous (?), XIV. 52.

caobaḡ, ḡo c., in streams, or layers,
227.

caoille, an Ruaḡḡaḡ caoille, XXXV.
165; caoille = caol, slender (?).

caol, a marshy plain, XXXV. 62.

caolaḡ, *lit.* linum silvestre, fairy flax;
hence sapling, XXVI. 87; caolḡaḡ,
II. 42, is used for light plantations, as
distinct from trees; the roof wattling
of a house, XII. 6; the breast-ribs,
XXII. 222.

caop, fire; caop-*é*onna, xvi. 6;
caop *é*umair 'Éirionn, the flash
of Erin's power, xvi. 2.

capb, a ship, vi. 2.

cappaán, a scabby wretch, xxxviii.
16; from cappač, scabby.

capui \bar{o} e = cap or capp, scurvy, itch,
&c., xxvii. 14.

céab, first; often like aon, used =
own, as céab *peap*, &c.

ceannta, a fault, liv. 6.

ceap, *lit.* a block, applied to a shoe-
maker's last; metaph. a family stock
or progenitor, a chief, a prince, xvi.
18, *et passim*; applied to the Almighty
Father, xxv. 7.

ceapbač, a gambler, xxii. 125.
Campion, in his 'Historie of Ireland,'
calls them *carrows*, and says that they
"profess to play at cards all the year
long, and make it their only occupa-
tion. They play away mantle and
all to the bare skin, &c." The word
is still used of gamblers, but as a
distinct class the cearbhachs do not
exist.

céilli \bar{o} e, sensible, xlvi.

ciappanač, buzzing, xlv.

ciap-*é*uillte, swamped with a black
flood, viii. 6.

cil \bar{e} ir, a *ceeler*, a vessel in which milk
is set to throw up its cream, xlvii. 68.

cime, a captive, iv. 14; clai \bar{o} pe č.,
a villainous caitiff, xxxviii. 9; the
common phrase clai \bar{o} pe cime is
probably a corruption of this ex-
pression.

cinn \bar{t} eac \bar{t} , niggardliness, xviii. 79.

cioppbač, destruction, c. cléipe,
xv. 11.

ciopóipeac \bar{t} , a rental, xxi. 19.

ci \bar{r} b \bar{o} ge = ce \bar{r} b \bar{o} e, questions, xxii.
114.

clair, a furrow; c. an *bráca*,
slavery, xiii. 114.

clap \bar{t} ra, an enclosure (?), xxxviii.
24; perhaps from the Latin *claustra*;
the word is applied to a large un-
gainly boot.

clai \bar{r} pa, a scratcher, xx. 27, note.

claona, perverse ways, liv. 4.

cleac \bar{t} aim, I am accustomed to,
hence I cherish, iii. 29.

cleitiočán, a quillet, xlii. 31.

clia \bar{r} , a company, a hunting party, xv.
28, &c. = the clergy or the bards
according to context, *passim*.

cliačamuil, stout; from cliač, the
chest, xxxv. 27.

cló \bar{o} , or cló, contention, struggle,
emulation (?), xxvi. 91; *cf.* nač cló
air bič i *č*-cóm-čpuič do *é*enur
i.—*Keating*.

clúmač, a support, xxiv. 20.

cnápač, a knotty person (?), xxxviii. 1;
the word cnap, a knob, has a short
vowel.

cnear-clí, complexion (clí = the
breast), iii. 9.

cnópač, poet. for cnuapač, obtaining,
acquiring; the phrase *r*čaipeač i \bar{r}
cnópač, xv. 130, is used in the
same way as *caičeaim i \bar{r} pačáil*,
xiv. 86.

cnuap \bar{t} ar, a heap, collection, xxx. 23.

cnú mo \bar{g} uil, nut of the cluster, xiv.
38.

cočall, a cloak or hood, implying the
power of magic, v. 11.

cožanpač, jaws, that which grinds,
xxxviii. 18.

cóib or cób (perhaps = *code*) seems to
mean a law or custom, a tale or
strain; it occurs twice in xxii.—
'na pannaib (or po *Franngeac*)
žan cam 'na *č*-cóbai \bar{b} , and
Aiobill žo *r*žior \bar{m} ar 'na cóbib;
cf. "air cóbib žalla-cléipe,"
and :—

"Seatpún Céitinn cnú don možal
Maioib \bar{r} ib mipe ar čáč a cóbib,
Tuž a žopar dleac \bar{t} a dia \bar{m} paib
Solap ceap \bar{t} a piažail róib."

com \bar{f} iač, a stag, *lit.* a hound-stag,
xi. 5.

cóipne, musicians; anál na cléipe
c., xv. 78.

- cóirneac, croaking, IV. 35.
 cóirir, a feast, XX. 13; also a feasting party.
 com, a hollow; of a lake, XXI. 11.
 com-íoclaic, chattering, XXII. 125.
 conclan, an equal or rival, XXXVII. 10.
 cor, a turn: ar cor, so that, XXXII. 39; a wrestling bout, a throw, a cast; Aod na ġ-cor ġ-comrac, Aodh of the javelin fights, or of the wrestling contests, XV. 168.
 cráibteac, vexatiousness, ill-humour, XVIII. 78.
 cranġca = crunġca, anything rolled up like a ball; often applied to a decrepid person; the head or nose (?), XXXVIII. 21.
 crann, a staff; c. baġair, a staff to threaten with, XXII. 32; XXXV. 11.
 cranna, trees, metaph. families, I. 3.
 craor, the throat, the maw; of a tombstone, XIV. 104.
 creibill, death (?), XII. 13; creibill báir, 'death knell,' O.R.; O'Curry's ms. reads creíll.
 críon, old; in compounds such as crín-peóġte, excessively withered, as with age, I. 4; críon-cóirir, I. 7; críon-ġruamda, IV. 2.
 criġneac, causing trembling, XIV. 56.
 crocaire, a villain, a hangman, XXXVIII. 6.
 cróda, valiant; of shoes, XVIII. 13; of a cat, XXXIV. 60.
 croibearġ, blood red, XXIX. 21.
 croibe-cróluib, in an agony of heart, I. IV. 5.
 cróme (from crón, swarthy), blackness, stain, XV. III.
 cropbáil, 'crossness,' contention, XXXII. 42; the word is applied to the 'love of mischief' of children.
 crocnaġim, I firmly establish, XXXI. 2.
 cruar = cruadap, churlishness, stinginess, XVIII. 78; IX. 7.
 cuile, a staff, a pole, a branch of a tree; metaph. a family branch, XVI. 18.
 cuamriacán, a small hiding-place, XLII. 25.
 cuarġa, the course of life, LIII. 48.
 cúġe, a fifth part, a province, *passim*, seems to be treated as a feminine noun, XIII. 85, *et alibi*.
 cúil-ġrice, the comb of a cock, XLII. 10.
 cuilt, a bed-covering, a quilt; cre-éuilt, XVI. 20.
 cuirim, I put; cuirpib linn, they will injure us (?), XXXV. 100.
 cúmplac, a band of dependants, people, XXII. 141.
 cunġapac = cumāġpac, bondage, straits, XXIII. 11.
 cunġpac, a curse, a ban, XXXVIII. 25.
 cúġail, humbled, II. 24, *et alibi*.
 ġaiceamuil, handsome, XXXV. 29.
 deaġ-ponnaire, organizer, foreman, XLV.
 deapġad, arranging, preparing; of coverlets, XV. 69; of a grave, XLIX. 10.
 deapb has the sense of bríġ in phrase deapb mo ġġeulġa, XXXV. 200; cf. bríġ mo ġġeulġa, XXXV. 209.
 díšir, natural, hereditary, XXII. 79.
 díoġaim, I drain out; of people, XXXIV. 11.
 díoġrair, secret, V. 12.
 díomar, pride, XXVI. 21; XXXV. 41.
 díoc-cómall, dishonesty, non-fulfilment of contracts, I. 18.
 díġreóraic, devoid of strength, LII. 1.
 blaġac, in wisps; of the hair, XXIX. 9.
 doóc, hard-pressing, XXXIV. 34.
 doirġim, I spill, pour out; of a country, II. 7.
 ġréimneac, from ġréimpe, a ladder, an epithet applied to a maiden's hair, XXIX. 9.
 ġreóllhocán, a little, silly creature, XLII. 28.
 ġrólann, the waist or interior of the body; metaph. the heart, *passim*.

ὑρουθε, a starling; ὕ. *ceóil*, xxvi. 143.

δυσῶρεα, horrid, unsightly, xlv.

δυσὰ, difficulty, trouble, xxv. 7.

δυνεατα, manly or humane, xxxv. 28.

δύρ, withered, hardened, sere, like aged wood; of the heart, viii. 1; xxxiv. 124.

δυσαρταν, a wailing hum; also rain, downpour, liii. 8.

Ἐαδμαρ, primarily, jealous; hence, sullen, morose, envious, xv. 177, *et alibi*.

εαδρῆμ, interposing, going between, defending, xxxvii. 8.

εαḡλαρ, the Church, often = the clergy, as in xxxv. 120.

έιḡιор, a satirist, li. 48.

έιθε, armour; έ. *pláta*, xxvi. 23: vestments, li. 23.

ειτιμ, a leap, a bound, xxvi. 110.

Ῥάβαρ, favour, xxi. 20, *et alibi*.

ραόам, meaning, v. 13.

ραόтам, I ask, v. 12.

раḡbála, bequests, xlv.

раḡ, a race or stock (?), xxxv. 30.

раирринḡе, affluence, xiv. 83.

раоіleanба, of gull-like whiteness, xxi. 18.

раоіпpeḡḡа, springs, fountains, xxi. 23.

раоḡаḡ, cessation, rest, xxx. 13.

peacam, I shrink, I yield, retire from an enemy, xviii. 55; of hills and trees, xiii. 2; peacaḡ le pánarḡ, 'falling sickness,' xviii. 58.

peallapeaḡḡ, deceit, lii. 8.

peallpḡpiopaim, I rob deceitfully, xvii. 29.

peapaḡu = peapḡu, *lit.* a man-hound; a hero, *passim*.

peapapḡḡar, is spread, or spreads itself, v. 6.

peapra, = peárr, better, *passim*.

peáta, gentle, shy, xxvi. 18.

peapraḡim, I ask, xvi. 50.

peiḡm, strength, utility; a ḡ-peḡm, prosperous, successful, xiii. 86.

peḡl-puḡl, the body's blood, or the life-blood, xxi. 50.

peḡllḡa, treacherous = peallḡa for peallḡaḡ (?), xxi. 16; xxi. 94; mss. readings, poḡalta polḡa, polpa; one has ḡḡirpeaḡ.

piar, crooked, wild, raging; of waves, iii. 23.

pinne, a tribe; bḡátar pinne, a kinsman, xxxv. 69.

pioḡuḡ, noise, clamour, vii. 4.

pionnḡar or piúnḡar, struggle, contest, xxxv. 24; xxi. 2; *cf.* a ḡ-pionnḡar an púḡar.—*Donogh O'Leary*: and muḡaḡ ná milleaḡ a ḡ-pionnḡar map ḡá.—*Aodh MacCurtain*.

pioparḡ, the chine or ridge, hence border of a mountain, xxxv. 48.

piop-ḡaparaḡ, of much marching, liii. 29.

piop-ḡliḡḡeaḡ, of just laws, xxxv. 25.

plearḡaḡ, a churl, a clown, xxxii. 11; pánarḡ plearḡaiḡ, xvii. 6.

plearḡ-ḡupaḡ, having wreathed goblets (?), xlvii. 2.

poḡal, corruption, xxvii. 14; xv. 153.

poḡanta, good, liv. 28.

poḡnam, I profit by, xxxiv. 118.

poḡpaim, I proclaim, *passim*; I banish, xxxiv. 52.

poḡpḡm, poet. for poḡpḡm; with ar = to relieve, i. 28; ḡ'poḡpḡar, xxiv. 2.

poḡm, shelter, xxi. 7.

pollape, a miserly person, or a dwarf, xxxviii. 5.

polḡ-ḡaom, of fair locks, xv. 212.

ponn, desire; ḡ'ponn, so that, xxxii. 83.

poḡlaḡḡ, force, violence, xiii. 96; prob. = poḡlann.

poḡluḡḡ, great force, xv. 97, where perhaps it = multitude; O'Curry's ms. reads arḡeimim for aḡ ḡeimim in this line.

porcainala, abler; comp. of ποικιλ, strong, XLV.

puabrac, active, XXXIV. 29, *et alibi*.

puagrac, poet. for pógpac, xv. 37.

puaiment, in xxx. 31 air p. seems = resounding with joyous notes; the word often means 'vigour, substance'; verse is said to be composed le puaiment.

puar, refreshing; puair = puairé (?), ix. 7.

puigead, poet. for págað, xxxv. 111.

puiglead, remainder, xxxiii. 8.

puinneamhail, vigorous, xv. 121.

ḡaḡac, leaky, chinky, so O'R.; xxxviii. 2.

ḡarac, = ḡorac, miserly, xxxviii. 6.

ḡeaḡán, a branchlet, a term of contempt, xxxviii. 29.

ḡeall, pledge, mortgage, xvii. 26; xxi. 8; 'na ḡeall ro = because of this, xvii. 31.

ḡeallaim, I undertake, vi. 8.

ḡeannað, greedy, xxxviii. 8.

ḡeapánað, grunting, XLV.

ḡeapraiceað, voracious, xxxviii. 8.

ḡeócað, a hanger-on, a dependent on great families, *passim*; now used in contempt.

ḡiall, a hostage, xxxv. 66; xv. 165, where perhaps ḡiall = ḡéill, yielded.

ḡlaḡar, prating.

ḡlar, bright, sparkling; of the eyes, xi. 11; iii. 3, &c.

ḡléire, the nobility, the select, XLVII. 31.

ḡleó-ḡar, a battle staff.

ḡleórtac, a sportsman, xv. 93.

ḡliabap, talk, chatter; of birds, xxii. 206.

ḡliað-ḡáir, a battle shout; of Lia Fáil, xv. 117.

ḡliaḡnam, noise; ḡ. ḡliḡ, bell-ringing (?), XLIV.

ḡlinn-ḡlopac, with a loud voice, LIV. 29.

ḡlioḡaire, a babbler, xli. 4.

ḡlioḡar, chatter, xv. 104.

ḡlioḡpnaíl, cackling as a hen, xl. 22.

ḡlún-ḡeimeað, to spring as from a remote ancestor, xv. 62.

ḡnúir, in phrase tá ḡnúir 'na ḡnaoi, iii. 11, where perhaps it means sorrow; O'Daly, in an incorrect version of the poem, makes it = frown, but O'Daly was an unscrupulous translator.

ḡoirḡeac, foolish, xviii. 84.

ḡoiriceac, fretful, xxxviii. 18.

ḡoll, a Goll, a hero, *passim*; often spelled ḡall in mss.

ḡorm, *lit.* blue; of swords, sharp, xxvi. 19.

ḡormaim, I whet; of swords, xv. 67.

ḡrapað, grubbing, a species of tilling in which the surface of the lea is taken off in alternate sets with a view to digging furrows.

ḡraipine, grunting, XLIV.

ḡreann, wit; meabap ḡlan ḡrínn, xv. 140.

ḡreanta, beautiful, from ḡreann, love, xxiv. 6.

ḡreiðinn, love, affection, xxii. 147.

ḡrið = ḡriob, a griffin; metaph. a warrior, *passim*; a 'gerfalcon' (Stokes).

ḡrínn-ḡluanað, with witty adulation, LIII. 10.

ḡriopáil, urging, driving, xxxiv. 24.

ḡroḡaire, a cripple, xxxviii. 6; *cf.* air a ḡroḡa, 'on his haunches.'

ḡuairé, bristle used by shoemakers, xviii. 25, 26; a noble, a guairé, xiv. 16.

ḡuair, in phrase ḡuḡair bo ḡuair ip bo ðeipḡ-éiðioð, 'you are a confounded liar,' XLIV.

ḡúnḡac, ill-shaped, xxxviii. 14.

laðaim, I finish, close up; of a poem, XLV.

iarpmā, a relict, a remnant, iii. 15.

iarac̃, foreign, viii. 2, 10; as a noun it = loan.

imipte, plotting, xxxv. 105.
iomapeac, arrogant, xlv.
iorḡuil, contention, struggle, xv. 91.
iorpaḃ, an ornament or robe, iv. 7.
ipionna, the temples, xxi. 22,
xxxviii. 1.

laḃt, liquid in general, xv. 88.
laḡapaḃ, branching, xxxviii. 9.
lán = lann, a sword (?), viii. 23.
labrann, a churl, a robber, i. 8; lii.
38.
laḡap, weakness; mo laḡap! liii.
25.
laḡ-ḃnfoḡac, of little strength, iii. 1,
32.
laoi, for lae, gen. of lá, *passim*.
leann, humours of the body, vii. 13.
leirḡ, a plain, xv. 24.
léiḃe, greyness, xxvi. iii; lii. 32.
lpe, ḡo l., abundantly (?), iv. 30,
where, perhaps, it is a proper name;
cf. xxi. 22, for a similar idea.
liac, grey; of the eyes in old age,
viii. 15.
línntpeac, a pool, ii. 33.
lób; rneacḃa 'na lóbaiḃ, xxii. 22;
O'R. gives lób = a volley; O'Curry's
ms. reads—na lóḡ nḡeal; another
variant, loḡduiḃ or loḡḃtuiḃ.
lobamar, we went, v. 2; from
lobaim, I go.
loinn, rapture; l. na peilḡe, xv. 97.
lóicne, a breeze, a storm; applied to a
hero, xxxv. 38.
lomaim, I make bare, plunder, en-
feeble; with cluiḃe, to 'sweep' the
game, to completely win it, xxi. 12.
luan-ḃpeac, dire ruin, or robbery,
xxii. 137.
luirḡín, the flat surface at the top of the
head, xxii. 24.
lúḃ-ḃial, a vigorous, generous man,
xv. 248.

Maḃaoi, a dog, iii. 15.

mairḡ, adj. woful, xxvi. 52; as a
noun = woe, *passim*.

mairḃín, a mastiff, xxxii. 27.
maoipe = maor, a steward, xiv. 79.
maoiḃe, weakness, xxxiv. 5.
maol, the head gen. maóile, xx. 8.
marḡaíl, a bargain, barter, xxxii. 54.
meaḃapairḡim, I plan, xix. 6; I
realize, xiii. 100.
méala, a great loss, as the death of a
friend, *passim*.
meap-maḃpa, a cur dog, xxxii. 27.
mílleac = mínleac (?), xxvi. 72.
millḃeóipeacḃt, injury, loss, liv. 40.
mínleac, a plain for grazing or
pasture, a flat surface, xxvi. 93;
'green pasture,' (Psalms xxiii. 2);
probably the same word as mílleac,
xxvi. 72.
míotal, mettle, spirit, xxvi. 175.
mí-ḃpeópac, wanting in vigour, i.
22.
moḃapḃa, dirty-looking, said of water
when muddy; in xv. 155, applied to
a man, xv. 155.
móḃmar, gentle, xxii. 40.
monḡcaoi, a monkey, xxxviii. 23.
mórpluḃt, a great store, xxii. 147.
mucallaḃ, a drove of swine; metaph.
for vermin, xxxviii. 3.
mullaḃ, the head, xxxviii. 3.
murḡaipe, a gross, fat person, xix.
6.
mullaḡpac, full of bumps (?),
xxxviii. 2.

Napḡna, a rallying or binding chief-
tain, xxvi. 37, *et seq.*; Windisch
gives nase niad = champion's bracelet.
neam-cúimpeac, without guile,
xxxiii. 26.

'Oipnne = opainn-ne, on us, xxxiv.
26.

óirḃpeac, (from óp, a fawn), a shy,
modest face, xv. 216; *cf.* xv. 217.

olḃairḃt, growl, xxxv. 10.

orḡarḃa, Osgar-like, or hero-like,
xxxv. 29.

Dáir aome, Friday's fast.
 pléið, contention, xxxv. 11, *et alibi*;
 to fight for, to vindicate, vi. 1.
 plub ó plib, xlv.
 plunðarál, plunder, xlii. 24.
 príom-éom, *lit.* chief hounds; of hell-
 hounds, xvii. 16.
 príomhócar, first hope, xxi. 5.

 Rád, judgment, maxim, xxiv. 10.
 paille, a criminal vagabond, xvii. 8.
 rárbáil, walking with long strides,
 tramping, xlv.
 ríenn, = rínne, he made, liii. 53,
 59.
 reó, = leó, xxxiv. 59.
 rian, a mark, trace, sign; used in com-
 pounds as rian-loc, xii. (where a
 variant is rian luit); rian-barc,
 xv. 40; its force is intensive; in
 xv. 40 it is perhaps = the sea.
 rian, a limit, a trace, gan r. xxiii. 9.
 riaram, I govern, xiii. 87; I enter-
 tain, xxiv. 4.
 rínn, used in compounds as rínn-
 róbnaó, i. 19; rínn-uaine, iv.
 3; rínn-ruagaó, iv. 6; its force
 is intensive.
 rínn-riainneac, bristling, coarse,
 liii. 52.
 riobanta, decked, adorned, xviii. 5.
 rorða, a stroke, an attack, xxxviii.
 32.
 roóaire, a wild person fleet of foot,
 xxxviii. 7.
 ró-éurainn, a great blow, xxxiii. 23.
 ruacain, cockles, xxx. 24.
 ruacétan, clamour, vii. 4.
 ruagam, I disperse, xv. 169.
 ruaimnim, I grow red, xxvi. 89.
 ruainne, a bit; gan r., with nothing,
 xx. 7.
 ruainnpeacán, a little thread, or
 hair, xlii. 27.
 ruibe, red water, xxi. 11.
 rúipe, a knight, xxvi. 17, *et seq.*
 rún, love or secret, xv. 133; xxvi.
 123.

Sáct, sufficiency, treasure; r. trí
 ríogaóta, the treasure or beloved
 of three kingdoms, *passim*.
 raoǵalta, happy, prosperous, i. 11.
 ratailt, sole; of a shoe, xxii. 24.
 ratail, trod the earth as man; said of
 God, liii. 62.
 rceatrac, vomit, li. 53.
 réanarǵac, blinking, xxxviii. 2;
 from réanar, shortsightedness.
 reargair, comfortable; of a person,
 xxxix. 12.
 réibim, I blow, r. ré, I incite, I
 tempt, lii. 40.
 reóla, bean r., a woman after
 labour, xxxiv. 3.
 réomrac, of many mansions, or
 roomy houses, xv. 196; xxxiv. 54.
 reorban, rustling noise, xlv.
 rgabal, a robe, lii. 36; liii. 58; *cf.*
 Latin *scapula*, and *scapular*.
 rǵaam, I strain; said of blood in
 family descent, xxix. 29.
 rǵánte, scattered, ii. 43, 70.
 rǵannruibeal, affrighting, liv. 51.
 rǵaoó, a swarm, a crowd, lvi., lii. 16.
 rǵeimioll, the portion of a rick that
 overlaps; cruac pá r. = a rick,
 with its heap, like rírcín pá
 éruac, xxxv. 12.
 rǵím, produce, prosperity; rǵím
 bpaioíbeacra, v. 5; xxvi. 93;
 xxvi. 104; perhaps the word is con-
 nected with rǵímiol, a film or web;
 rǵím na ǵ-cloó = the wall fern
 (O'R. gives rǵeaim na ǵ-cloó);
 the word rǵuím is used by Eoghan
 Ruadh in the phrase, tainiǵ rǵuím
 gan rǵaípeaó ó lámhaib, Mor-
 pheus, where it is difficult to fix its
 precise meaning.
 rǵím-ǵlórac, heavy-sounding, xxi.
 22.
 rǵím-rǵuabaó, wealth-snatching (?),
 liii. 21.
 rǵrabaó, scratching, xvii. 15.
 rǵraóta, a ragged wretch, xxxviii. 5;
 from rǵraíat, a rag.
 rǵríob, a track, a march, xxii. 19.

τολληα, perforated, undermined, XXI. 14.

τονν-όριτον, I tremble as a wave, XXI. 5.

τορραάν, a little crab, XLII. 26.

τορραν, attendance, waiting on, XLIV.

τόρρα, beyond them, XXII. 90, LV., IV. 27.

τραάτ, region; τραάτ α bonnaire, his soles, XXXVIII. 4; cf. ó βαταργο bonn τραάτ.—Connor O'Sullivan.

τραάλαρ, difficulty (?), XXXII. 37.

τραοάδ, subduing, overcoming; ὄαν τ., without abating or pause, XIV. 86.

τρέαρον, treason, XXVIII. 5.

τρεϊδεάν, dim. of τρεϊδιδ, XXVI. 158.

τρεϊδιδιμ, I disable, destroy, XXXIV. 30.

τρεϊτεαρταά, a term of abuse still in use (the exact meaning is not certain), XXXVIII. 1.

τρεδιντε, na τ., the valiant, XXII. 72.

τρεόραά, a director, a leader, II. 2.

τρυαά, a miserable person, XXX. 13.

τρύιγ, a cause, reason, XXXV. 98.

τυαυιργ, news, report; α δ-τυαυιργ, a trace of them, VII. 12.

τυαυιμ, an approximation; 'na cpyunn-τ., close up to her, IV. 14.

τυιτιμ, nursing, fosterage, XXXV. 72.

τυρ, dry; of the heart, hard, inhospitable, XXVI. 171.

Uaḅar, wounded pride, XIII. 81.

υḡaim, horse-tackling, XXXII. 87.

ύιρ, mould; ύιρ na cpyunne, XI. 10.

ύιρσίonna, shoes, clogs (?), XLIV.

upḡamaā, reverent; u. do ḡuine, inferior to a person, XXIV. 2.

upḡaā, sustaining, XV. 181.

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THE SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Society was held on April 25th, 1900, in the Rooms of the Irish Literary Society, 8, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, London.

PROFESSOR F. YORK POWELL in the Chair.

The following Report was read by the Honorary Secretary :—

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

The Committee has to report a year of successful work. In October, 1899, Dr. Douglas Hyde's volume, containing two late mediæval Irish romantic tales, was issued to the Members; and, in December of the same year, Dr. George Henderson's *Fled Briarand* (Feast of Briarriu), which forms the first of the volumes containing more ancient texts, was in the hands of subscribers.

The volume for 1900, which is now passing through the press, will contain a complete collection of the Poems of Egan O'Rahilly, a famous Munster poet of the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The volume will contain text and literal translation, with Introduction, Glossary, and Notes, besides brief special introductions to such of the poems as require elucidation. The work has been prepared and edited, chiefly from mss. in Maynooth College, by Rev. P. S. Dinneen, S.J., M.A. It is hoped that it will be ready for distribution by October, at latest.

An offer made by Mr. John M'Neill, B.A., late Editor of the Gaelic Journal, of a complete edition of the "Duanaire Finn," a collection of Ossianic Poems preserved in the Library of the Franciscan Monastery, Dublin, has been accepted by the Committee. The larger number of the incidents related in these poems will be new to the public, and are not to be found in any hitherto published collection. Their publication cannot fail to shed much needed light upon the development of Ossianic Romance.

The Committee contemplates the publication in parts of the entire manuscript. The first volume is now in active preparation.

Mr. David Comyn reports that he is making progress with his first volume of Keating's "History of Ireland," and hopes to have it ready for publication in 1901.

The Committee had hoped to produce this year Manus O'Donnell's "Life of St. Columbkille," but the Editor, Tomás O'Flannghaile, has not yet been able to place the material in their hands.

In January, 1900, it was resolved that, after March 1st, the subscription for the two volumes published in 1899 should be raised from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* to Members whose subscriptions for 1899 had not been paid up to that date.

The price of the volumes to the public is 6*s.* per volume, or 12*s.* for the two volumes issued in 1899.

The subscription for 1900 remains fixed at 7*s.* 6*d.*,* and is now due.

A suggestion has been made to the Committee by a Member of the Intermediate Board of Education for Ireland, to extend the scope of the Society's aims by the issue of Extracts, from such of its volumes

* American subscriptions, \$2.

as are suitable, to serve as school text-books for use in the Intermediate and Royal University Courses: such books to be published in a cheap form without translations, but with more extended glossaries. This suggestion which, if carried out, would form a new branch of the Society's work, is now under the consideration of the Committee.

Steady progress has been made in the compilation of the Irish-English Dictionary, and a large portion of the work has been completed, chiefly through the energy of Mr. G. A. Greene, M.A., assisted by other Members of the Committee.

In April, 1899, an appeal was issued, asking Irish speakers and students to assist in the work, by drawing up lists of words used in their own districts, and also by compiling lists from various modern Irish publications. The appeal met with a cordial response, and the Committee has received several valuable lists of words which are now being incorporated with the work already done. It is desired to thank those who have helped in this matter, and also those who have kindly lent MS. Dictionaries and collections of Irish words.

When the work is sufficiently advanced, it will be placed in the hands of the Editors, Mr. David Comyn and Rev. Peter O'Leary, for revision, and circulars will be issued stating full particulars as to publication, price, etc., and asking for the names of subscribers.

The Committee desires to record its gratitude to the Editors of the volumes already issued, and about to be issued, by the Society, and is deeply sensible of the generous spirit in which the Editors have entered into the work, and of the cordial manner in which they have endeavoured to carry out the suggestions and resolutions of the Committee. This spirit of good will has greatly lightened the labours of those who are responsible for the conduct of the Society.

Since the issue of the last Annual Report, 52 new Members have been added to the Society. Five have died during the year, and four have withdrawn their names. The Society now numbers 469 Members.*

The Committee, in expressing thanks to those who have contributed to the Editorial Fund, looks for continued and increased support to enable it to carry out the important work undertaken. It desires, as

* In spite of the fact that over 50 names sent in after the issue of the first circular were removed from the books owing to non-payment of subscriptions, the Society numbers, at the date of going to press, 502 Members, 86 of whom have recently joined the Society.

far as the means placed at its disposal will admit, to act in the most generous spirit towards the Members, and to push on the work of publication as rapidly as possible. It hopes especially that means will be forthcoming to publish, from time to time, further volumes containing older texts. Several texts of great importance have been offered to the Society, among which may be mentioned *Serglige Conculainn*, *Orgain Bruidne Dā Dergac*, and the Poems attributed to St. Columba, but the acceptance of these offers has had to be postponed until such time as the means is forthcoming to issue them in the extra *Mediæval Series*. The value of these texts, from a literary and linguistic point of view, will be apparent to all.

On the motion of Mr. A. P. Graves, seconded by Mr. C. H. Monro, the Report was adopted.

The following Financial Statement was submitted by the Treasurer:—

BALANCE SHEET,

1899—1900.

Receipts.				Expenditure.			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
To Balance brought forward from				By Payment to Publisher of Irish			
1898-99,	151	5	0	Texts Society's Publications, 193	17	8	
„ Subscriptions, 1899-1900, ...	127	9	11	„ Editorial Expenses,	6	0	0
„ Donations,	26	15	9	„ Printing, Postage, Stationery, ...	8	9	8
				„ Refund to Irish Literary			
				Society,	5	0	0
				„ Printing List of Members and			
				Syllabus,	9	13	9
				„ Commission on Cheques, ...	0	6	4
				„ Balance in hand,	82	3	3
Total,	£305	10	8	Total,	£305	10	8

GENERAL RULES.

OBJECTS.

1. The Society is instituted for the purpose of promoting the publication of Texts in the Irish Language, accompanied by such Introductions, English Translations, Glossaries, and Notes, as may be deemed desirable.

CONSTITUTION.

2. The Society shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, an Executive Council, a Consultative Committee, and Ordinary Members.

OFFICERS.

3. The Officers of the Society shall be the President, the Honorary Secretaries, and the Honorary Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

4. The entire management of the Society shall be entrusted to the Executive Council, consisting of the Officers of the Society and not more than ten other Members.

5. All property of the Society shall be vested in the Executive Council, and shall be disposed of as they shall direct by a two-thirds' majority.

6. Three Members of the Executive Council shall retire each year by rotation at the Annual General Meeting, but shall be eligible for re-election, the Members to retire being selected according to seniority of election, or, in case of equality, by lot. The Council shall have power to co-opt Members to fill up casual vacancies occurring throughout the year.

CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEE.

7. The Consultative Committee, or individual Members thereof, shall give advice, when consulted by the Executive Council, on questions relating to the Publications of the Society, but shall not be responsible for the management of the business of the Society.

MEMBERS.

8. Members may be elected either at the Annual General Meeting, or, from time to time, by the Executive Council.

SUBSCRIPTION.

9. The Subscription for each Member of the Society shall be 7/6 per annum (American subscribers two dollars), entitling the Member to one copy (post free) of the volume or volumes published by the Society for the year, and giving him the right to vote on all questions submitted to the General Meetings of the Society.

10. Subscriptions shall be payable in advance on the 1st January in each year.

11. Members whose Subscriptions for the year have not been paid are not entitled to any volume published by the Society for that year, and any Member whose Subscription for the current year remains unpaid, and who receives and *retains* any publication for the year, shall be held liable for the payment of the full published price of such publication.

12. The Publications of the Society shall not be sold to persons other than Members, except at an advanced price.

13. Members whose Subscriptions for the current year have been paid shall alone have the the right of voting at the General Meetings of the Society.

14. Members wishing to resign must give notice in writing to one of the Honorary Secretaries, before the end of the year, of their intention to do so: otherwise they shall be liable for their Subscriptions for the ensuing year.

EDITORIAL FUND.

15. A fund shall be opened for the remuneration of Editors for their work in preparing Texts for publication. All subscriptions and donations to this fund shall be purely voluntary, and shall not be applicable to other purposes of the Society.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

16. A General Meeting shall be held each year in the month of April, or as soon afterwards as the Executive Council shall determine, when the Council shall submit their Report and the Accounts of the Society for the preceding year, and when the seats to be vacated on the Council shall be filled up, and the ordinary business of a General Meeting shall be transacted.

AUDIT.

17. The Accounts of the Society shall be audited each year by auditors appointed at the preceding General Meeting.

CHANGES IN THESE RULES.

18. With the notice summoning the General Meeting, the Executive Council shall give notice of any change proposed by them in these Rules. Ordinary Members proposing any change in the Rules must give notice thereof in writing to one of the Honorary Secretaries seven clear days before the date of the Annual General Meeting.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

[An asterisk before the name denotes that the Member has contributed during the current year to the Editorial Fund.]

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1. *Siolla an Fiuḡa* [The Lad of the Ferule].
Caḡra Clomne Ríḡ na h-Ioruaíḡe [Adventures of
the Children of the King of Norway].
(16th and 17th century texts.)
Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.
(*Issued 1899.*)
2. *Fled ḡricpend* [The Feast of Bricriu].
(From *Leabhar na h-Uidhre*, with conclusion from Gaelic
MS. XL. Advocates' Lib., and variants from B. M. Egerton,
93; T.C.D. H. 3. 17; Leyden Univ., Is Vossii lat. 4^a. 7.)
Edited by GEORGE HENDERSON, M.A., PH.D.
(*Issued 1899.*)
3. *Dánta Aḡhaḡáin uí Raḡhaille* [The Poems of
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Edited, chiefly from MSS. in Maynooth College, by
REV. P. S. DINEEN, S.J., M.A.
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4. *Fopur Feara an Éimn* [History of Ireland]. By
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Edited by DAVID COMYN, Esq.
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5. *Duanairḡ Fínn* [Ossianic Poems from the Library
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6. *ḡeata Cólum-cille* [Life of Columba]. By MANUS
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